

**Who  
really owns  
Canada?**

**BY PETER NEWMAN**

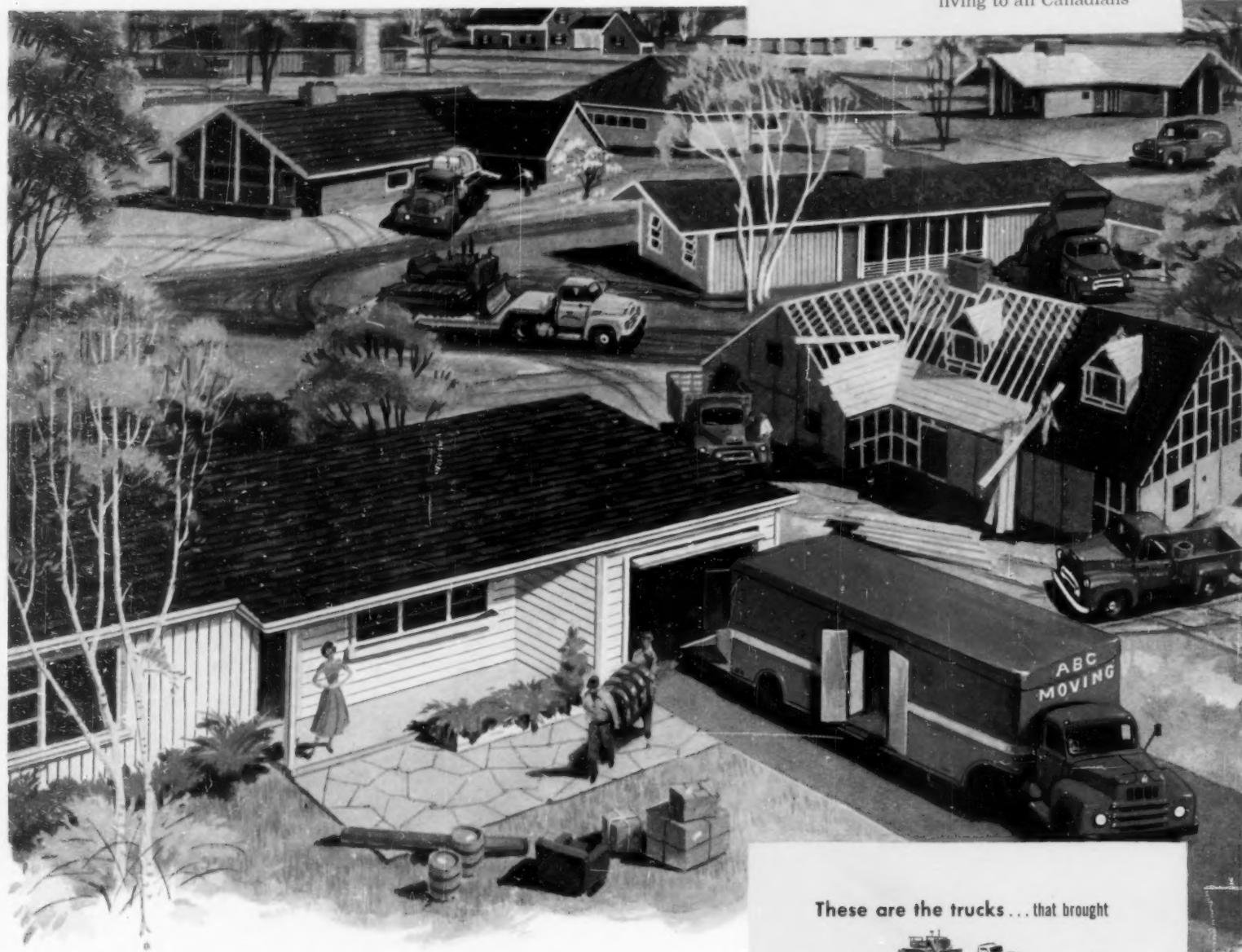
**A special report**

# MACLEAN'S

JUNE 9 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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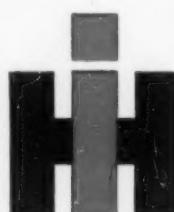


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# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE 9, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 12

## Editorial

### If B. and K. failed so did we

**L**ooking back on the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit to Britain it seems apparent that the most important news was almost totally ignored by the corps of reporters, pundits and analysts covering the tour. The most important news wasn't that the visit was a "failure" or a "success" but that it took place at all.

No sensible person can doubt that the Messrs. B. and K. had their own reasons for going to the United Kingdom, just as the United Kingdom had its own reasons for admitting them. All the persons and governments concerned hoped at every stage of the arrangements either to gain some advantage or to avoid some disadvantage in the ceaseless propaganda war which is so large a part of the never-ending cold war.

But was this cynical background a sufficient reason for the press and the other spokesmen of the free world to take such candid and eager glee in proclaiming the expedition a total flop? Was there any sufficient reason for overlooking the possibility—however faint—that some act of utterly transparent self-interest like this one, some act of guile so vast as to verge on guilelessness may hold the seeds of man's salvation?

Whatever may be said for or against the B.-K. expedition, it was unique. To appreciate its uniqueness it's necessary to imagine either Prime Minister Eden or President Eisenhower initiating a visit to Russia—not a gold-coach or review-the-troops visit, but a man-to-man visiting-fireman visit. True, it has been announced that Eden will visit Moscow at some future date, but that would have seemed impossible three months ago. At this date it appears highly improbable, to say the least, that Eisenhower will venture even as far as London for any purpose.

What the press seemed to lose sight of while so busy recording every scattered catcall was that Bulganin and Khrushchev—names of mystery and menace to the vast majority of its readers—were offering themselves for public

examination and interrogation. The dread "men of the Kremlin" were taking tea with the Queen, tramping around the Tower, throwing cocktail parties, submitting themselves to Oxford japes.

Here was an astonishing opportunity to feel out the timbre and temper of the very men who presumably have the power to launch an atomic assault against us. The only men in the world, in fact, whom we hold in any fear. This opportunity was fumbled, in high places and in low.

The fumble was compounded by such things as trying to make Khrushchev accept a list of political prisoners. This occurred at a Labor Party dinner at which the Russians were guests. No doubt the temptation to face the Red leaders with evidence of Communist infamy was strong but, in view of the greater gains to be made by finding out what makes this new Russia tick, the temptation should have been resisted. Even forgetting that, the gesture was naïve. If Mr. St. Laurent on a state visit to Moscow were presented with a list of the Canadian-born Japanese removed from the Pacific coast during World War II, we might or might not consider it a diplomatic outrage. Surely we would not consider it a fruitful approach to international bargaining.

Bulganin and Khrushchev are reported to be willing to pay a call on North America. We hope they do. We hope, too, that if they do the undercurrent of fear that can be read into the veiled sneers of their British press coverage will not be perceptible here. To use a phrase Bulganin and Khrushchev have almost certainly understood since their very early youth, these are a couple of very tough cookies. It is no more and no less than good management to treat them as such—namely, in the most businesslike and unemotional manner at our command. We doubt that we'll achieve a thing by reminding them of what bounders they are, which they undoubtedly know anyway.

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### MACLEAN'S

#### The guards and the girl

The band of the Royal 22nd Regiment was playing. Scarlet-coated guards cracked smartly across the square of the Citadel in Quebec City. A visitor hurried out to snap a picture . . . And artist Rex Woods had our cover. *Voilà!*



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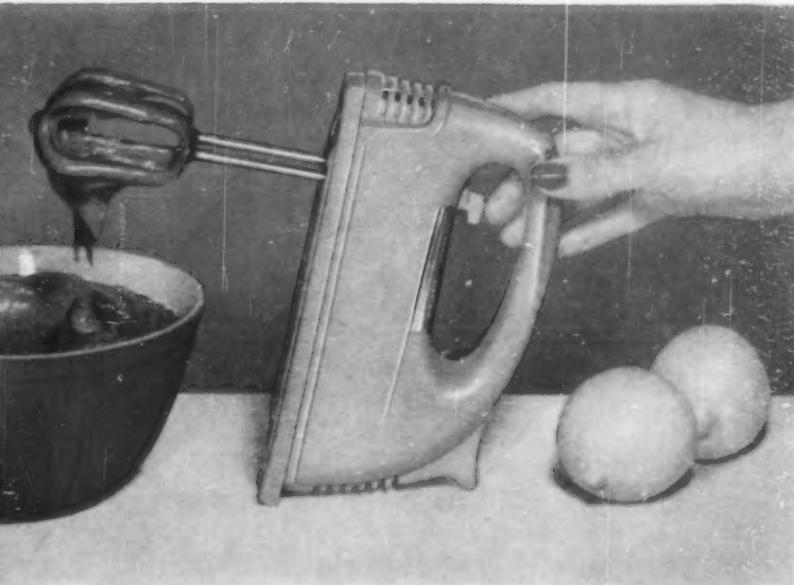
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# FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

GÉRARD FILION SAYS

Duplessis is not unbeatable

SOME TEN YEARS ago a Canadian missionary, after a twenty years' stay in Manchuria, was recalled to Canada. Before his departure, he went to visit the mandarin with whom he was quite friendly.

"You are going back to your own country," observed the latter. "After some twenty years here you are used to our ways; you have learned that in this country it is friendship that means everything. If you are good friends with the person in authority, anything is permissible; if you are his enemy, everything is forbidden. When you go back to your own country, do not forget that it is law, and not who are your friends, that counts. You will have to observe the law, and you do not have to be on good terms with the government."

But the mandarin had forgotten that the missionary was returning to the Province of Quebec, and that this province was governed by a mandarin in whose eyes friendship takes priority over the law.

In November and December 1954, I was on a lecture tour, addressing the Canadian Clubs in western Canada. From the moment I alighted from the train or plane, I was interviewed on two topics: the Montreal Alouettes and Maurice Duplessis. The Alouettes aroused admiration; Duplessis, scorn and even hatred.

### Does everyone fear Duplessis?

I had not been aware until then how unpopular the Quebec premier was outside of Quebec; I was astonished to note that he was taken more seriously in other parts of Canada than he was by us in Quebec. It was, it should be remembered, on the morrow of the historic meeting at the Windsor Hotel. Two French Canadians, Louis St. Laurent and Maurice Duplessis, had just concluded a bargain at the expense of Anglo-Canada. There was pity for the former and strong dislike for the latter.

By dint of listening and questioning, I ended up with a fairly exact picture of the Quebec prime minister in the eyes of the English-speaking provinces: he is a wily politician, without scruples and without principles; he exploits religious sentiments, racial prejudices, grievances whether real or imaginary, the inferiority complex and the memory of old-time persecutions; he is anti-British and anti-Jewish, a stubborn nationalist and autonomist; he directs a powerful political machine fed with a fixed percentage rake-off on contracts and purchases made by the Quebec government; everybody is in dread of him, and nobody, including the Liberals, has the



Gérard Filion is director of Montreal's outspoken *Le Devoir* and a hard-hitting leader of the French press in Canada.

courage to stir up against him real opposition.

This not very flattering image, oversimplified and made to order, does not do justice to Mr. Duplessis; it is more of a caricature than a photograph. Duplessis, it is true, is crafty, artful, not very scrupulous about means and not unduly embarrassed about principles. He has the faculty of knowing how to exploit the basic sentiments of the Quebec masses; on the other hand, he is on the best of terms with the English-speaking population of Quebec, and he is as thick as thieves with the capitalists.

But can these talents alone explain the astonishing success of the party he formed in 1936, a party that has been in power in Quebec for twenty years, with the sole exception of the period 1939-1945? Such a continued success is not to be explained away solely by a recourse to prejudices, special interests and to the exploitation of crowd emotions. Surely there must be something of a deeper kind, more rooted in the reality that is Quebec.

It was the economic depression that brought Duplessis to power, as it did Aberhart in Alberta and Hepburn in Ontario. By himself, he would have remained in Opposition; nobody, outside the faithful of the Conservative Party, had any confidence in him. Indeed, everybody knew that he had seized the direction of the provincial Conservative Party through trickery at the 1933 convention at Sherbrooke. Some weeks before the 1935 provincial election, he came to terms with Paul Gouin, leader of the Action Libérale Nationale, the reformist wing of the provincial Liberal Party. The working agreement between the Conservative Party and the Action Libérale Nationale left the Liberal Party, led by the Hon. L. A. Taschereau, with a majority of only a few seats. It was then that Duplessis showed his full measure of political talent. He *Continued on page 97*

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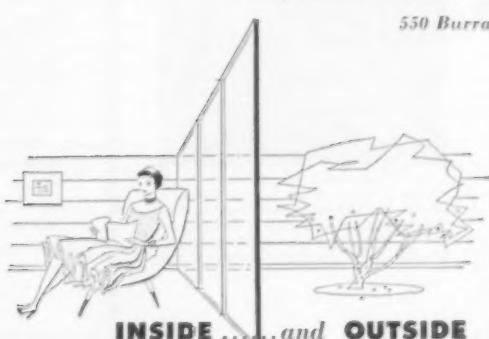


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## London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### A wary farewell to B. and K.

VICTORIA STATION in London is not of an architecture that stirs the senses or quickens the pulse. Our nineteenth-century forebears were a materialistic lot and they did not waste money or imagination in the construction of a mere railway terminus.

Therefore the arrival of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev will not go down to history as a ceremony that inflamed the senses or quickened

from normal emotions and are mere observers of the human comedy.

Hospitality demands that one should err on the side of flattery in describing our first impression of the Russian visitors. Here were the Soviet rulers, heirs to the power wielded by Ivan the Terrible and Nicholas the Weak. Surely we could at least have had the Guards band blaring the wild dance music from Prince Igor.

But on second thought Borodin's music would not quite have suited the personalities of our guests. It is true that here were two men who survived the savagery of Stalin's regime, who avoided the execution squad of Beria's secret police and were still in the ring when Malenkov sank from prime minister of Russia to the rank of minister of power stations. To walk with death and to dance with danger should leave their mark on any man. Yet Bulganin and Khrushchev looked like nothing so



A CHEERFUL EDEN greets Bulganin. But is this friendship?

the pulse. For one thing there was no surging mob to give that essential sense of occasion.

Sir Anthony Eden looked distinguished although his face was thin and drawn. With him was Mr. Selwyn Lloyd who in his brief tenure of office has won the title of The Unknown Foreign Secretary.

But where was the vast crowd of spectators, cheering and joking as only a London crowd can do? They were not to be seen. Perhaps the Soviet embassy or the Soviet prefect of police were afraid that in their joy at seeing B. and K. the Londoners might smother them in their embrace.

Let there be no doubt about it: the people would have been there *en masse* if the police had allowed them. There is only one thing Londoners like better than welcoming world figures at a port, an airdrome or a railway station, and that is seeing them off at a port, airdrome or railway station.

Actually the draughty, sunless terminus was almost deserted except for Eden and Lloyd and a band of newspapermen. But journalists never make a good audience. They are detached



A SERIOUS EDEN says hello to Khrushchev. Is smile genuine?

much as two of Snow White's dwarfs. They are tiny little chaps. Nice little chaps. If their parents had not created them Walt Disney would have done so.

With a warm smile Anthony Eden leaned down and shook hands with them. Even Selwyn Lloyd, whose expression would not alter if he drew a royal flush in a poker game, smiled almost paternally.

But Marshal Bulganin was not going to be brushed off with mere bonhomie. He had a prepared speech in his pocket and he was going to *Continued on page 36*



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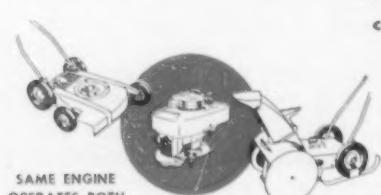
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## Backstage in Berlin WITH BLAIR FRASER



If the Reds continue to let refugees out, who'll stay to resist?

### There's a hole in the Iron Curtain

**BERLIN**—Nowhere in the world is it so easy to cross the Iron Curtain as in Berlin. All you need do is take the subway or change trains at Friedrichstrasse Station near the East Zone border.

For some hundreds each month who leave free West Germany to visit relatives in the Communist East the whole journey presents no problem. The Communist People's Police have a cumbersome bureaucracy and normally take a month to six weeks to issue the necessary permits, but otherwise the return trip is quite simple. Nobody stays except a handful, an estimated one percent of all who make the crossing, most of them making getaway from the police for ordinary civil crimes. The million and a half residents of East Berlin also cross more or less at will. Two little boys begging Western pfennigs around the Soviet war memorial in East Berlin told us they wanted money to go across to the Western Zone to buy candy. So long as they don't attract attention by staying away overnight, the captive population of East Berlin run no great risk by taking a day of freedom.

But for approximately five hundred people each day in Berlin alone and as many more at other points along the East-West border, the journey represents probably the biggest decision in their lives. When they step off the train or subway they're starting a new life, with no other possessions than whatever they

can carry without making themselves conspicuous enough to be stopped by the People's Police.

How much that is depends on the strictness of the Communist control, which varies unpredictably from month to month. Sometimes it is dangerous to carry even a toothbrush lest a search disclose this evidence of their intention to stay overnight. Sometimes teen-age boys of military age are stopped while the rest of their family are told to go on.

At the moment there seems to be virtually no check at all, and a typical family group arriving at the West Berlin refugee centre is heavily burdened. The mother is usually pushing a baby carriage, the father is lugging two large bulging suitcases and the older children are carrying various untidy bundles. However, since up-to-date information on the current attitude of the People's Police doesn't spread uniformly by the grapevine in the Communist state, there are still many who arrive with nothing but the clothes they are wearing.

The main refugee centre in West Berlin, built two years ago, was planned for use as apartment blocks if and when Germany is unified and Berlin ceases to be a free island in the Communist sea. Offices and dormitories alike are in two- to five-room units which eventually will house white-collar families. Now each room must accommodate a minimum of six persons—families with four or more

*Continued on page 106*

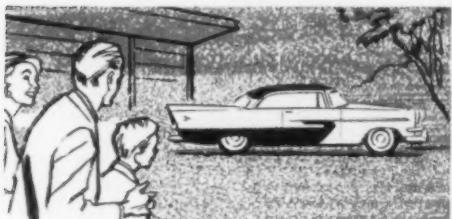
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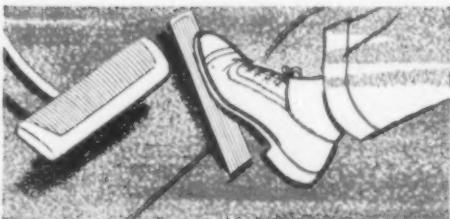
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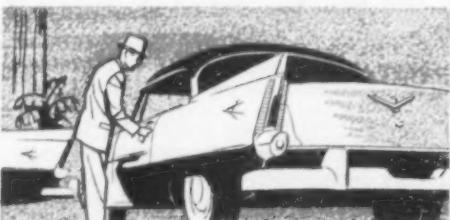
3. Step on the gas and GO! Instantly you move ahead with the liveliest kind of performance you've ever known. New high-torque V-8's offer the getaway of up to 200 horsepower. Dodge Sixes have higher power, too.



4. Look at the view through the big Dodge New Horizon windshield—the only true wrap-around windshield of any low-price car. Besides safer visibility, every Dodge has 14 safety features as standard equipment.



5. Settle back in comfort. Stretch out in that roomy interior, feel those luxurious fabrics. Your family will especially appreciate the roominess of Dodge, the biggest and longest car in the low-price field.



6. Compare the low price—Dodge is priced with the lowest. It costs so little to own so much when you buy a beautiful new Dodge. See your Dodge dealer—soon . . . get the facts about the big buy in the low-price field!

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO SEE AND DRIVE A BEAUTIFUL NEW DODGE—SOON!



*How tropical must you look to keep cool?*

Civilized Terylene\* tropical suits and slacks  
hold their shape and press

We don't wish to infer that any good tropical suit would ever look quite as beachcomber-ish as the one in the background. But many tropicals *do* wrinkle easily and get out of shape quickly. With "Terylene" tropicals you will avoid the inconvenience and expense of frequent pressing. This talented new textile fibre will discipline the tropical suit. Soon, you'll live through humid, sticky weather as cool and smooth as a seal.

How does "Terylene" do it? By stubbornly resisting wrinkles in a way no other type of fibre can match . . .

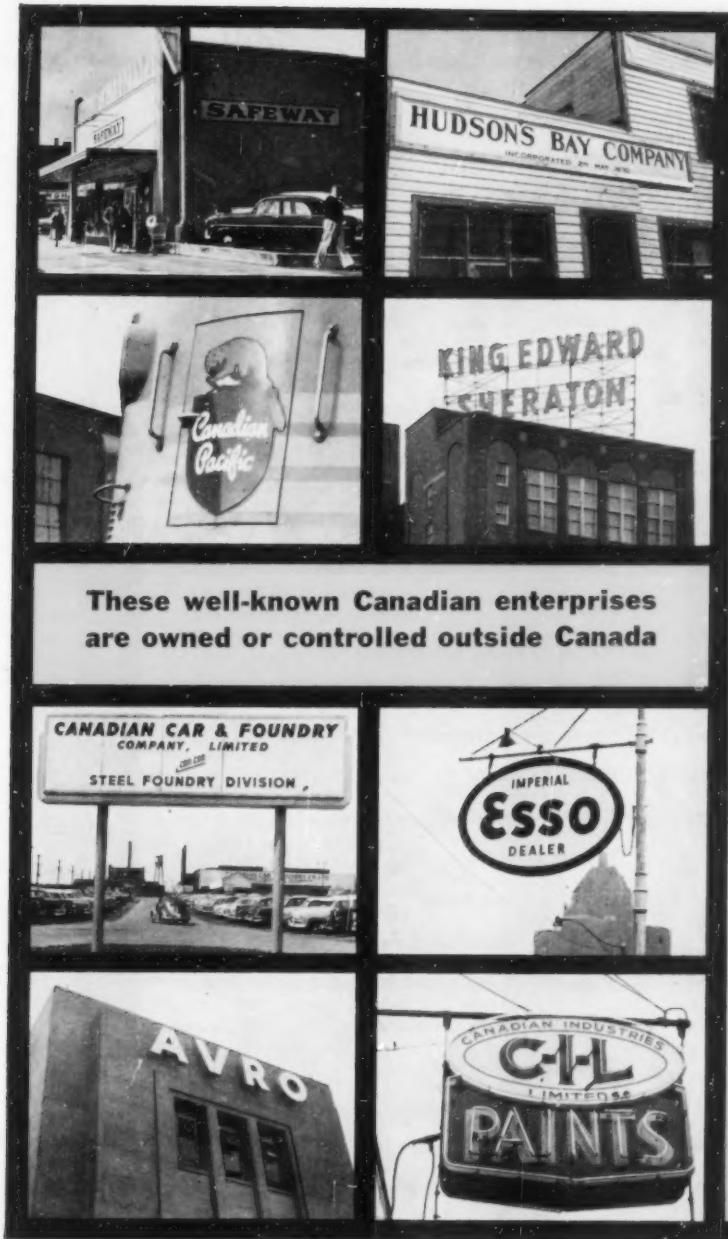
by quickly shedding the odd one it *might* pick up. At the same time "Terylene" holds on tenaciously to the crease in the trousers and the shape of the jacket. The suit worn by the cool customer in front is made from a 50/50 blend of "Terylene" and wool. "Terylene" is the fibre that will make a summer suit behave better than any other tropical you can buy . . . through weeks and weeks of wear.

Lightweight "Terylene"/wool slacks in the same fabric are available from Tip Top Tailors and Simpson-Sears, CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

keep your eye  on



\*Registered trade-mark polyester fibre



These well-known Canadian enterprises  
are owned or controlled outside Canada

# WHO REALLY OWNS CANADA?

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

With a billion new foreign dollars  
a year  
outsiders own most of our oil, mining,  
pulp and other biggest industries.  
Are Canadians just squatters  
in Canada? Here are the facts  
in what may  
become a red-hot election issue

WITHIN the last few months many Canadians have become aware of a jolting fact they had previously only dimly recognized: U. S. investors now own a staggeringly large portion of the most profitable parts of Canada's economy. The facts have caused some explosive incidents and some national soul-searching. "Who owns Canada?" many Canadians have been asking. Is it true, as some believe, that we have been reduced to holding little more than squatters' rights over our prospering country?

Our basic concern over these fairly ancient questions was aggravated last April 6 by a slim, blue-covered booklet with the unexciting title, Canada's International Investment Position 1926-1954, and the prosaic sponsorship of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Within days it had become a best seller, its contents firmly established as a major issue of the next federal election. Its tables on the penetration of foreign investors into Canadian business quickly generated some political bolts.

It brought John Diefenbaker's off-the-cuff statement to the Alberta Conservative Association that "if the St. Laurent government is re-elected, Canada will become a virtual forty-ninth economic state in the American union." It brought a similar charge from Diefenbaker's colleague, Leon Balcer MP, president of the national Progressive Conservative Association, who referred in the bluntest terms in the House of Commons to an

continued on next page

Who really owns Canada?



These 1953 figures show the percentage of total sales of manufactured goods from companies controlled by U. S. money here. It's still rising.

## How Americans widen their stake in Canadian manufacturing

AMERICANS today control more than half of Canadian manufacturing. Of the sixty companies in Canada that hold investments of more than twenty-five million dollars, fewer than half are Canadian controlled. Widening the American impact are two hundred corporate grandchildren — subsidiaries of the American-owned Canadian-based operations.

Of the 115 new manufacturing operations established in Ontario during 1955, only forty-five were Canadian-owned. In 1954 only twenty of the ninety-one new manufacturers were Canadian.

Canadians can buy shares in most of the U. S. parent companies of Canadian subsidiaries, but few U. S. firms admit Canadians as minority partners by selling common stock directly in their Canadian operation. In the automotive industry, Canadians can now buy shares only in Ford of

Canada. Separate Canadian stock of other auto manufacturers is not issued. In electronics and television, the only common stock available is in the U. K.-owned Canadian Marconi Co. Participation in the rubber and tire industry is limited to common shares in Goodyear of Canada. No shares are issued in the Canadian subsidiaries of U. S. soap companies. Many large food processors are also U. S. owned.

The pattern in U. S. purchasing of Canadian companies has been to try to buy up all outstanding Canadian ownership. Only one in ten U. S. firms has issued more than a quarter of its common stock to Canadians. Major U. S. subsidiary enterprises run with Canadian minority stock participation include Du Pont, McColl - Frontenac, Canadian Chemical & Cellulose, Sherwin-Williams, Goodyear Tire and Ford Motor Co.

	%
Motor vehicles.....	98
Rubber products.....	78
Non-ferrous metal smelting & refining.....	70
Petroleum products.....	68
Motor-vehicle parts.....	67
Machinery, household, office & store.....	60
Non-ferrous metal products.....	50
Electrical apparatus & supplies.....	50
Paints.....	45
Soaps, washing compounds.....	45
Pharmaceutical preparations.....	41
Sheet-metal products.....	39
Pulp and paper.....	39
Chemicals & allied products.....	36
Machinery.....	32
Grain-mill products.....	29
Heating & cooking apparatus.....	29
Paper products.....	29
Brass & copper products.....	27
Toilet preparations.....	27
Canning and processing.....	24
Hardware, tools & cutlery.....	23
Agricultural implements.....	20
Transportation equipment.....	19
Dairy products.....	16
Casings, iron.....	15
Food industries, tobacco products.....	14
Textile products (except clothing).....	14
Iron & steel products.....	14
Beverages.....	12
Bakery products & confectionery.....	10
Primary iron & steel.....	7
Wood products.....	6
Clothing (textiles and furs).....	2
Printing and publishing.....	1

"economic invasion by our neighbors to the south."

These outcries engendered Trade Minister C. D. Howe's swift retort, warning Canadians of the dangers of adopting "narrowly nationalistic and emotional attitudes toward foreign capital"—not to mention the now-famous remarks of R. Douglas Stuart, the retiring U. S. ambassador to Canada, who warned Canadian businessmen that "to create the impression that foreign capital is not welcome in Canada . . . would be contrary to the broad long-term interests of this country."

In spite of these and the many squabbles that followed, the DBS tables indicate that most of Canada's essential wealth is still owned by Canadians.

We own the highways that link our cities and we own the cities themselves. We own the bridges, the schools, the hospitals—all the social necessities that turn a frontier into a nation. We own the agricultural industry, still one of the country's top employers. We own the banks and most of the life-insurance companies. We own most of the real estate and all of our basic steel industry, as well as an overwhelming share of the textile, agricultural implements, printing, food and beverage industries.

There is also a very great deal of Canada that Canadians don't own. The deluge of U. S. investment cascading across the border at the fantastic gross rate of three million dollars a day since 1945 has engulfed much of our profit-producing enterprise. Since the war, Americans have more than doubled their stake here to eleven billion dollars.

Canadians control less than one third of our booming petroleum industry and less than half of mining and pulp and paper. We own a little more than one third of the electrical-apparatus and chemical industries. We own an insignificant portion of the important rubber and automobile industries. One fifth of this country's industrial labor force is employed in American-owned factories.

Control of Canadian business continues to slip across the border. In the last fifty years, foreign investment in Canada has increased 1,200 percent. In no other country in the world have outsiders acquired such vast holdings.

If we wanted to buy out U. S. and other investors, to regain complete control of our economy, it would cost us \$906 for every man, woman and child. This could be offset only partially by selling our own assets abroad—a move that would reduce the amount to \$450 per person.

Non-Canadians now collect most of the dividends paid by Canadian corporations. The only country in the world from which investors annually withdraw more earnings is Venezuela, a South American republic almost entirely developed by U. S., British and Dutch capital.

Americans like to put their extra capital to work in Canada because they consider this country to have the world's most favorable investment climate: lots of profit-making opportunities and little government interference.

Many American companies have established subsidiaries here to provide themselves with raw materials. Others have been attracted to the Canadian consumer market. In the rush to put their surplus earnings into Canada, some firms have stepped out of their normal field of activities. At Thurose, Quebec, for instance, a new seventeen-million-dollar pulp-and-paper mill is being built by the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Americans now have four times more capital invested in Canada than in any other country. American investment here is bigger than U. S. holdings in all South America. Investment funds, wherever they originate, provide the steam that drives a nation ahead. Orthodox economists maintain that a country growing as fast as Canada has no choice but to expand with outside aid. Without the spur of foreign

*Continued on page 90*



FROM OIL discovery at nearby Petrolia (above) several American-backed firms in Sarnia developed by-products . . .



INDUSTRY now mushrooms in Sarnia and this Ontario city has become Canada's most important chemical centre.

## Who gains when we tap our natural resources?

EVEN when their development is financed exclusively by U. S. capital, Canada can gain great benefits from natural-resources discoveries.

If a Canadian prospector finds traces of copper, zinc, lead, nickel, iron or other strategic materials, the odds are a U. S. syndicate will offer the best price for the right to explore and develop. The prospector often retains a minor interest in the newly formed company. If diamond drilling outlines an economical ore body, shaft sinking begins, and eventually a new settlement starts to sprout. If underground results bear out the optimistic diamond-drill core showings, a mill may be built. Slowly, a new community develops. Probably all the money building up the town is Canadian. But without the original U. S. risk-money there would be no mine or town—the process would have had to wait until enough Canadian risk funds could have been recruited.

This kind of venture needs backers prepared to lose their investment: during the past fifty years, only one out of every five hundred mining prospects in Canada became a profitable operation. Naturally, the major profits

accrue to the risk takers. But if the mine flourishes and the community grows, investment in houses, roads, municipal works—all Canadian—will be eight or nine times as great as the original U. S. grubstake.

A good example of the chain reaction a U. S.-financial resource find can generate is the history of Sarnia, Ont. U. S.-backed Imperial Oil moved its refinery to Sarnia in 1897, from nearby Petrolia, where oil had been discovered in 1865. Soon a small chemical industry began to develop. When Canada's rubber supplies were cut off by World War II, the government decided to build a synthetic rubber plant at Sarnia because the oil refinery yielded by-products for the rubber process. After the war, Dow Chemical moved in to use by-products of the rubber process in turn, for manufacture of plastics. In June 1953 Cabot Carbon of Canada Ltd. opened this country's first carbon-black plant across the street from the rubber plant. (Its product is used in rubber tires.) It took almost a hundred years, but the original Petrolia oil strike has been directly responsible for making Sarnia Canada's most important chemical centre. ★



**On way** to Mars space travelers would pass Phobos (foreground), Mars' inner moon and only 3,700 miles from the planet. Phobos circles Mars in seven and a half hours. Space flyers would not stop on this tiny moon, but artist Chesley Bonestell has sketched in men to indicate scale.

## How man will conquer Mars

Two world-renowned rocket scientists collaborate on an astonishing document which shows that the first interplanetary flight will be greatly different from anything imagined until now

Ever since Galileo got the first look at Mars through a telescope one night in 1610, the Red Planet has been man's favorite destination on his flights of fancy into space.

But all previous speculation pales before the document published on the following pages: a provocative, authoritative and detailed (yet utterly stranger-than-fiction) blueprint for man's first journey to Mars. It is provocative because it contradicts almost all the pre-conceived notions of space travel that the layman has accumulated; its authority lies in the fact that the authors are two of the great pioneers of flight beyond the atmosphere, Wernher Von Braun and Willy Ley, men who today are actually working on many of the space-travel problems of which they write. The illustrations, uncannily realistic, are by another student of space; Chesley Bonestell.

Von Braun is the genius who nearly cost the Allies victory in World War II when he developed the V-2 projectile that bombarded Britain from a height of over one hundred miles. He is now technical adviser to a number of United States government rocket projects.

Willy Ley is a modern pioneer in rocket engineering and research who is a technical consultant of the United States government.

In their conception of the first flight to Mars, Von Braun and Ley depart from many "Buck Rogers" concepts of space travel:

- ◆ No one will "steer" the craft; it will be aimed.
- ◆ Departure time must be calculated to the precise month, day, hour and instant.
- ◆ The round trip will take exactly 520 days; no more, no less.
- ◆ The "stopover" on Mars will be exactly 449 days; no more, no less.
- ◆ The crew will not be the brawny, dashing supermen of space fiction. They must be men whose temperament can withstand the deep boredom of space travel.
- ◆ They must be resolute enough, if need be, to abandon their companions to certain death on an alien planet 35 million miles from home.



**On arrival** men would begin exploring Mars'

FOR THE HOUR-BY-HOUR FORECAST OF THE FIRST FLIGHT TO MARS TURN PAGE ►►►



sandy plains in caterpillar tractors. To get there—a distance of 35 million miles—a spaceship would actually have to fly 735 million miles through space.

Iars'



**Step one:** Mars ships are assembled a thousand miles up. Winged landing craft is coupled to cargo ship (centre). Men float in space.

## The flight to Mars: step by step

By Wernher Von Braun & Willy Ley

Here is the detailed story, complete with timetable, of how

the first Mars journey may be carried out — told by two experts officially assigned to space-travel research

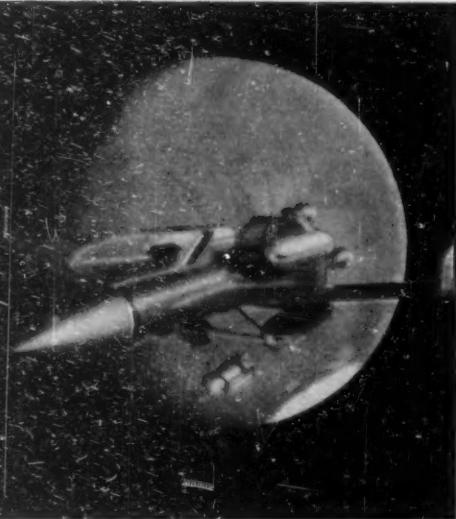
**B**Y STUBBORN adherence to engineering solutions based exclusively on scientific knowledge available today, and by strict avoidance of any speculations concerning future discoveries, we can bring proof that this fabulous venture—an expedition to Mars—is feasible.

The following study envisions an expedition of twelve men traveling in two ships. But no expedition can be made until after at least a

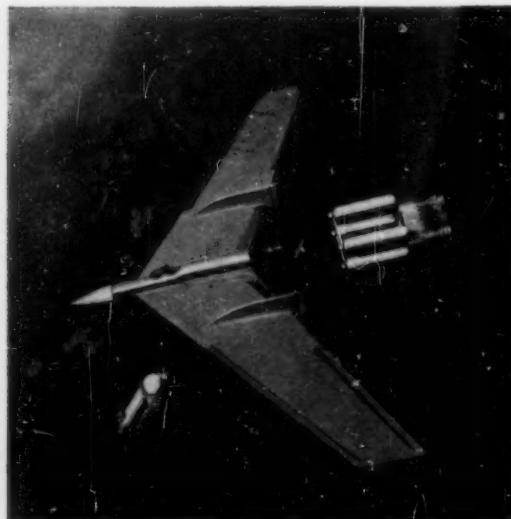
temporary, manned space station has been put together in an orbit around the earth. For the space station is, in a manner of speaking, the springboard for longer trips. (Future historians may accept as the real beginning of space travel the establishment of the first artificial satellite, making the date the International Geophysical Year of 1957-1958.)

The next logical step after the building of a space station is a

HERE'S HOW TWO STRANGE SPACESHIPS AND A LANDING CRAFT WILL CARRY EARTH MEN TO MARS IN 260 DAYS. THE R



**Step two:** Near Mars ships are turned tailfirst and braked to avoid overshooting the planet.



**Step three:** This is as far as deep-space rockets go. Mother cargo ship is cut loose from winged landing ship. Nine men make landing; three stay with spaceship.



**Step four:** Landing craft sweeps halfway around planet before touching down at 120 miles per hour. Gravitation on Mars is feeble, so men feel light.

circumnavigation of the moon, at first without landing, but timed so that the half of the moon that is forever invisible from earth is in daylight and can be mapped photographically. The ship for this trip, though probably quite small, will differ in many fundamentals from all ships built up to that moment. It will be the first of the "deep-space" ships. These will be ships which neither take off nor land on the surface of any planet. They will fly from an orbit around one planet or moon to an orbit around another one. Passengers and equipment will be brought to them or taken off by winged rockets that can enter an atmosphere and land as gliders.

From the engineering point of view, deep-space ships present fewer problems than ships that take off from the ground. For example, any take-off from the ground requires a rocket thrust considerably greater than the ship's take-off weight, simply to enable it to lift itself off the ground. For departure from an orbit around the earth this great thrust is not required. A deep-space ship can, and of course will, have rocket engines that are considerably weaker and lighter than those of any ship designed to take off from the ground.

Moreover, the ship does not need streamlining of any kind, since it will never enter any atmosphere. It can have any shape that is convenient for structural or other reasons. But though it is not meant to go through any atmosphere, it will still be built on the ground, like the space station, and transported to an orbit around the earth in the same ships that carried the space station into its orbit piecemeal. And it will have to be reassembled in space; the space station is going to be the place where the assembly crew eats and sleeps.

After the first flight around the moon, an expedition consisting of two or more larger deep-space ships might attempt a landing on the moon. But even after this expedition has returned successfully from a four- or six-week exploration of the moon, we shall have only a faint understanding of the problems connected with man's retaining his spiritual, mental and physical health while traveling for months and months through the emptiness separating the earth from Mars. The expedition to Mars should be considered the ultimate achievement of a gradual and often painful development of manned space flight.

The basic "astronomical reality" guiding all thinking about an expedition to Mars is the fact that all planets move around the sun in the same direction and in about the same plane—demonstrations of a neat balance between the centrifugal force

*Continued on page 70*

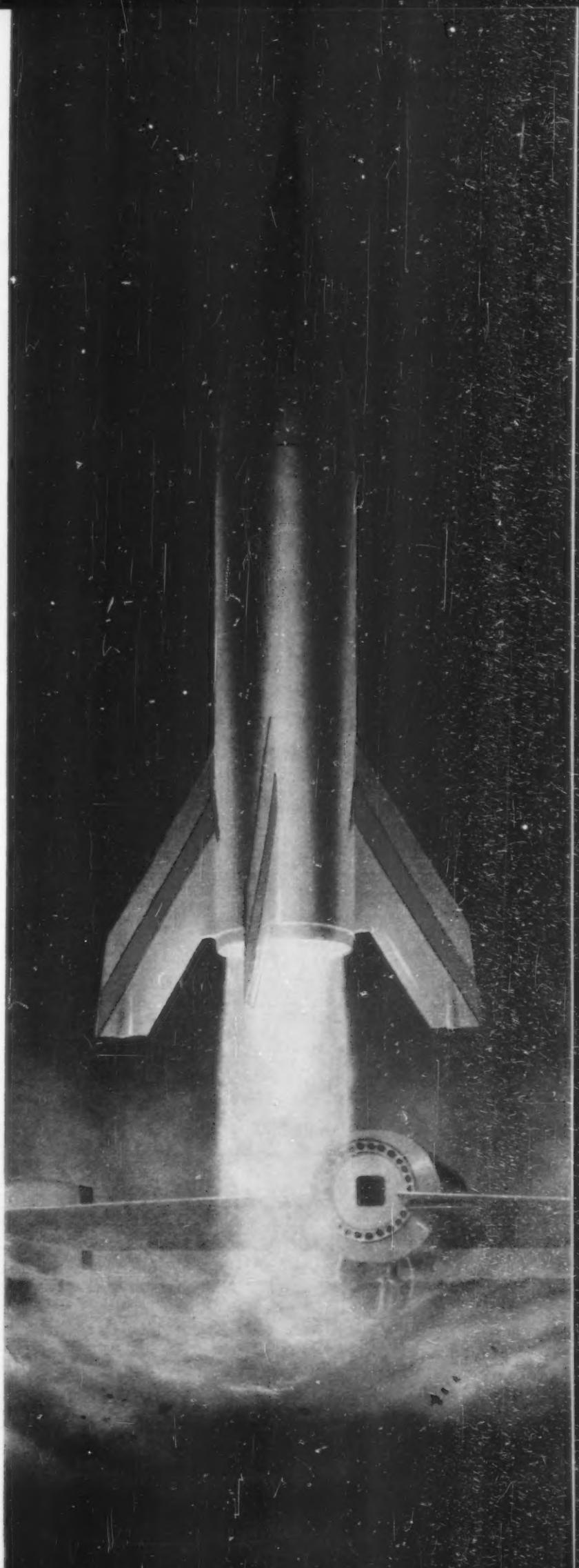
#### AYS. THE ROUND TRIP WILL TAKE THEM ALMOST THREE YEARS



**Step five:** On landing men raise ship into vertical position, ready for take-off back to mother ship. Wings won't be needed, will be left on Mars.

**Step six:** After more than a year on Mars men take off for space where earthbound craft is waiting. For return all but one ship is either left on Mars or floating in space.

**Paintings by  
Chesley Bonestell**





"NOBLEMEN MAKE WONDERFUL HUSBANDS," says the author, who's queen in this Hamilton kitchen for her mother, daughter and count.

### "It happened to us"

This is one of a new series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

**Have you such a story?** If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For publishable stories Maclean's will pay its regular article rates.

"YOU CAN'T EAT TITLES" so Countess Catherine took job as a consultant at the Arthur Murray studio to help family budget.



## I married a count

"ONLY THE FUTURE MATTERS": He once lived on \$100,000 a year; now, as a new Canadian, Count Cziraky is happy as a \$100-a-week truck driver.



As a commoner in Hungary I was a world away from the rich Count Laszlo Cziraky.

As an exile in Canada I married him. Now our castle is

a walkup apartment and my nobleman is an ambitious truck driver. We're happy this way

BY CATHERINE CZIRAKY

SOON AFTER my husband and I were married three years ago, the postman knocked at the door of our first home, a minute third-floor apartment in Hamilton, Ont. This was curious since he always left our mail downstairs in the box marked Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cziraky. "I got a letter here," he said, "addressed to Count and Countess Laszlo Cziraky yet. Are you two . . . ?"

I nodded; it was a fact. The postman, understandably, could not believe his eyes. His glance took in the whole scene: the secondhand furniture, the books stacked in a corner for want of a bookcase and the clean but threadbare rug. I, the countess, was wearing the ceremonial blue jeans of a housewife. The count, who once had twenty servants to wait on him at home in our native Hungary, was busily ironing a khaki workshirt—his own. We could read the mailman's mind. Could this be the gay European aristocracy of song, story and CinemaScope?

"Oh, I get it," he said at last. "You're living *incognito*!"

Laszlo and I both laughed. "No," I said, "this is our castle—all of it."

Since then we have grown used to the fact that when Canadians learn of our titles—decidedly through no advertisements of our own—they expect us to look, act and live far differently than we do. In their eyes a count should be a dashing figure straight out of an Alexandre Dumas novel, possibly with a dueling scar on one cheek. His lady, of course, is a gorgeous creature who spends most of her waking hours waltzing to *The Blue Danube*. About both there is an air of international intrigue.

Well, the picture does not fit us. Laszlo's dashing is done between Hamilton and Winnipeg, hauling mixed freight in a five-ton transport truck; and my days are a glamorous whirl of appointments at home, to cook and wash dishes, or at the local Arthur Murray Dance Studio, where I interview prospective students of mambo and the cha-cha. The only international intrigue about us has been a plot to finance both a German Volkswagen and a Canadian daughter.

But since the recent nuptials in Monaco have vastly heightened romantic interest in the aristocracy, and since a great many bona fide and eligible gentry emigrate here each year from troubled old Europe—perhaps a word of advice is in order for any Canadian girls who may hope to copy Miss Kelly.

As one commoner who anticipated her by several years, let me say (1) noblemen make wonderful husbands, but (2) it's not the title that counts. From my experience you can't eat a title. Democratic grocers will not accept it as legal tender and it may even wind up costing you money. On the credit side, it may bring in a few happy chuckles, as my husband's did the time another truck driver asked him, "How come you quit that count job? Get a better offer?"

Not quite. Count Laszlo Antal Moses Stephen Maria Cziraky of Denesfa and Lovabereny—to give him his full due—was fired, so to speak. When the Russians overran Hungary, in 1945, they "liberated" all he owned—a 108-room castle and a ten-thousand-acre estate valued at more than five million dollars. Jailed for a time as an enemy of the satellite Hungarian people's republic, he slipped through the Iron Curtain and came to Canada five years ago with only twenty-five dollars.

Here he met another recent immigrant, me. In Hungary our social positions had been far apart; as the daughter of a banker, I belonged in the middle classes while Laszlo was of the aristocratic elite. But in Hamilton we both had nothing and, in time, we decided to share it. We were married in a ceremony so well attended by other displaced personages—princes, barons and counts—that it made headlines: Aristocratic Emigrés Assemble for Wedding.

As we began life together, Laszlo cautioned me. "The old days are behind us," he said. "Here we must look only to the future." It was sound advice for any New Canadians. The only trouble was that the past—meaning his nobility—kept sneaking up on us.

For example, six months after our marriage, we scraped together just enough money to spend a week at a lodge in northern Ontario. As Laszlo was signing the register, the German proprietor noticed the nine-pointed golden crown of a count on his luggage, one of the few things he brought with him to Canada.

The proprietor swept over. "Aren't you a count?" he said, pointing to the bags. Laszlo admitted it.

"We are honored," said the proprietor. "For you, nothing but the best!" With that we were ushered up to a large suite. Waiters appeared bearing flowers, a bucket of champagne and, finally, one of the finest meals I have ever eaten. This was truly the life!

But by next *Continued on page 100*



"HIS HOME WAS LIBERATED": In native Hungary, the Cziraky castle and family estate were taken over by the Russians.



"HIS FAMILY WELCOMED ME": The count at his sister's wedding. When he married a commoner his family gave its approval.



This dog bit ten people on a Chicago street before it was captured by police. Like most rabid animals it will attack anything, even the bars on a cage.

**With Canada perhaps in the midst of its worst rabies outbreak  
the big news about this dread disease isn't bad.  
Few humans get it  
and it can almost always be prevented by common sense**

# You don't have to panic over **RABIES**



**BY FRED BODSWORTH**

**B**ECAUSE a feminine fashion came to an end late in the 1930s, Canada this year is faced with an unprecedented outbreak of one of history's most baffling and terrifying diseases. The fashion that died was the wearing of fox fur, once tremendously popular, then suddenly ousted by a feminine fancy that turned to short-haired furs and made mink the new fashion leader. The disease is rabies, known and dreaded by man for as far back as history records.

Medical and veterinary scientists agree that Canada is now in the middle of the worst rabies outbreak in its history. Furthermore, some of them feel that rabies is here to stay and we may now be forced to learn to live with it. But they all insist that under modern medical conditions this prospect need not be an alarming nor as menacing to man as many people seem to think. It's a deadly disease, inevitably fatal once you contract it, but you would have a hard time catching it if you went out deliberately trying. And whenever there is danger that a person has come in contact with it, the disease is almost a hundred percent preventable if treatment is prompt.

Rabies, though one of history's oldest diseases, is still mysterious and little understood. Ancient peoples called it "hydrophobia," a name still used occasionally. For at least sixty years Canadian Eskimos have known it as "Arctic madness," although scientists didn't discover until 1947 that this was actually rabies. French scientist Louis Pasteur became one of medical history's great pioneers in the 1880s when he discovered his famous rabies-preventing vaccine. Yet today, after seventy years of intense research, there is still only a preventative and no prospect in sight for a cure. It strikes terror wherever it appears, for rabies deaths when they do occur are violent and agonizing; yet in countries like Canada, where prompt medical attention is available, humans rarely catch it. It killed a Canadian governor-general more than a century ago, but the current out-

break, which began in the far north in 1946, has yet to claim its first human victim.

It is a disease primarily of the dog family—dogs, wolves, coyotes, jackals and foxes—but it can be spread to practically any warm-blooded animal including man by the bites of infected animals. Canada has had several rabies outbreaks in the past, but always among city and town dogs, and the outbreaks have remained local and relatively easy to wipe out because dogs can be vaccinated, muzzled and quarantined. But that was before a fashion whim that put the fox out of style changed the rabies picture in Canada.

When fox fur was the top choice of fashionable ladies, pelt prices were high and for many decades foxes were heavily trapped. The animal has a tremendous capacity for maintaining its numbers, but under pressure of hunting, trapping and forest-clearing its population dropped until by the 1930s it was very low. Then women's fancy switched, fox trapping ceased, and the fox began a comeback. By the mid-1940s foxes were abundant again and the stage was set for an explosive spread of rabies.

This time, the outbreak is not confined to a few dogs in city alleys. The reservoir of infection now is in wildlife, mostly foxes, and it ranges in Canada's forests from British Columbia to the Ontario-Quebec boundary.

Although the outbreak apparently dates from 1946 it was not until about four years ago that it began seriously to threaten settled regions. On Nov. 12, 1954, Andre St. Amour, a farmer near Kapuskasing in northern Ontario, walked out to his barn one morning and was met at the stable door by a growling red fox. The fox, instead of escaping into the nearby bush, darted at St. Amour's legs, its jaws snapping, and St. Amour had difficulty warding it off with kicks and his gloved hands. After a brief hectic fight during which the fox didn't succeed in biting through St. Amour's clothing, the animal ran back into the woods. St. Amour      *Continued on page 59*



**Four-year-old Francis Anesh was severely injured when bitten by a large dog in Los Angeles. But the danger of rabies from such bites is small today with anti-rabies vaccine and blood serum to stop the disease developing.**

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers  
THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

XIV

## B.C.

### The Coast

*"In this incredible mixture of beauty and mischief . . .*

*coastal men, or most of them,*

*have severed their roots that grew in this forest soil . . . They*

*live on the forest but are no longer of it . . .*

*They have forgotten their beginnings"*

AFTER SOME twenty thousand miles of travel I came at last to the western shore of Canada and tried, though a coastal man, to observe it with a stranger's eyes. But I had in mind a question which only a coastal man would ask.

I wandered down to the harbor of Vancouver, focal point of the coast, to find a rusty freighter loading lumber under some indecipherable foreign flag. An ancient mariner lounged on the dock and inspected me skeptically to see if I was fit to hear an expert's verdict on his last port of call.

Not many weeks before I had watched great ships and little fishing boats frozen in the shore ice of Newfoundland. Today that reliable old nurse, the Japan Current, was maintaining the even temperature of Canada's Pacific littoral with hot-water bottles filled in the south seas. The slings of squared Douglas fir timbers, exuding the odor of newly cut wood, rose and fell against the sunny blue backdrop of the North Shore mountains and the recumbent forms of the Lions.

To the west the black hound's nose of Stanley Park was thrust eagerly into the harbor gate. A steel gossamer, hung lightly across the First Narrows, crawled with black automotive spiders. Those friendly marine pups, the double-ended municipal ferries, chuffed and panted

across Captain Harry Burrard's spacious inlet, and a sleek white Princess swept in through the front door like a dowager with a long train making her impressive entrance into a ballroom. Behind me the skyline of Vancouver, as yet pretty low and ragged for a great metropolis but constantly growing in height and bulk, stood in stark silhouette against the sun.

No city in Canada, I thought, few in the world, had been planted in such a setting, the mountains, the sea and the forest within reach of its hand. That setting had been overlaid by man's work and folly but around the wharves the sea gulls screamed, the smell of salt spiced the air and a high tide brought its whispers of the Pacific and the gorgeous East, as when the first white men saw this spectacle—some nameless Spaniard and then the proud Englishman, Captain George Vancouver, who never suspected the monument to be built here in his honor.

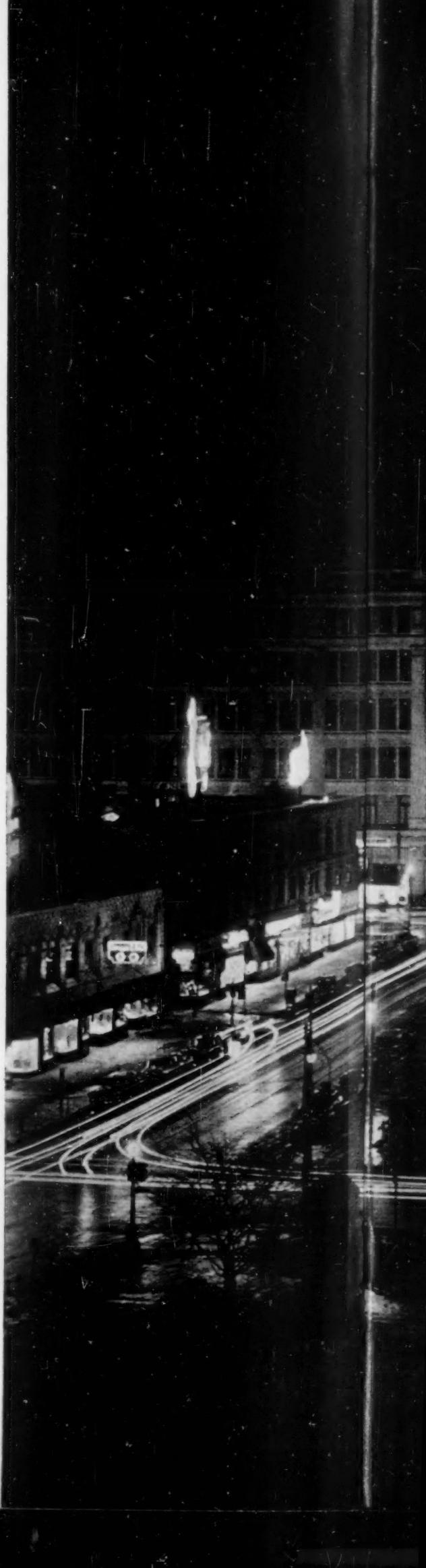
Yet there was something strange and alarming about Vancouver's city and its people. What? The question still nagged at my mind as I fell into talk with the ancient mariner on the wharf.

He was shaped roughly like a beer barrel, his face inflamed by its contents, and he had tilted an awkward cylindrical body against a pile for support. His crinkled old eyes, the unmistakable eyes of a seaman, watched intently the slings

COLOR PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY PETER CROYDON

GEORGIA AND GRANVILLE STREETS BURST INTO BLAZING RIBBONS AS NIGHT COMES TO VANCOUVER

"Vancouver . . . this tiny woodland clearing in which man has reared up overnight the richest, brassiest, loveliest and craziest town in Canada and now . . . worships his masterpiece with a childlike wonder."





*"The primal fact of the coast remains.*

*The forest stands at every street end . . . indestructible, sure of purpose . . . waiting"*



NEW FOREST RISES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

*"Beyond the business district the forest asserts its title deeds  
. . . Leave it unpruned for a century or less and  
Vancouver will be lost, like Sleeping Beauty, in impervious tangle."*

of lumber descending into the freighter's hold. The men on deck were small, as spry as cats on their feet, and had dark Mediterranean faces. Every deep-sea ship afloat must find its way sometime into this teeming anchorage.

I asked the old salt who these foreign sailors might be. "Griks," he said gruffly. "You know—from Greece." He wasn't sure where the lumber was going. "Probably," he grunted, "to the U. K. Or God knows where."

The forest, as always, was moving from Vancouver across the seven seas. Here were timbers from some giant tree felled far up the coast, or on Vancouver Island, or the remote Queen Charlottes. Another ship, then lifting anchor in mid-harbor, was filled with paper from Powell River. In the railway yards nearby a trainload of shiplap was starting to move eastward.

All the mighty organism behind the city's skyline, all the offices, factories and homes, had been built primarily on the forest, and without that extra ring of wood added each year to every tree, would die of starvation. Just as certainly it would become only a small sawmill and fishing village if the Fraser's canyon were closed and the umbilical cord of its railways cut, for Vancouver lives only as the *entrepôt* of half the nation.

From logging camps and distant mills, from the paper towns, the copper mines of Britannia, the salmon canneries, the new aluminum town of Kitimat, the lush milkshed of the Fraser Valley, from every wharf and acre of cultivated land on 4,450 miles of serrated shoreline up to Alaska, the products of men's labor pour into Vancouver, which processes and sells them and takes its profit on every pound.

The watchman, evidently      *Continued on page 39*

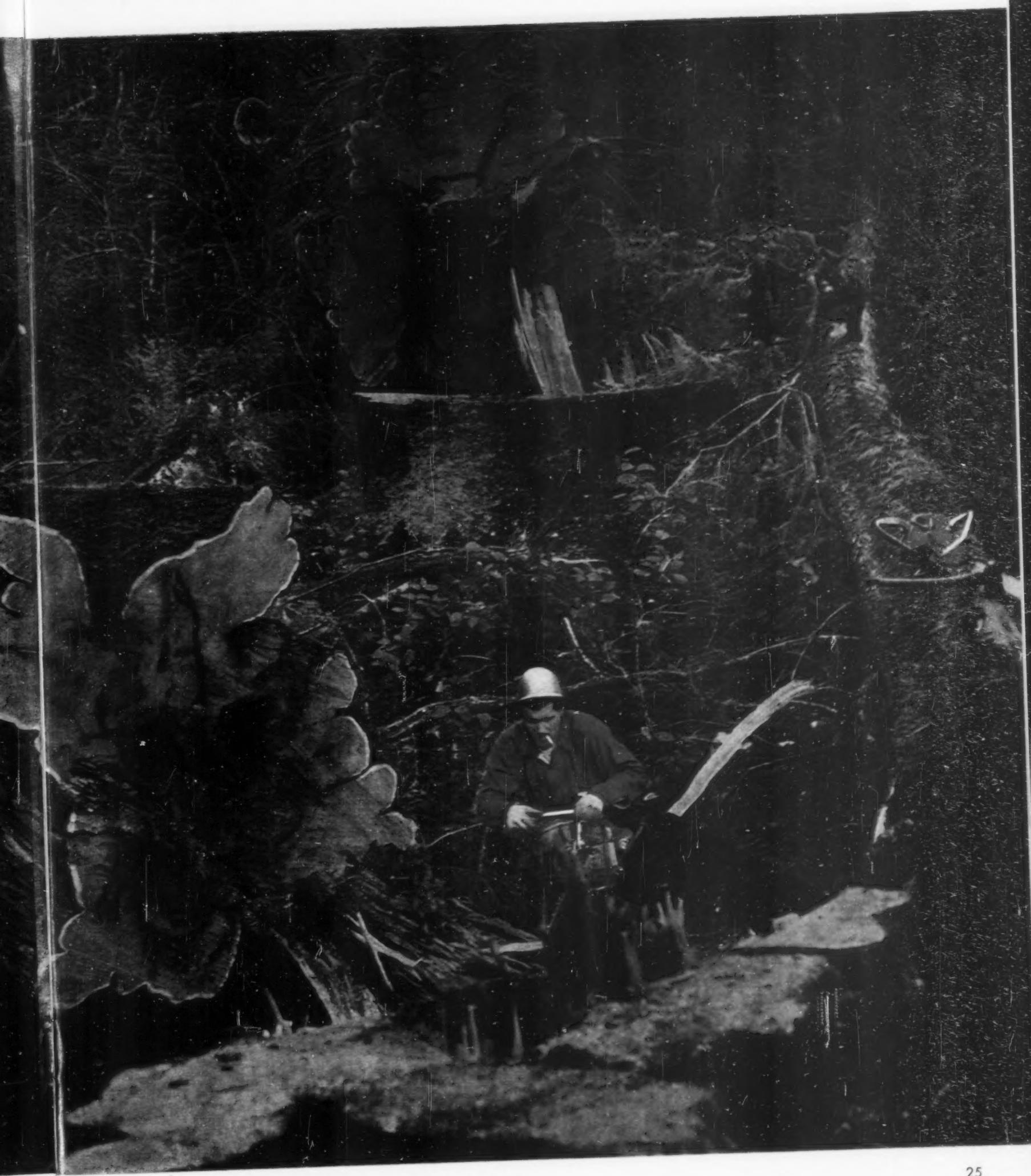
NEXT ISSUE:

A New Color Album  
of Canadian Photographs

IN our next issue Bruce Hutchison sums up his impressions of Canada with a final article from the vantage point of the national capital, Ottawa. Photographers Ronny Jaques and Peter Croydon will do their own summing up in a nine-page album of full-color photographs taken while following in Hutchison's footsteps from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island. Extra copies of this special issue may be reserved in advance at your local newsdealer.

ANCIENT GIANTS FALL ON WEST VANCOUVER ISLAND

*"Senseless, it feels the wounds of man's weapons and heals them.  
Mindless, it forever builds, falls, rises again and accomplishes its design . . . in a process leisurely, dark and unimaginable."*





ON THE AIR Holiday Ranch seems folksy and informal, but according to its star, Cliff McKay (centre), it's planned to the precision of a "mathematical formula."

# The most baffling show on television

**It costs peanuts; it doesn't use fancy camera angles, flossy sets or big name guest stars; its chief stock in trade is western music played by easterners. Yet Holiday Ranch is TV's most popular Canadian show**

**By Dorothy Sangster**

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

**TO THE BRIGHT** young men of the CBC, who grow ulcers and beat their brains out figuring new (and often highly expensive) ways of keeping viewers happy, a program called Holiday Ranch must present something of an enigma.

It is the cheapest, simplest—and some say the corniest—show on Canadian television. It is also, curiously enough, the most popular.

The two-hour production of Hamlet last year cost thirty thousand dollars and got nothing but nasty words in the House of Commons. Folio, CBC's high-brow Sunday-night production, offers esoteric programs requiring ninety hours' rehearsal time—yet comparatively few people look. Producers of the new Friday-night show, Graphic (estimated to cost twenty thousand dollars a week) are prepared to lug their cameras down mineshafts, behind theatre stages and into remote private homes

in a desperate bid to attract and hold the public eye. Variety programs such as the Jackie Rae Show make their bid for popularity by bringing in expensive guest stars from the United States. Such programs as Showtime count on big musical-production numbers, with dancing girls and intricate choreography. Dramatic productions such as General Motors Theatre manipulate dozens of sets and quick-change artists.

But Holiday Ranch, a homegrown potpourri of hoedowns, pop tunes and low-brow banter, emerging from Toronto every Saturday night at 7.30 has none of these things. Its set, the primitive interior of a one-room ranch house with a view of a church through the window, is always the same. It has no trick camera angles: performers look straight into the camera and get a medium shot from the waist up. Its music is simple and folksy. Its star, Cliff McKay, is a fat man with glasses and a lisp. Its girl singer, Monique Cadieux, is a relatively unknown sixteen-year-old from Montreal. Although it purports to be a "western" program, most of its performers have never been west,

can't ride a horse, and look vaguely uncomfortable in the fancy silk shirts they wear for the show.

To cap everything, Holiday Ranch costs well under five thousand dollars a week—peanuts in the high-priced world of television.

Yet for the past three years this show has been the No. 1 favorite among Canadian-produced programs and high up on the list of all shows, including expensive American productions, seen in this country. A four-city telephone poll by the Elliott-Haynes research organization, in March 1956, placed Holiday Ranch seventh in the top ten favorite TV shows in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and first in popularity among Canadian programs. By the same reckoning, Showtime placed fifteenth and the Jackie Rae Show twenty-eighth.

Cynics suggest that Holiday Ranch wouldn't be so popular in Toronto if it weren't blessed with a 7.30 spot when the only competition from American channels is U. S. news and sportscasts. People connected with the show, including its two

*Continued on page 84*



The horseplay and songs are all in the script (right), written three weeks before the show. Above, McKay and "Hap" Masters in comedy routine.



Guest star Jackie Jay gives a version of the mating call, part of a faint story line that runs through the entire show. Critics who call the show "corny" anger McKay; he insists that it's "homey."

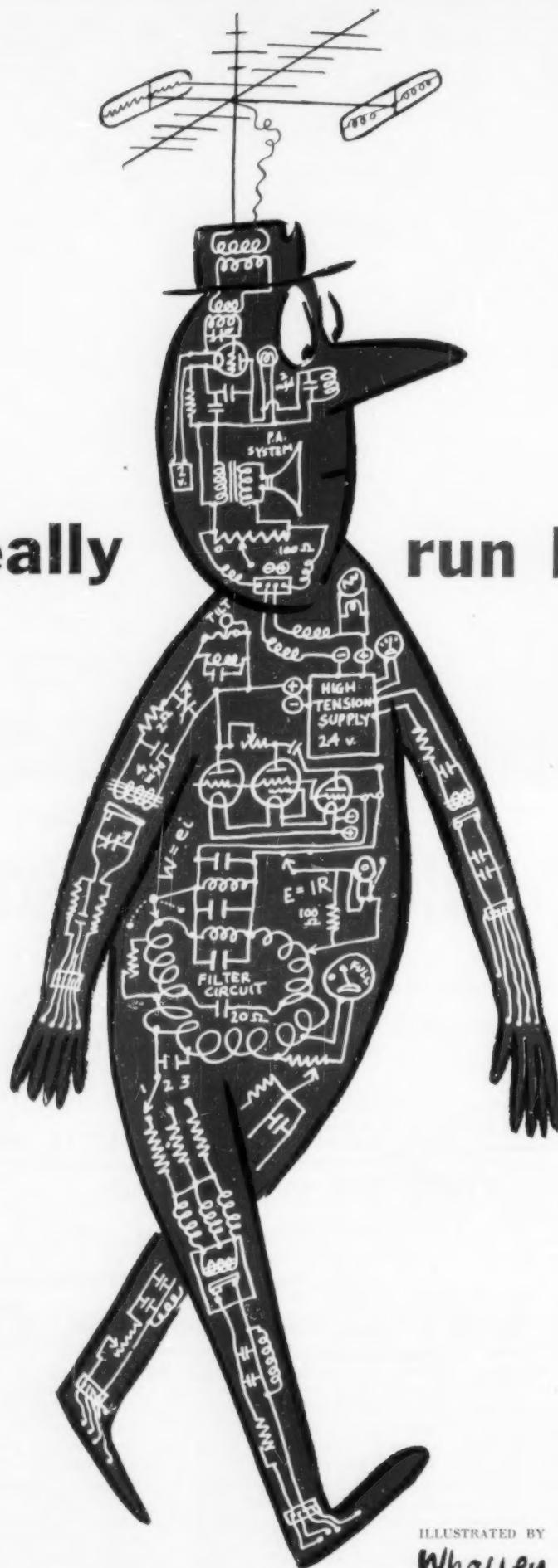


McKay handpicks his cast to attract male and female viewers of all ages. Pretty Monique Cadieux, of Montreal, is a hit with the boys.

-8-

CLIFF Ah wonderful Jackie. Great. Really blowing up a storm.  
 HAP (COMES IN TRYING TO PUT LEG AROUND NECK) Hey how about that. Now there's a trick I have to learn.  
 CLIFF I wouldn't if I were you..you'll break your neck.  
 HAP (STILL TRYING) Oh it just takes a little practice..right Jackie.  
 JACKIE (A VERSION OF THE MATING CALL.. MEANING 'OH YEAH!')  
 HAP (LEAVING) I'll get it.  
 CLIFF (LAUGHING) You've started something now Jackie. What say we take five and catch our breath while Monique is singing 'Angels in the Sky'. Monique.  
5..MUSIC 'ANGELS IN THE SKY'...MONIQUE  
 MONIQUE The Lord will see you walking and *Low ECHO*  
 He will hear you talking,  
 Talking to the ANGELS IN THE SKY.  
 And when you know He's near you,  
 The Lord will always hear you  
 Talking to the ANGELS IN THE SKY.  
 Repeat .Talk to the angels,  
 Let them hear your plea,  
 Tell them that you're lonely,  
 #1 Get down upon your knees and pray the  
 Lord will help you.

# You really run by electricity



ILLUSTRATED BY  
*Whalley*

We've known for ages

that some fish

have built-in batteries

but the human body

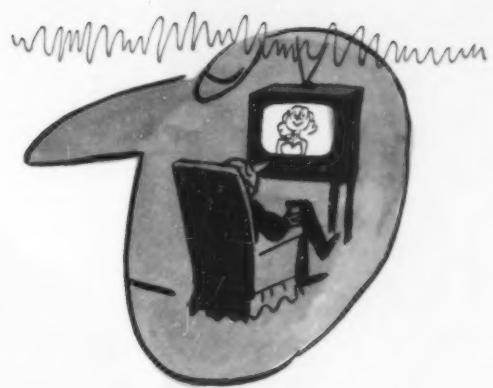
too is a great

electrical system

— so ingenious that it

makes man's inventions seem

like clumsy toys



"Someone who is part of you seems to be forever scanning the projection screen of your memory."

BY N. J. BERRILL

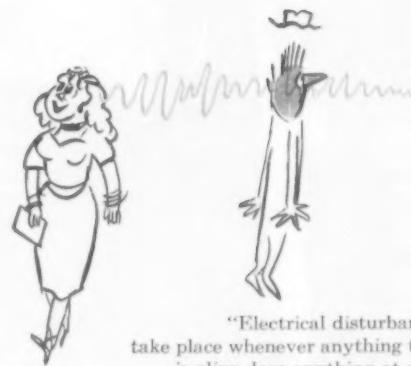
**Most people**, if they think about it at all, seem to believe that electricity is a mysterious something that Benjamin Franklin invented at the end of a kite, and that previous to that notable invention it just played around among the clouds in the form of lightning. Real progress, they feel, began when electricity was sent along wires in the invention of the telephone and only took on pace with the coming of the electric motor, electric refrigeration, radio, television, radar and all the complicated gadgets that make life for so many of us rather difficult. Most people too would say they know what electricity is, that it is the so-called juice that comes from an electric outlet when you plug into it, which may be as much of an explanation as we are likely to get, for a modern physicist can leave you more mystified than ever if you should ask him what electricity really is.

Yet lightning and thunder are as old as the world and electricity in quieter forms is as old as life itself. All life in fact is electrified and an electrical disturbance takes place whenever anything that is alive does anything at all. To call it the spark of life is no pun but the actual truth, although by no means all of the truth. Mouse, whale, beetle, slug and bird are living electric batteries, with a flow of current showing between one point and another when touched by suitably sensitive leads. Nature has been designing electronic devices long before man ever thought of them, long before man himself came into being, and has been employing them for almost every conceivable purpose including electrocution and radar transmission. Fish are especially inventive in this way, which is one of the first things human beings discovered about fish, apart from the fact that most of them are good to eat.

Actually, several kinds of fish manufacture electricity for their own particular use. One of these, the torpedo ray, is described in the oldest of all textbooks of zoology, that of Aristotle written almost twenty-five hundred years ago: he speaks of "the torpedo narcotizing the creatures it wants to catch, overpowering them by the power of shock, that is resident in its body, and feeds upon them." Somewhat later, when the Roman Empire was at its greatest splendor, torpedo rays were employed as electrotherapy, and Roman physicians prescribed that "for any type of gout, a live black torpedo should, when the pain begins, be placed under the feet." The jolt would be strong enough to make you forget almost anything!

After the Romans it was the turn of the Mohammedans; in the eleventh century their doctors were using live electric catfish in the same way for persons suffering from epileptic fits. The most impressive and informative of all electric fish, however, is the electric eel of the Amazon and Orinoco rivers of South America. It was common practice in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies during the eighteenth century to give shock treatment to young slaves afflicted by fever or paralysis, by throwing them into a tub of water in company with an electric eel. How effective it was we do not know, except that it could hardly have been more drastic.

The first scientific experiments conducted on the electric eel, which is fittingly called *Electrophorus electricus*,



"Electrical disturbances take place whenever anything that is alive does anything at all."

#### "Nature designed electronic devices long before man thought of them"

*Electrophorus electricus*, were made under astonishing conditions by Alexander von Humboldt in the year 1800. He and a botanist companion were the first non-Spanish Europeans to receive passports to visit the Spanish colonies in three hundred years, and the two men, equipped with all the most recent scientific apparatus they could carry, were journeying along the upper reaches of the Orinoco, a thousand miles from its mouth, when the opportunity came to investigate electric eels which they found in basins of muddy water in nearby streams. Nets were useless for catching the eels, for they burrowed too quickly in the mud, so Von Humboldt had wild horses driven from the savannahs into the pools. The eels attacked the horses by swimming to the surface and crowding under their bellies. In less than five minutes two of the horses had drowned, stunned by the shocks received from the eels as they pressed their five-foot bodies against the horses' sides and discharged along the whole length of the electric organs. Finally the living batteries ran down and Humboldt was able to capture specimens which he could examine and dissect. He found, for instance, that you did not necessarily get a shock when you touched the fish, but only when the fish so willed, and also that the electric organ is slimy, bad tasting, and occupies the greater part of the trunk and tail where one would expect to find regular muscle typical of fish generally.

More than one      *Continued on page 65*





# The secret of the stolen love letters

With her golden necklace

and her bright orange sari she came to the bungalow

after midnight and whispered, "I am in trouble"

BY ROBIN WHITE

**A**ND NOW, as always, he could not make up his mind. For one thing, how could he be sure someone was standing in the dark outside his veranda door? There had been no knock, no drawn-out clearing of the throat or shuffling of bare feet, no self-conscious "Sir?" that usually announced the presence of an Indian student or a servant. In fact the only sound he had heard was a sort of rustling, and that could have been in the tamarind trees.

Mr. Ransom looked at his watch. 12.30. Too late for visitors. None of the students would have dared enter the men's bungalow at this hour; the servants had retired some time ago; and if it had been a fellow teacher, he would have heard the warning click of heeled shoes along the veranda. "Ergo," he said, "I am imagining things." It stood to reason.

At the same time he did have the distinct impression that someone was waiting outside. He knew he ought to get up and investigate. However, that meant he would have to make up his mind, and he did not want to make up his mind about that because he had left the doors open and if anyone really was there they would already have seen him sitting like this, wrapped in a bath towel and smoking a cigarette. So he just sat quietly, waiting and listening, reflecting that the history of his life might easily be summed up in one word: indecision.

With a tired sigh he leaned back in his chair and pressed his fingers against his eyes to relieve the fatigue. Outside, the night lay hot and windless all around, and the sounds of evening rising from the mission compound and the city had about them a dull metronomic quality. Mr. Ransom had just come from taking a cold bath and was still dripping wet. On his desk lay a pile of corrected term papers, and next to them the handwritten text of his sermon for Sunday morning. He had chosen as a theme the passage from the Sermon on the Mount which compared people to salt, working out an elaborate analogy between salt that had lost its savor and people who had lost the will to do good. But the analogy itself seemed flat and tasteless to him, and his inability to put a finger on the matter left him in a state of listlessness in which he was no longer thinking about his sermon. In a vague and slightly amused way he was thinking how shocked everyone and Mr. Clayton would be if they could see him sitting like this, and how shocked he himself ought to be and wasn't. "But I feel nothing," he said, "absolutely nothing at all, except that someone is watching me."

Then he heard the rustling sound again, too pronounced to question, and he reached frantically for the light switch with one hand, and with the other pressed his cigarette into the ash tray. "Is anyone there?" he said. *Continued on page 52*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL



ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

# I cry at the movies

The plot can have whiskers,

but if the mood is hearts and flowers, Bob can't help bursting into tears

I DON'T KNOW what causes it, but I cry at movies. It has nothing to do with what I think of the movie, or what I think of the part that makes me cry. It can be the worst trash ever produced. I can be squirming with embarrassment for the director, the audience and the whole human race. But if I'm supposed to cry, I cry. I cry at all the parts the director expects me to cry at. If Gene Autry died, I'd cry.

Last week I sat through a movie where an old general turned out to be alive after having been listed missing for ten years. He came walking into a living room in technicolor just as his wife, who had been unfaithful to him all through the war, looked up from mussing someone's hair. I thought it was the worst junk I'd ever looked at. I sat there sneering, with tears pouring down my face.

Right after that, the lights went up for intermission and I saw a couple I knew down in front waving to me. I got down on my spine and looked right through them. They both waved harder. One of my kids saw them waving, recognized them, and started to tell me about it.

I gave a joyful start of recognition, and went down the aisle with my head bowed. I leaned on the back of my friends' seats, my head

bowed down between my arms, and talked to them from somewhere down around my knees. I asked them if they'd ever noticed the different kind of gum wrappers you see on the floor of a movie house. I tried to look more natural by throwing occasional glances up at the ceiling. While they tried to get a look at me, I straightened up and started to walk away briskly with my elbow in front of my face.

#### Even his glasses get foggy

Another time I sat through a scene where a little girl was dying, making snide remarks to my wife like, "It takes them even longer to die in CinemaScope than in just ordinary pictures, doesn't it?" and bursting out in sardonic laughter just as the usher put his flashlight on my face and asked me if I was a Doctor Swartz. Tears were dripping off my chin.

I haven't found any way to stop crying at sad scenes. I sit there listening to the people chewing popcorn three rows back, think of old income-tax receipts, editors and airplanes and just trying to ignore the whole thing. But nothing works. Every now and then I stand to let someone pass. They turn to thank me, get a clear look at me in the light from the screen and

stop in their tracks at the awe-inspiring sight of a man going to pieces. When a picture ends with a very sad scene, I often get up shaking my head and chuckling and heading toward the screen instead of the door, my glasses are so fogged up.

Leaving the theatre is even worse. When all those people lined up for the second show catch sight of me, there is a shocked silence. To see a man coming into those lights with his wife and two daughters, whistling away, looking at the coming attractions, tossing his head back, laughing and lighting a cigarette at the same time, with his cheeks soaking wet and his eyes swollen and looking like old scars, is a strange sight.

Sometimes I see the management standing there watching the outgoing audience, trying to check the audience reactions. When they see me, I can see them looking for a new place to check on their cards.

It's one of the things that's gradually turning me against movies. I'm a sure-fire audience for the director who still believes the secret of entertainment is to "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry." They can usually do both. They have almost succeeded in making me stay home. ★



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1. Cut out official entry blank at right along dotted lines.

2. Carefully cut out the big red "SICLE" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," "50-50 POPSICLE," or any frozen stick confection bag which has a red "SICLE" ball.

3. Paste the three red "SICLE" balls on the entry blank.

4. Match the pictures against the item names shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the item name in the corner where you think it belongs. Example: We have put a 3 in the first box because Sombrero (No. 3 on the list) fits that picture.

5. On the dotted line shown on the entry blank, write in the name you would give the pony from the description given on the entry blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)

6. Write your name, age, and address in the space indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.

7. Paste the completed entry on a 4-cent postcard and mail to "POPSICLE" Contest, 100 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ont. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 4th.

8. Entries to be judged by independent judging organization on basis of correctness and neatness of entry and originality of pony name. In case of ties, earliest postmark date will be the deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.

ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE! WEEKLY CONTESTS BEGIN SUNDAY MORNING AND END THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY NIGHT. ALL ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED IN THE WEEKLY CONTESTS BY POSTMARK DATE. LAST WEEKLY CONTEST ENDS MIDNIGHT, SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1956.

### OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK!



1. POMMEL 2. DOGIE 3. SOMBRERO 4. BRAHMA BULL 5. SAGUARO  
6. SITTING BULL 7. LONGHORN 8. SPUR 9. PALOMINO

NOW, NAME THE DUDE RANCH PONY DESCRIBED BELOW!

Born April 1st; Mother's Name: Brave Squaw; Father's Name: Tucson Tom. Brown with white forelegs... white star on forehead. Favorite treat: "POPSICLE"!

My Name for the Pony is.....

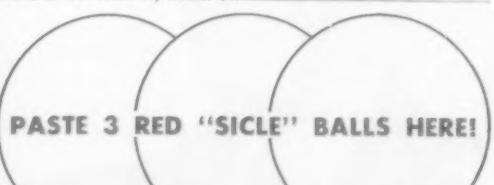
My Name.....

Parent's Name.....

Street.....

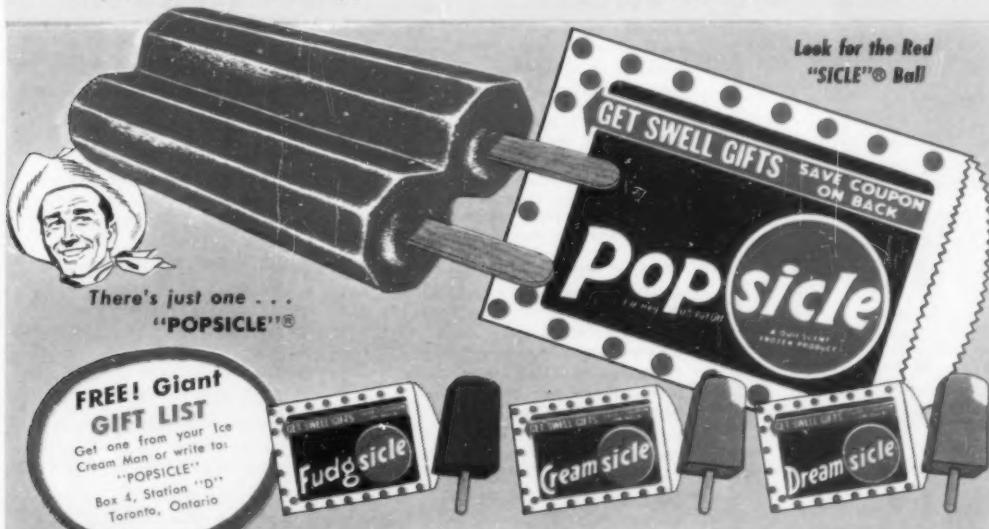
City..... Zone..... Province.....

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells.....



PASTE 3 RED "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to:  
"POPSICLE" Contest, 100 Sterling Rd., Toronto, Ont.



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# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



**BEST BET**

**The Swan:** Grace Kelly is a beauty engaged to playboy prince Alec Guinness. Apart from its newsy tie-in with the year's most publicized real-life romance, this is an adroit and literate high-style comedy, involving the talents of Jessie Royce Landis as the frantically ambitious mamma plotting to marry her daughter into the royal circle. The film, smoothly directed by Budapest-born Charles Vidor, is based on a stage play by Hungary's Ferenc Molnar.

**The Birds and The Bees:** Television's likable George Gobel appears as a sausage king's shy vegetarian son and gets mixed up with an enchanting cardsharp (Mitzi Gaynor) in his movie debut. Some scenes are quite funny but an obediently guffawing studio audience is badly needed to make the rest of it seem anything but dull.

**The Creature Walks Among Us:** The fearsome Gill Man from the black lagoon undergoes surgery and becomes a land-dweller but soon finds himself in trouble as usual. Rating: fair.

**Crime in the Streets:** A pretentious, half-baked melodrama—with ponderous sociological overtones—about juvenile delinquency in today's big cities.

**Forbidden Planet:** One of the better science-fiction items, ludicrous at times but brilliantly staged with CinemaScope camera magic. The locale is the remote planet Altair-4 in the year 2200. With Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, Leslie Nielsen.

**Invasion of the Body Snatchers:** More science-fiction—and not half-bad until some frenzied overplaying spoils it near the finish. It's about some gigantic pods which gradually turn all the people in a California town into walking, talking vegetables.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Alexander the Great:** Spectacle. Fair. **Anything Goes:** Musical. Good. **Backlash:** Western. Fair. **The Benny Goodman Story:** Jazz music-biography. Good. **The Big Knife:** Drama. Good. **Bottom of the Bottle:** Drama. Fair. **Cangaceiro:** Brazilian drama. Good. **Carousel:** Music-drama. Good. **Cash on Delivery:** Comedy. Poor. **Cockleshell Heroes:** War drama. Good. **The Conqueror:** Historical melodrama. Fair. **The Court Jester:** Comedy. Excellent. **The Dam Busters:** Air war. Excellent. **Diabolique:** Horror mystery. Good. **Geordie:** Scottish comedy. Good. **Guy's and Dolls:** Musical. Excellent. **The Harder They Fall:** Drama. Good. **Hell on Frisco Bay:** Crime. Fair. **Hot Blood:** Gypsy drama. Fair. **I'll Cry Tomorrow:** Drama. Good. **The Indian Fighter:** Western. Fair. **Jubal:** Western drama. Good. **The Ladykillers:** Comedy. Good. **The Last Hunt:** Western. Good. **Let's Make Up:** Fantasy-musical. Poor. **Lone Ranger:** Western. Fine for kids. **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit:** War-and-business drama. Good.

**The Man Who Knew Too Much:** Crime and suspense. Excellent. **The Man Who Never Was:** Espionage thriller. Excellent. **The Man With the Golden Arm:** Drug-addict drama. Good. **Man With the Gun:** Western. Good. **Meet Me in Las Vegas:** Comedy with music and ballet. Excellent. **Miracle in the Rain:** Drama. Fair. **Never Say Goodbye:** Drama. Fair. **Picnic:** Comedy-drama. Excellent. **The Prisoner:** Drama. Excellent. **Quentin Durward:** Adventure. Good. **Ransom!**: Suspense drama. Good. **Richard III:** Shakespeare. Tops. **The Rose Tatton:** Comedy-drama. Good. **The Scarlet Hour:** Melodrama. Fair. **The Searchers:** Western. Fair. **Serenade:** Lanza sings again! Dandy for Lanza fans; not for me. **Simon and Laura:** Comedy. Good. **The Tender Trap:** Comedy. Good. **Three Stripes in the Sun:** Comedy-drama. Good. **Touch and Go:** Comedy. Good. **Trial:** Drama. Excellent. **Tribute to a Bad Man:** Western. Good. **The Trouble With Harry:** Comedy. Good. **World in My Corner:** Ring drama. Fair. **World Without End:** Fantasy. Fair.



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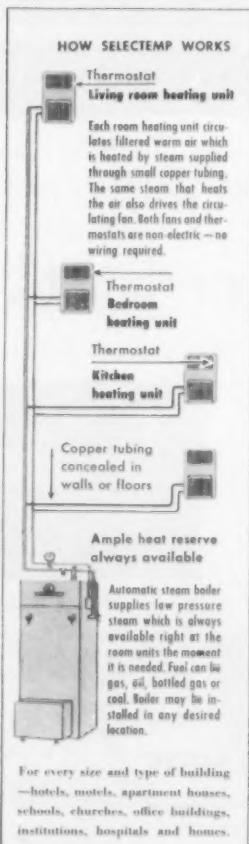
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London Letter continued from page 6

## "Is the Soviet leading from strength . . . no longer screaming about capitalist hyenas?"

read it aloud to the crowded cavalcade of journalists. Adjusting his glasses he started off in a mild voice which every now and then pronounced the word "Sovietsky" so clearly that we all felt we could speak Russian.

But in case we might misunderstand his utterances Marshal Bulganin had an interpreter who promptly read aloud the speech in English. You will realize our relief when we learned that the whole purpose of the visit was to revive and strengthen the historic friendship of the Russian and British people.

When that was finished Sir Anthony shook hands all over again and led them out to face the peril of the English sunstroke and London's traffic.

It would be foolish to dismiss the peregrinations of the Russian leaders as a mere sight-seeing tour. I have no doubt that these Soviet ministers of state are glad to see the Western world and to find that it is not totally inhabited by capitalistic cannibals. Even a Communist must have an interest in his fellow creatures in spite of the legend that we are all bloodsuckers. In fact they may be so agreeably entertained that they will think more kindly of us and decide that we are not bloodsuckers at all—but just suckers.

Now that B. and K. have gone home we must try to estimate the importance or the unimportance of their visit. Further than that we must seek an explanation for the raising of the Iron Curtain and Moscow's new policy of

making direct contact with the Western world.

Is the Soviet leading from strength? Is the Soviet so sure of itself that it no longer needs to scream that the Western nations are peopled with capitalist hyenas? Is the regime so solidly based in the hearts and minds of the Russian people that there is no danger in exposing them to the siren attractions of Western democracy?

But it is not only Russia that must answer self-imposed questions. The West is faced with a problem that must not be ignored. Can we truly accept Russia into the comity of nations without giving dangerous encouragement to the Communist parties in our midst? My own belief is that this is a risk that must be taken.

There is, of course, another factor that may have played a significant part in orientating Russian policy—the undoubtedly weakening of the Anglo-American alliance.

It is not always an advantage for nations or individuals to speak the same language. In fact Byron wrote a poem about a young man and a young woman, wrecked on a desert island, who could not speak a word of the other's language and lived an idyllic existence as a result.

In spite of the partnership in two hot wars and the present cold war the harmony of Anglo-American friendship becomes less sweet with the passing of the months. America is bored with the Cyprus flare-up, bored with the clash

## JASPER

by Simpkins



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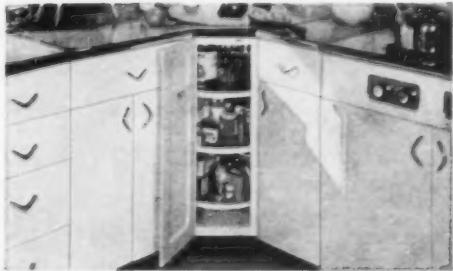
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## Did Ike's silences on world affairs encourage Russia to wage peace against the West?

between Israel and Egypt, bored with the antics of Colonel Nasser of Egypt, and bored with the British colonial empire on whose troubles the sun never sets.

In turn the British are bored with the American political system which is so arranged that the administration can never take a stand on any world problem because it is always on the eve of an election of one kind or another.

Of less importance, but equally annoying, is the American custom of sending successful businessmen to fill the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James. If that seems ungracious let me ask industrialists if they would approve of companies appointing retired diplomats as chairmen of their boards.

Britain holds the gate against such threats as may arise from Europe.

Britain has vital strategic outposts in her colonial territories. Britain is the senior partner of the nations of the commonwealth. Therefore a strong Britain is essential to the security of the Western world.

We recognize that President Eisenhower has had to fight a battle against serious illness, and we rejoice in his recovery. But his silences on world affairs would fill an empty cathedral.

I do not doubt that those silences have encouraged Russia to wage peace against the West. The Soviet may well believe that it can achieve in peace the victory that it could never win in war. Hence the benevolent Malenkov followed by Bulganin and Khrushchev. And you may be sure that the Russian ballet and opera will be on their heels.

These are fateful times. These are times of decision. A wise man said recently that there are two great experiments before the world today—the American and the Russian. Then he added these pregnant words: "It is impossible that both can succeed."

If we substitute the word "capitalist" for "American" the meaning is stark clear. Here is a struggle that cannot be avoided. Here is a struggle that, in its outcome, will profoundly influence the course of history.

That is one reason why voices are being raised in England in favor of the creation of a non-legislating imperial parliament.

It would meet once a year and, in case of necessity, it could be convened as needed. By this means the world would hear the voice of Premier St. Laurent dealing with world problems that affect the entire commonwealth. Mr. St. Laurent made a deep impression when he came over here to be made a Freeman of the City of London. In an imperial parliament the whole world would listen to his words.

In far-off Australia there is that great statesman Mr. R. G. Menzies. Like so many of us he has two loves—his native country and the mother country. He possesses the gift of oratory and the vision of a poet.

With all respect I contend that the premiers of the self-governing dominions should take their part in speaking not merely on matters concerning their own countries but on the problems of the Western world.

The airplane has annihilated distance by reducing oceans to lakes and deserts to mere sand heaps. Nor need the imperial parliament meet only in London. That should be its permanent setting but from time to time it could meet in one of the dominions.

So we come back to the Russian peace offensive, with all its imponderables. It may well be that the rulers of Russia have realized that they cannot successfully wage hot war against the West. And it may also be that they will try by peaceful means to achieve the victories denied them by our preparedness.

The danger is that we shall grow soft, or disunited, while communism seeps into our industrial and political life.

When the Russian rattles his sword we need not worry unduly. But when he waves the olive branch we should sound the alert, for communism has its dupes and agents in every part of the world. If the visit of B. and K. has done nothing else it has taught us that Russia is pursuing a positive policy in the belief that it will divide the Western powers and weaken at once our unity and our purpose. ★



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Bruce Hutchison  
rediscovered  
B. C. The Coast

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

thinking me a visitor, flung out his arm stiffly at the skyline. "I knew her," he said, "when she was built of wood and hardly went past Georgia and Granville. Outside of that, stumps, just stumps. Now look at her! Just look at her!"

I looked at her, as I had often looked for nearly fifty years. I remembered the small town I had known in boyhood and I asked myself what had happened to Vancouver. What had made the human creature of this coast so different from all other Canadians? Why had his spirit changed beyond recognition in my own lifetime?

The beer barrel rolled slowly around the wooden post so that its owner could look me in the eye and see if I were to be trusted with a deeper communication.

"This town," he observed with an insinuating leer, "is the damnedest, wickedest, bloodiest-awful town in America! More crime, more trouble, more scandal. Oh, she's wicked! Why, I could tell you . . ."

His voice trailed off as if he dared not reveal the ultimate horror. I knew anyway, for I had read the daily headlines of the Vancouver papers. And living long in the stews of British Columbia politics, I could probably have told even this disillusioned Vancouverite a thing or two.

He brightened up to inform me that Vancouver would soon have a million people and more. Nothing could stop her. "Will you just look at her!" he repeated.

I looked at her again—this ever-

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"She invented almost a new art form . . . and captured as no one else  
the dark, ravenous jungle rolling from the mountains to the sea rocks."

COURTESY OF THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO

spreading fungus between mountain, forest and sea, this incredible mixture of beauty and mischief, of wealth and slums, this tiny woodland clearing in which man has reared up overnight the richest, brashest, loveliest and craziest town in Canada and now, Narcissus-like, worships his inferior steel and concrete masterpiece with a childlike wonder, fierce greed and sure conviction of superiority over all other cities.

I looked at her, I imagined for a moment what man could have made here to match nature's masterpiece and I was tempted to weep.

Another hoarse rumble came from the beer barrel. "Well," the sailor concluded dismally, "she's big all right, but she's not what she used to be, not by a damn sight. She's seen her best days."

With that verdict ringing in my ears—a verdict that all modern Vancouverites will deny and all old-timers confirm—I strolled up Granville Street and met by appointment one of Canada's great men.

Lawren Harris has long been one of the nation's supreme artists. A sympathetic man also, and a philosopher who happens to express himself in paint, he took me and my questions in hand and led the way to the Vancouver Art Gallery without a word of explanation. I followed him through the clamorous noonday traffic of Georgia Street at a rapid pace. He is a brisk walker on mountain peak or city pavement and his youthful terrier face denies the halo of white hair.

Mr. Harris had brought me to see a collection of paintings by the late

Emily Carr, his friend and protégé. He didn't have to expound the meaning of this lonely genius. Emily Carr—I remembered her in Victoria, forty years ago, as a dumpy old maid with a quick temper and tart tongue—had captured as no one else has ever captured the primal fact of the Pacific coast. She had invented almost a new art form to reveal the dark and ravenous jungle rolling from the mountains to the sea rocks.

There, in those pictures, was the coast as she had seen it with the eyes of an artist. There was the force of geography, climate and rank steaming vegetable growth which had conditioned man's outdoor life from the beginning and, by its terrible presence, had shaped his inner spirit.

Mr. Harris did not attempt to draw the moral. He left it to me. I saw at once what he meant, or what I thought he meant, and it answered my question. Yes, and it explained also a social riddle now issuing in a complete transformation of coastal life, in a boom such as Canada has never seen before and finally in the curious figure of Premier W. A. C. Bennett, the gaudy symbol of the whole process, the high priest of the new British Columbia.

Coastal men, or most of them, have severed their roots that grew in this forest soil for nearly two centuries. They live, as in the beginning, on the forest but are no longer of it. They have retired into imagined urban security, forgotten their beginnings and, as Miss Carr seemed to be saying, have lost their way.

Still, the works of the dead Victorian spinster (so poor that she painted some



PHOTO BY KARSH

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## "Vancouver is too successful, busy, self-adoring to pay much heed to Canada"

of her best pictures on cheap, perishable wrapping paper) remind the urban creature that the primal fact of the coast remains. The forest stands at every street end. Butchered, it always rises again. Indestructible and sure of purpose, it awaits the day of man's departure when it will repossess its own.

Everywhere in Vancouver, beyond the business district, the forest asserts its title deeds and imposes its green caveat on man's work. The trees of the immense park stand virgin and untamed as some of them have stood for a thousand years. Beside the newest business block a solid cedar stump proclaims, in death, a life far longer than man's.

The gardener, if he neglects his garden for a single season, will find it surging up in alder, maple or the first filaments of the conifers. Every new residential area is soon covered with an umbrella of dense foliage. Leave it unpruned for a century or less and Vancouver will be lost, like Sleeping Beauty, in impenetrable tangle.

An acid alluvial soil of long accumulated leafmold, a deluge of winter rain and a gentle summer sun make everything grow, almost unnaturally—even human beings.

The cultivation of its earth, more than anything else, saves the soul of Vancouver. Nearly every man is a gardener. The poorest house has a patch of flowers. In the dingy streets of the once-splendid west end, where the ruined mansions of the rich folks now linger on as tenements until they are replaced by apartment blocks, in the east end which was always poor, or beside one of those tottering wooden houses of the old days, a few yards from the town's centre, you will find a bed of flowers or a blazing window box.

If Vancouver is detached from the wilderness, it is not detached from the earth. As cultivators, home owners and highly domesticated animals the people of Vancouver show more imagination than most Canadians. Their household architecture is full of experiment and wild conceits, many of them successful.

To be sure, the new subdivisions cannot compare in grandeur with the stately old homes of Shaughnessy Heights, built when servants were cheap and dollars valuable, but there can be few towns anywhere with so many comfortable houses because few towns possess Vancouver's wealth.

A plutocracy of peculiar brashness and purse-pride controls Vancouver and sets outward tone. Its so-called Society is ostentatious, repulsive and provincial. The ordinary citizen, however, is hardly aware of either.

He pursues his pleasant little life seldom knowing how the city's economic stomach is fed, who owns the money, what the politicians and the Cadillac set are doing.

He feasts on the crime news in the papers, hears that Vancouver is a world centre of the narcotic drug trade, is shocked (though not much for he is almost shockproof) by repeated police scandals, but he goes to his grave without seeing an act of crime and he is innocent of any vice.

He pampers his garden and takes pride in his house. He attends the splendid Theatre Under the Stars, set among the immemorial trees of the park. He worries about the illness of the park's captive animals and sits impatiently for weeks to see if a front-page male penguin can hatch an infertile egg. He carries on the town's massive labors and sometimes glimpses

the glory of its surroundings. But collectively he thinks about the nation's problems far less than most urban Canadians because, in this climate and with this wealth, he doesn't have to.

In fact, though it will resent the compliment, Vancouver must be considered an unusually innocent city, despite its reputation. It has wealth but is too young to have acquired sophistication. It is too successful, too busy with its own business and too self-adoring to pay much heed to Canada at large and customarily goes to the western States for recreation. Its innocence and its isolation are reflected every day in the press—a press devoted mostly to the ephemerae of the city.

To tell the truth, Vancouver is not really a city at all. Like every other Canadian community, except Montreal, it is an overgrown town; or rather, in Vancouver's case, an overgrown camp continually enlarged by a series of frontier booms, until boom is taken as normal, as merely these people's proper reward under a wise Providence. And what booms they have seen!

Why, less than a century ago no human work stood on Burrard Inlet but a sawmill or two and the saloon of "Gassy Jack" Deighton, whose growing village was called Gas Town after him. Some sixty years ago Sam Howe, a discerning newcomer, walked among the brush at the town's edge, identified the muddy intersection of Granville and Georgia as the future core of a city, bought a few yards of land there and became a multimillionaire. Roy Brown, the great editor of The Province, used to tell me of fishing for trout in a clean mountain stream where Mayor Gerry McGeer's city hall now stands like an upended matchbox.

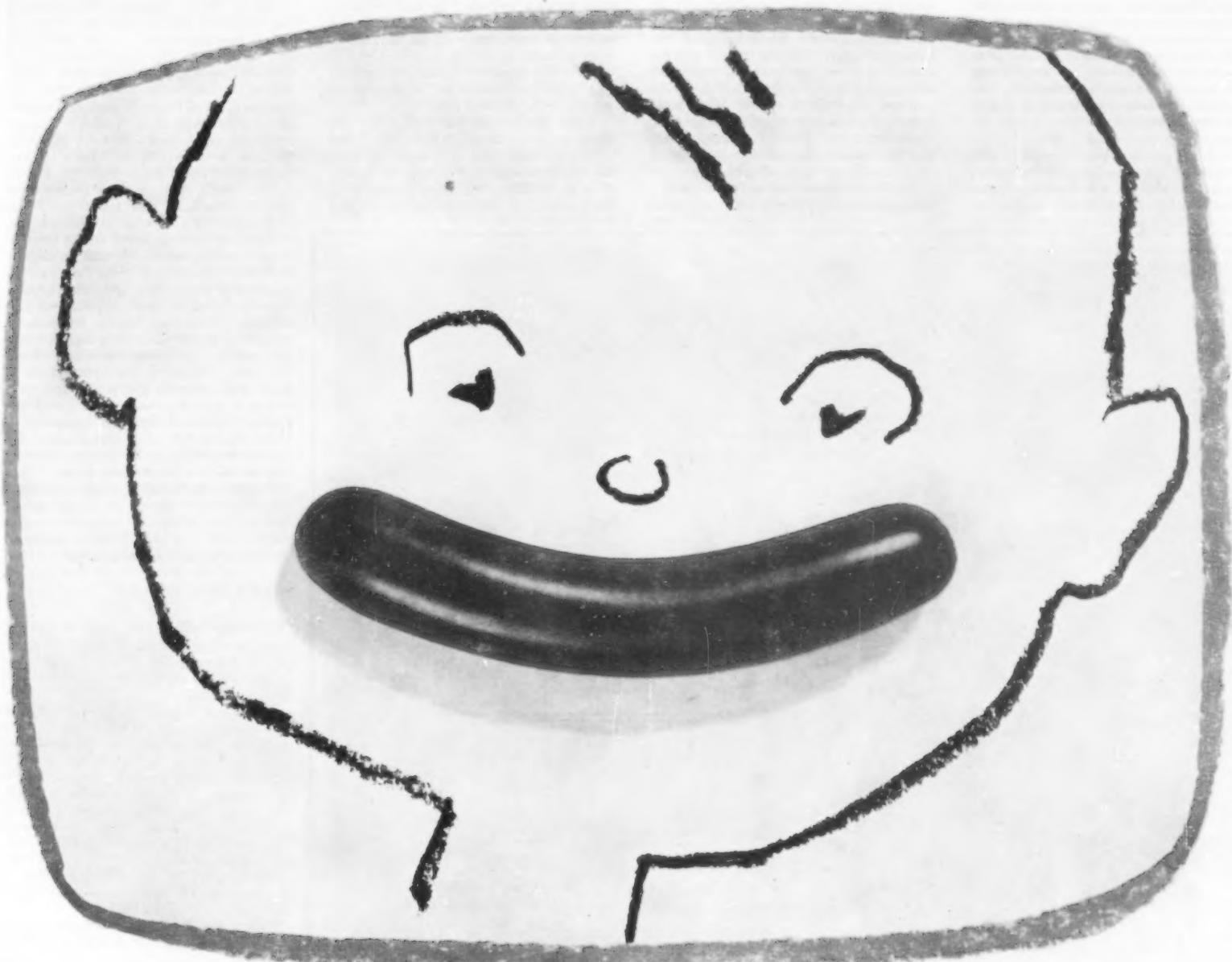
### The pioneers got lost in town

Vancouver's furious growth, since the first locomotive crawled to the Inlet and changed the whole economic geography of the continent, has left, until recent times, little leisure for cultural pursuits. The doubtful phenomenon called progress has been too fast to permit sensible civic planning, with the result that hovels abut on business streets; Hastings runs suddenly into Skid Row; Granville and Burrard soar on majestic bridges over a manufacturing area whose smoke ascends into the opulent streets and leafy English boulevards of Shaughnessy.

Man changes with his environment. Two generations back, the inhabitants were clearing homesteads in the forest, plowing virgin earth on the edge of town and diking the islands of the Fraser's triple-mouthed estuary. Now they are a confirmed townspeople.

Even a generation back these were a different people, an outdoor people, a pioneer and essentially primitive people. Their town was ruled by men who themselves had felt axes, plowhandles, miners' picks and ships' rigging in their hands. Now it is ruled by the softer sons of the pioneers. Hereditary wealth, extracted raw from forest, mine and sea, enables young men who otherwise would be drapers' assistants or apprentice undertakers to own their fathers' fortunes and command great corporations.

All this has happened everywhere in Canada, I suppose, but nowhere so rapidly as in Vancouver. The ruling class thus lacks the patina and manners of Montreal's elite, the thinner shine of Toronto and the sober thrift of Winnipeg. For all purposes of political,



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When eating out, always ask for Swift's Premium Franks.



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economic and social power no Canadian town of importance is so *nouveau riche* as Vancouver, none so self-centred and so isolated from the nation. None is so infatuated with itself, or suffers such illusions of grandeur. None is so completely conditioned by climate and that legend of ceaseless sunshine that a winter of almost ceaseless rain and frequent London smog can never destroy.

Such an environment produces able captains of industry like the legendary H. R. MacMillan, a forester, a logger and a scholar, whose forest empire was

built after his middle age. It has never produced a single statesman of first rank, or even second.

Its wealth produces the industrialist, the engineer, the huckster and the money-changer, also the powerful labor union, and, at the bottom, organized crime. Its politics may not be more corrupt than those of any large town but they produce more juicy sensations than most and party machines surely the best-oiled, uninhibited and potent in Canada—outside Quebec anyway.

As I wandered about Vancouver I remembered that it was not always like

this. Probably it was less of a camp in spirit when it was actually little more than a camp in body. It was governed and colored then by an able, proud, and mannered aristocracy of old families in ugly palaces of darkly paneled native wood. The names of these early prince-  
lings and true makers of Vancouver are seldom remembered now.

They have been succeeded for the most part by immigrants from other provinces who soon take over not only the business and power but the coloration of the coast, the sense of ease in an easy climate, the expectation of per-

petual boom and the gambler's reckless optimism.

Apart from business, Vancouver's real thinking and its hope are not to be found downtown but on the peninsula of Point Grey. There the University of British Columbia's campus looks south across the oily river, north to the Norwegian fiord of Howe Sound, and makes any other campus in Canada appear cramped and mean. McGill, by comparison, is a narrow city lot and Toronto a crowded back yard.

The university perched on its own private headland has made itself one of the nation's best by the simple expedient of raiding every other faculty from coast to coast. Under president Norman MacKenzie (Big Larry with his mop of sandy hair, crimson Scottish face, rumpled clothes and shrewd calculation) it has sold itself to the people, extracted lavish gifts from the rich and commanded increasing revenues from the state. Given a few more years of such nourishment, the institution that began in wooden shacks will stand out against mountain and sea in stone.

Its site is not very important. Its greatness resides in its teachers and in the successive crops of students. They have manned British Columbia's industries, educated its children, edited its newspapers, filled its judicial benches and slowly but surely have leavened the lump of a frontier society.

#### "Life here is too easy"

This task will not be easily or quickly completed, according to a *grande dame* of Vancouver, with whom I drank tea in an English garden under the trees of Shaughnessy.

"The landscape," she said, "is lovely but overpowering. That's the trouble with us. The mountains, the trees, the sea—they dwarf and stifle us. And in this soft climate we think we don't have to struggle. Actually we have to struggle more than other places, and the wonder isn't that we're smug and provincial but that we've done so well, all things considered. If you don't believe me, try to organize anything in Vancouver. Oh, we manage it all right, but what a struggle!"

Some youngsters came bounding in from a tennis court that only yesterday was a forest glade and they didn't look dwarfed or stifled. They looked to me like the healthiest, happiest and most fortunate youngsters in Canada. A few weeks ago they had been skiing half an hour from Shaughnessy. After tennis they were going to swim in the sea. At the week end they would set out for a cruise up the coast in some tycoon's yacht.

"All this won't do them any good, you know," said their grandmother. "Life here is too easy and too soft. And of course it has nothing to do with Canada."

There was just time that day to see what I consider the noblest sight in Canada. I left Shaughnessy, walked through the rose gardens and the aboriginal forest of the park, crossed the steel spider web to the North Shore and climbed the hills where vegetable growth has been replaced by the mushroom growth of rich men's houses.

The sun was making a stage exit and hurrying on to an engagement in Asia. That translucent pink sheen witnessed only on the coast oozed across the brown gout of the Fraser's outlet, the gulf, its multitude of black islands and the blurred hump of Vancouver Island. Straight below, like a contour map, the rounded whale's back between the inlet and the river—a massive cargo of silt deposited here since the birth of the planet—carried on its surface the final layer of man's habitation. Beyond this narrow neck of land and the river's

## 'The Thin Red Line'

In 1857, during the Crimean War the 93rd Highlanders were confronted by a strong force of Russian Cavalry. The Scots formed a shallow line, leveled their bayonettes and with truly Scottish spirit—waited! The charging cavalry blasted by Scottish rifle fire came to within yards of them . . . then turned and fled.



Another truly Scottish spirit which will never let you down is "Dewar's Special"—it never varies. That full-bodied flavour remains constant in every bottle . . . perfect for any occasion. (Remember, before you say Scotch . . . say "Dewar's")

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-it never varies

Distilled.  
Blended and  
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AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

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three mazy channels the white ghosts of Mount Baker and the Olympics, far to the south, flitted across the American horizon.

This town, I thought, had everything to make it healthy, wealthy and wise. A Vancouver man beside me uttered a deep sigh.

"The beautiful," he said, "and damned."

No, not yet damned. As the sunset faded the lights suddenly twinkled in parallel lines from inlet to river like sequins on a black velvet dress. The moving lights of many ships cut their kaleidoscopic patterns in the ink pool of the harbor. All that daytime bulk of land, sea and man's trespass upon them turned suddenly into a jewel box.

Even though man has done his best to destroy it, such beauty can be forgiven everything. Vancouver is an enchantress whom any normal man must love. Like Quebec, her eastern counterpart and only rival, she may learn wisdom with age.

Scorning the airplane flight of exactly eighteen minutes, I set out next day for Vancouver Island aboard a miniature liner. This shiny needle pierced the buttonhole of the Narrows, the sharp line of green and brown where the Fraser dies in the ocean, the crooked channel of Plumper's Sound and a thick archipelago of islands inhabited, farmed and adored by a peculiar species of men who have put a moat between them and the world. Four hours later the ship rounded the island's green southern tip. I was home at last.

The molten gold of broom blossom poured over Beacon Hill, as I had first seen it at the age of seven. The same demented golfers of that day still seemed to follow their uninterrupted lunacy around the Oak Bay links. On the far shore of Juan de Fuca's strait the Olympic ballerinas, in billowing white skirts, danced their famous ballet to the edge of the open Pacific. Alas, I didn't see Cadborosaurus, the home-grown sea serpent. He usually welcomes visitors but was busy at the moment making headlines in the local papers.

A Victoria medical man—he could not claim to be a Victorian, since he had lived here a scant twenty years—stood with me on the deck, and at this sight of home his eyes filled, he blew his nose violently and apologized for an unseemly show of emotion.

"I just can't help it," he said.

Being a Victorian, even mid-Victorian, I understood. We are all affected in the same way. I cannot tell you why, for the setting of Victoria does not compare with the first glimpse of Vancouver or Quebec and man has not improved it much.

The tiny harbor is only an enlarged bathtub, smeared on the north side by the grime of industry (a hideous mistake in town planning) but ornamented on the east and south by the bulbous parliament buildings, the causeway and the Empress Hotel amid acres of lawn and roses. Only a native could fail to see that Victoria started to make an immaculate portal and abandoned the job, half-done.

However, if you keep your eyes fixed on the better half, the introduction to Victoria is startling in its precise toylike design, all contrived by man in a cunning stage set.

When James Douglas built his fort here in 1843 he faced a sweep of barren rock, a ravine of tidal mud and the cedar huts of an Indian village. Even today, though the ravine has been filled and crowned by the causeway and the towered hotel, no one but a native could call the business district of Victoria anything but commonplace and rather drab. The main streets are distinguished only by flower baskets hung

from every lamp post to titillate the tourists and a few human relics tottering about in English tweeds.

Yet somehow Victoria has created not only real beauty outside the business district but a myth of quaintness, purely synthetic, known throughout the world. Again I asked myself why. As a mid-Victorian beyond redemption, I will tell you why.

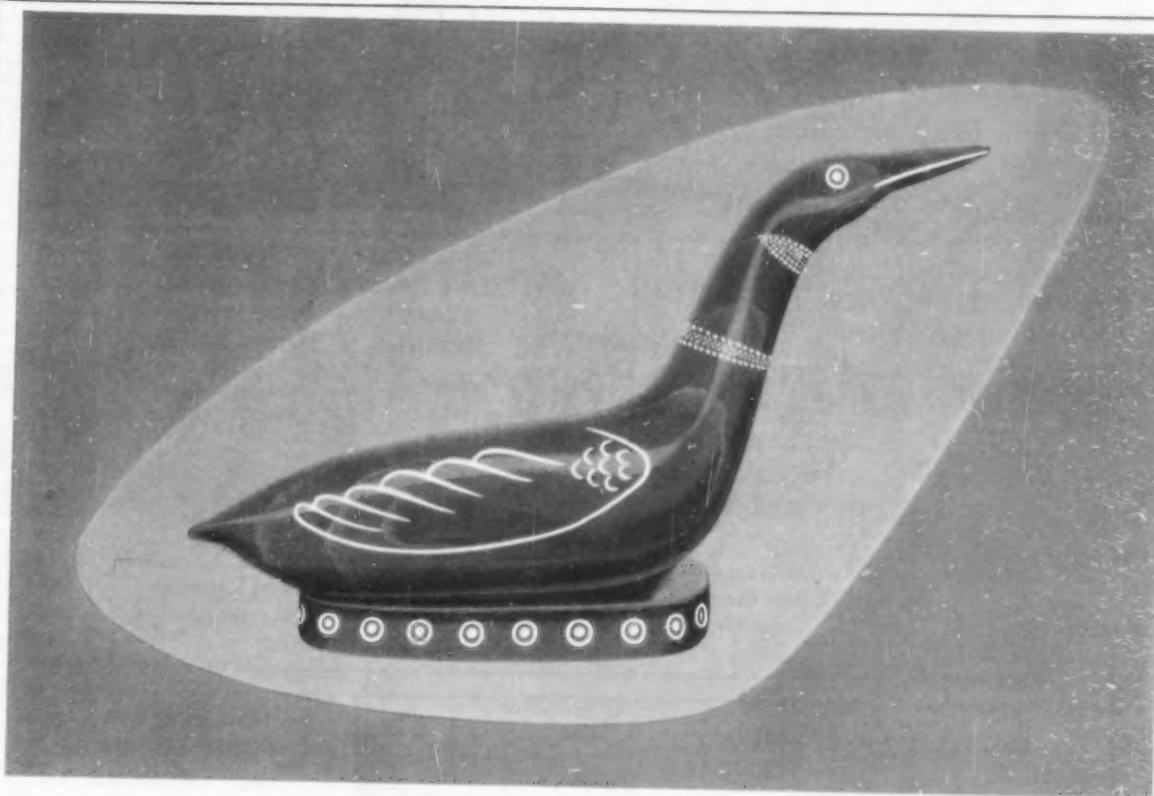
A cold-blooded pursuit of tourists; that bogus invention, "The Little Bit of England on the Shores of the Pacific"; that pumped-up charm sold over and over again to unsuspecting

visitors; that false legend of lotus eaters in demiparadise; such shopworn exhibits as the rich widow ladies engorging crumpets in the hotel to the delight of the magazine writers; the spangled Christmas tree and December roses before the parliament buildings; the imaginary millionaires who do nothing but play golf and make their club a cartoon out of Punch—these spurious hucksters' labels explain much but not all.

There is a reality behind the commercial façade seldom guessed by strangers and held in secret by Victorians. They

never tell it to the tourist swarms that drive about (for the sake of quaintness) in horse-drawn tallyhoes. They keep it to themselves because no one can put it into words, the words of the tourist pamphlets being only a public parody, the oft-quoted words of Rudyard Kipling only a visitor's ignorant shout and the words of mid-Victorian journalists like me only a clumsy caricature of the truth.

The truth will be found in no document, photograph, painting, poem or song, but you may stumble upon it some spring evening in a little garden



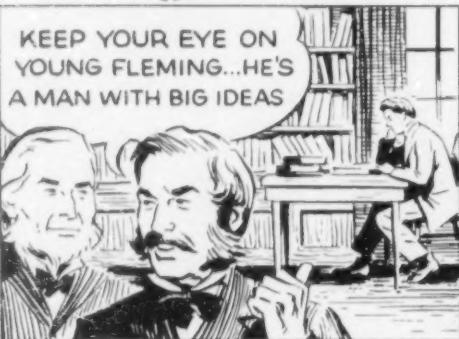
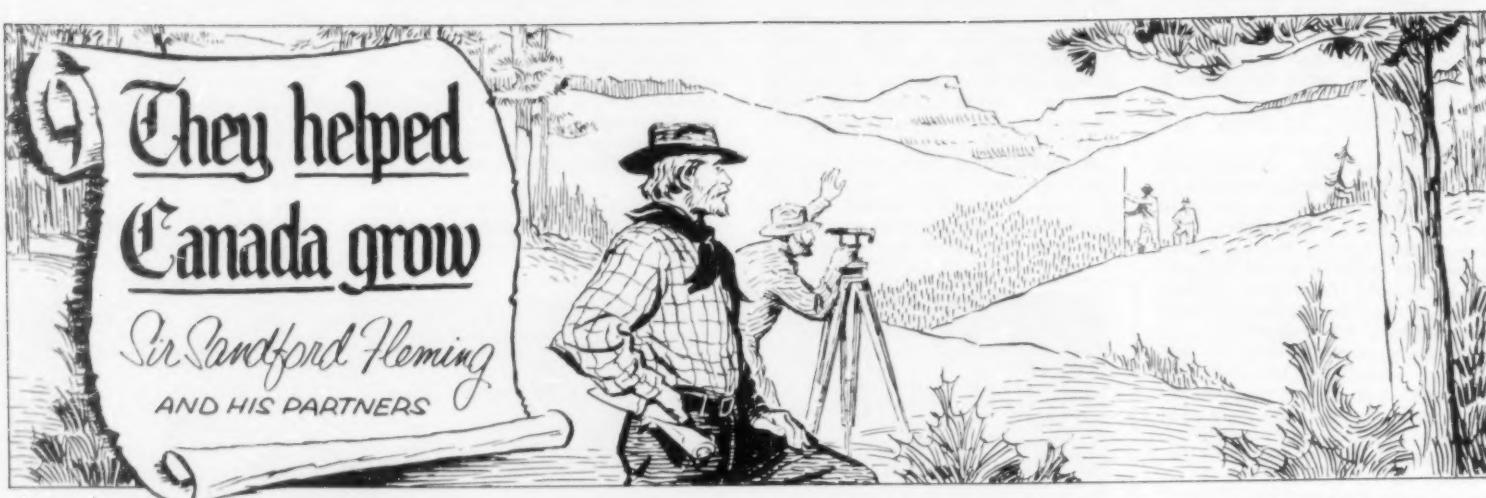
*A native Canadian design painted by Arthur Price for the pulp and paper industry. Soapstone carvings like this are a survival of a prehistoric art and are an important source of income for the Eskimos.*

## Money Maker

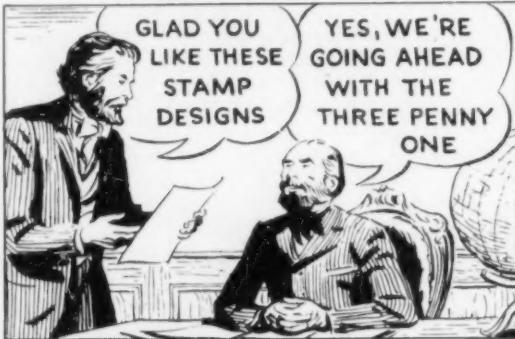
Pulp and paper brings more cash to Canada than any other export. It accounts for virtually a quarter of the value of all our exports, and a third of the value of our exports to the United States. Canadian newsprint alone provides half the newspaper pages on earth. Thus, pulp and paper exports furnish a major part of the money needed to pay for all the goods Canada must have from abroad. The standard of living enjoyed by Canadians stems very largely from the great world trade of this single industry.

## PULP & PAPER INDUSTRY of CANADA

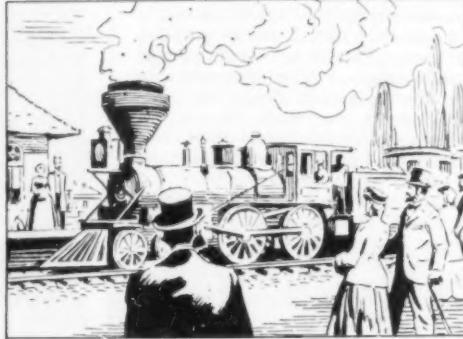
THE ENTERPRISE OF MOST VALUE TO CANADIANS



This ambitious 18-year-old Scot came to Canada in 1845. Versatile, adaptable, he conquered problem after problem.



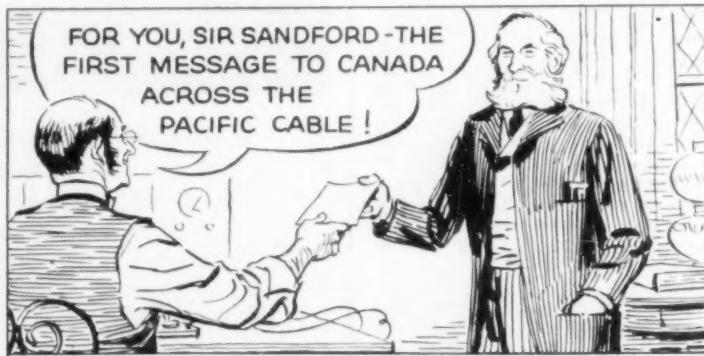
In 1851, Fleming designed the first Canadian "Adhesive postage labels." His three penny was the original "Beaver" stamp.



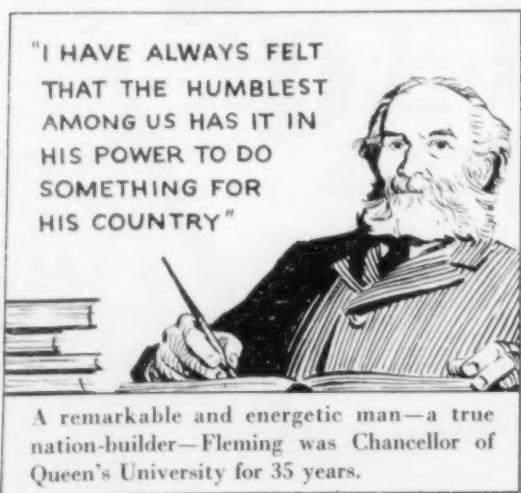
As Chief Engineer, he directed laying of the Intercolonial Railway and the transcontinental C.P.R., completed in 1885.



In 1876, Fleming pioneered a world time system—Standard Time as we know it today. At first he got no support, but finally in 1884, at a 25 nation conference in Washington, his proposals were accepted.



Fleming who was knighted in 1897, then turned to another bold spanning of distances—a cable under the Pacific Ocean completed in 1902. The Prime Minister of New Zealand cables him!



A remarkable and energetic man—a true nation-builder—Fleming was Chancellor of Queen's University for 35 years.



Great though his genius, Fleming was but one of a parade of pioneers whose vision built Canada, backed by men and institutions who provided the financial means to bring their exploits to realization.

The Bank of Nova Scotia is today providing the same backing to our modern pioneers. When you save with your bank you share in these partnerships which are shaping the future of our country.

When you save at The Bank of Nova Scotia you help yourself and you help Canada.

## The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

*\*Your Partner in Helping Canada Grow*

where an old man is pruning a hedge; in a quiet house glistening with family plate and mellow English oak; in a field of white lilies, blue camassia and yellow buttercups under the crooked limbs of a Garry oak; or perhaps in the park when the children are feeding crusts to the swans and the air is heavy with the smell of plum blossom, broom, sea salt and ageless conifers.

The secret is to be found not in the myth but in the earth and in the people. These people know how to live and, more than any other Canadians, they live close to the earth—so close, indeed, that, they usually vegetate in middle life, mellow in their autumn and quietly go to seed. But not before they have performed their own special prodigies.

I call it special and prodigious because I have never seen in America, or even in England, anything to match the gardens and gardeners of Victoria. Gardening here is not merely a skill, hobby or cult, as in Vancouver; it is outwardly a pictorial art spread, without a single break, across a rolling canvas of some twenty square miles. Inwardly it is a philosophy, almost a religion and always a passion.

The gardener, whether he tends a city lot or the stupendous grotto of the

The newcomer usually does not recognize this quality or resents it as mere dullness. Then, before he knows what is happening to him, the most progressive young businessman, the most impatient booster and unrepentant Philistine begins to absorb the native atmosphere, to acquire the secret through his pores and fall under the spell. He becomes a Victorian. No other town will satisfy him again. Having crossed that Rubicon, the Strait of Georgia, he has passed the point of no return.

His reincarnation is a purely contemporary process of climate and landscape. It has nothing to do with Victoria's stirring history for no Canadians have neglected their history more than the Victorians.

Not many of them realize that Douglas' fort was the fragile western anchor of the entire continental boundary and stood alone in the northward path of Manifest Destiny. Not many have read the obscure bronze plaque at a crowded intersection which alone marks the site of that fort.

Why, hardly one out of ten Victorians, I would guess, has ever paused to inspect perhaps the most significant Canadian monument west of the St. Lawrence. It is not much to see—an absurd little wooden building, shaped rather like a pagoda, and stowed away, as if unworthy of the British Columbia capital, behind the parliament buildings.

Yet within this ill-shaped cottage, then one of the colonial government's "bird cages," Confederation was completed by a few bearded and forgotten men like Amor de Cosmos. Here they joined British Columbia to Canada and without their decision—taken in grave doubt and after much soul-searching—there probably would be no Canada at all today; the disjointed colonial fragments, lacking a western littoral, would almost certainly have fallen one by one into the awaiting hands of the Americans.

Only the last bird cage, a few old houses on the winding hill of Rockland Avenue and the English manor house of the lieutenant-governor remind this generation of the queer breed which, for all its stiffness and pretension, held the border and gave Canada a western coast.

Looking at the dishonored western birthplace of Confederation, and then at the fat dome of the parliament buildings, I wondered again what had happened to British Columbia.

No successor to Douglas, de Cosmos, Judge Begbie and the other giants will be found under that dome. All the men who rule there now would have been unimaginable even twenty years ago.

The handsome, intelligent face of Premier Bennett, the fixed neon smile, the bustling salesman's assurance, the ceaseless torrent of speech, the undoubted talents of a small-town hardware merchant writ large and a certain naive, boyish charm are more than the visage and character of a man. They are the emblem and hallmark of a new province. In the premier's person the old has been repealed overnight.

The arrival of Mr. Bennett, the lifelong Conservative from Okanagan, at the head of a Social Credit doctrine from Alberta, was an adventure more improbable than most Canadians yet understand. For everything that doctrine represented—its preposterous economic theory, its mixture of religion and politics, above all its genius of vulgarity—were alien to British Columbia and contradicted the deepest instincts of its people.

Oddly enough, these apostles of bigness are succeeding. The hamlet of Governor Douglas, within a two-by-four stockade, the canvas camp of the Cariboo gold rush, the village by the stinking mud flats, has swelled five miles north, east and west and seems likely to cover most of the lovely Saanich Peninsula before it is finished.

Externally, Victoria is growing like

### Know what?

All strong-minded people hate yes-men.  
A yes-man's repugnant to me.  
The way he'll refuse to express his own  
views  
Is contemptible — don't you agree?

P. J. BLACKWELL

Butchart Gardens, must be a mechanic, an artist, a botanist and a believer. Other Canadians, like those of Vancouver, may cultivate flowers; the Victorian worships them, nurses them with scientific care, exhibits them in fierce annual competition, debates them at weekly meetings of experts, imports their seeds from the ends of the earth and by his labors, mostly on his knees as in prayer, has acquired a unique collective vision of beauty, a civic intimation of immortality.

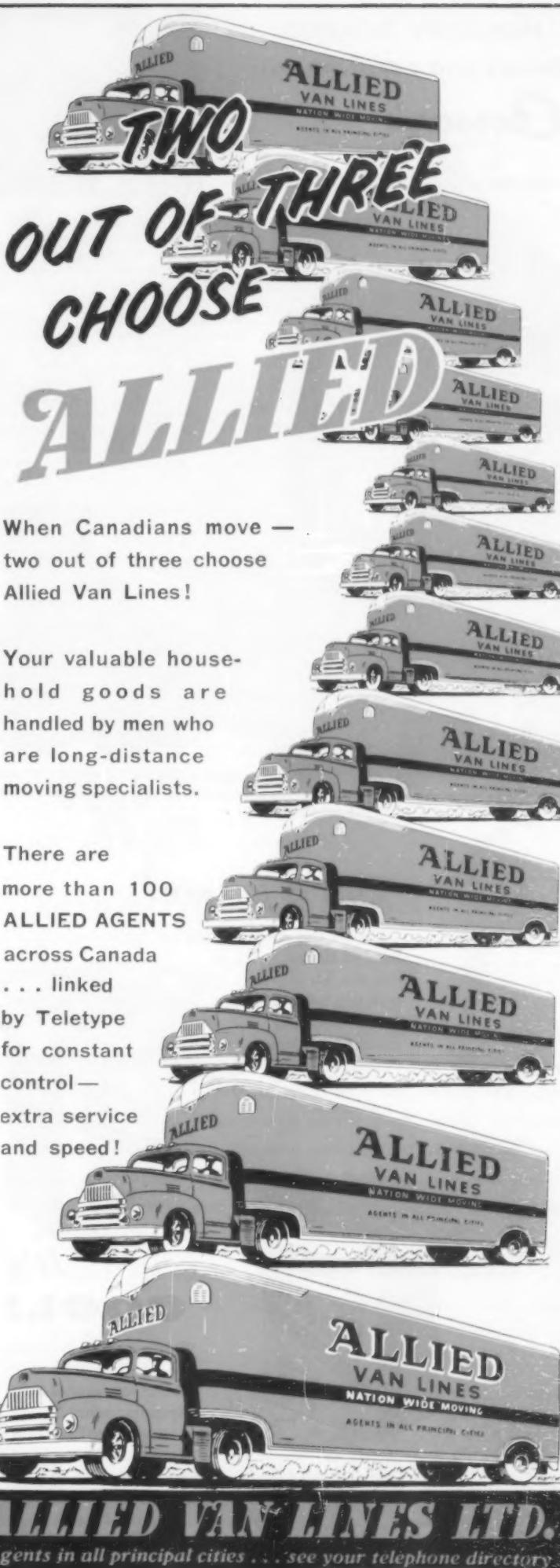
Victoria has given the nation little else in modern times but, with feet in its surging soil, this town of apparent lunatics has taught a profound lesson of sanity. The nation can use it.

Victoria's original human growth—mostly out of seeds carried from England—is steadily retreating before a new growth, entirely Canadian.

The Victoria I knew nearly fifty years ago was indeed a bit of England, managed by an aristocracy of English dress, manners and mind. Now, despite all the tourist propaganda, it is purely a Canadian town, ruled by natives, who grew up as Canadians, and by newcomers from Canada impatient of quaintness, scornful of the myth and determined to make a metropolis without any industrial base, with no large payroll except the provincial government's civil service, with only the illusion that size is the measurement of worth and happiness.

Oddly enough, these apostles of bigness are succeeding. The hamlet of Governor Douglas, within a two-by-four stockade, the canvas camp of the Cariboo gold rush, the village by the stinking mud flats, has swelled five miles north, east and west and seems likely to cover most of the lovely Saanich Peninsula before it is finished.

Externally, Victoria is growing like any other Canadian town, though faster than most, but here growth has a subtle attribute of its own.



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When you have guests in—serve ice-cold bottles of this low-alcohol light sparkling wine! You've never tasted anything like it. The carton you can tuck under your arm holds six 13-oz. bottles—each so low in cost! Try WINETTE—pick up a carton soon!

Bright's fine Canadian  
Wines SINCE 1874

### "No movement has ever been as blatant, cocksure as Social Credit in B. C."

name, though never the substance, of Social Credit was able to fill. But much more than accident was at work.

If the spark of Social Credit had alighted by chance in British Columbia a generation ago it would have been extinguished by laughter and contempt. It burned and became a conflagration in the dry timber of a dying government because it alighted in the British Columbia of the boom; in a province repopulated by a westward migration and spiritually revolutionized by strangers; in a people who had arrived too recently to acquire the attitude of the natives.

Mr. Bennett does not believe in Social Credit, of course, but he is important both as the symbol and manager of the British Columbia revolution.

He manages it with the generous support of big business, which detests Social Credit but fears the alternative of socialism, a cult of little people, the true believers, and the suicidal divisions of the opposition parties. On this base he proposes to carry Social Credit, or rather its label, to office in Ottawa about a year hence on the odd proposition that British Columbia (apparently by its superior virtue and the mandate of Providence) is entitled to more wealth, more government expenditure, more federal money and a higher standard of living than any other province.

No movement in Canadian history has ever been as suddenly successful, as blatant, cocksure, expensive and isolationist as Social Credit in British Columbia. Beside it the Social Crediters of Alberta are pikers. And pre-Bennett British Columbia is dead.

I walked away from the parliament buildings to watch, in a little park nearby, an Indian artist, Mungo Martin, and his son, carving the world's tallest totem pole for Mr. Stuart Keate, the imaginative publisher of the Victoria Times. Between the Bennett government, carving a new province, and the Indians carving a lofty cedar, there seemed to stretch a gap of centuries. The Indian art might be old but it was far closer than Social Credit and the boom to the old town and province I once knew.

Having also known Emily Carr and learned the alphabet in her sister's

kindergarten, I stood gazing at her old house and remembering the dowdy woman, with paints and easel who, in poverty, was unconsciously making herself immortal.

Then, as I walked on to Beacon Hill Park, remembering many other things now lost, I met a friend from Vancouver. He was trying to feed the swans with bread from a paper bag but they arched their snooty necks and ignored his charity.

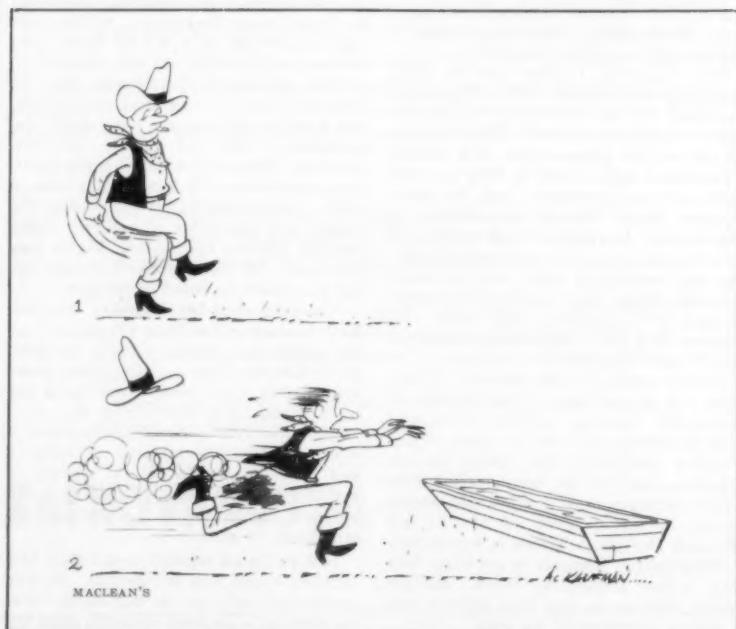
"There," my friend said, "you have the difference between Victoria and Vancouver. This town is so superior that even the swans won't look at good honest bread. If you were to throw a crust into the streets of Vancouver all the brokers would leap out of their skyscraper windows with a scream of hunger."

I left that man with his paper bag and drove up the island's main road.

Though smoothed into a speedway, much of its charm destroyed by progress, the Malahat Highway is still agreeable. The Saanich Arm, flecked with fishing boats and backed by the shadowy Olympics, the blue shadows of Cowichan Bay beside the shoulder of Mount Tzouhalem must be familiar, in photographs at least, to all Canadians.

They have heard, too, of a legendary town called Duncan and will be disappointed to find it looking like any other farm and logging town. If they search hard enough they will find it still nourishing, in a few old country houses, the last remains of a remarkable society—English nobles, generals, admirals, fishermen, hunters, cricket players and *pukka sahibs*—now near extinction. And on the adjoining Cowichan River, once the best of all Canadian trout streams, a mad priesthood still worships rainbow, cutthroat and steelhead with customary sacrifices and libations.

Nanaimo, the island's second sizeable community, began when a nameless Indian brought "black stones" to Fort Victoria and assured a coastal coal industry. Later on, when Robert Dunsmuir, a penniless miner, lay down for a nap outside Nanaimo and awakened on a huge coal seam, he founded a dynasty, built a railway to Victoria and created a prosperous town. But





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*It's one of 6 sprightly new  
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In place of a team, of course, it could be other people. Friends of yours, for instance, assorted small fry, or visiting dignitaries.

Anyway, there's room for 3 on each seat, 9 in all. (A separate section of the centre seat folds down to allow rear seat passengers to get in and out easily and gracefully.) And there's even space left over for baseball bats or baggage.

If you're joining the fast-growing station wagon family, be sure to look these new Chevrolets over. They're very good looking, as you see. All of them have fine, sturdy and quiet Fisher bodies. All offer you an engine choice of V8 or 6, and all the power features anybody would want. And all of them pack Chevrolet's special brand of performance that breaks stock car records and makes your own driving easier, safer and more pleasant.

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4 doors, 6 passengers



"ONE-FIFTY" HANDYMAN  
2 doors, 6 passengers



"TWO-TEN" BEAUVILLE  
4 doors, 9 passengers

## "Today's young trees will never reach the size of their predecessors. Men cannot wait"

when the coal ran out some twenty years ago Nanaimo apparently was doomed. Instead, it has become the busy distributing point for most of the island and almost a suburb of Vancouver.

Qualicum and its long beach of warm water is also a Vancouver suburb, much favored at the week end by the upper classes. Comox Harbor, however, and its town of Courtenay, belong to the

island and enjoy perhaps its most notable view—an arm of the sea, enclosed like an Alpine lake, under the glacial stare of Mount Albert Edward.

Campbell River was once an international haunt of Tyee salmon fishermen, is now a town and threatens to engulf Roderick Haig-Brown, one of Canada's ablest writers, naturalists and anglers.

Men like him are in retreat before

the march of progress. They have seen their river harnessed for power; Buttle Lake, the glory of Strathcona Park, about to be dammed and, as they believe, ruined; the towering forest cut; the new growth burned in the historic fire of 1938 and a third growth rise slowly from the ashes.

The conservationists, with Haig-Brown as their unpaid press agent, foresee the day when British Columbians,

long accustomed to regard the whole wilderness as their playground, will be barred from the forest to protect it from fire. The government, for sound economic reasons, is parcelling the coastal timber out in vast individual empires, regulating the cut and assuring a perpetual yield. But in Haig-Brown's opinion it is not conserving the natural recreation, the old outdoor character and probably the future sanity of the people.

Today's young trees will never reach the size of their predecessors. Men cannot wait that long. Lumber, as we know it, will finally become almost obsolete in British Columbia's version of the industrial revolution. Its place will be taken by pulp, made from small trees in the mills already built or projected.

Wherever roads and the logger's machinery can reach, the island has been physically—as it has been economically and spiritually—transformed in the last few decades.

Roads, however, reach only a small part of it yet. The northern half of its nearly three-hundred-mile length is uninhabited, save for a few fishing villages and sawmills. Much of its interior has hardly been explored. Most of its dense vegetation cannot be penetrated until a trail is cut. Every year men are lost and sometimes starve to death a few miles from the main highway.

### No whispering in the bush

The island (largest on North America's west coast) is, in fact, nothing but a range of mountains falling straight into the sea and leaving only a narrow shelf on its eastern flank. It has little commercial use except as the nation's best tree nursery. A few isolated acres of bottom land around the mouths of rivers, an occasional alder swamp laboriously drained, will support a farm but this can never be a farming country.

Often the farm is abandoned after hopeless years of drudgery. You will find on every side road pathetic memorials to those lost labors—a decayed barn, a cabin flat on the ground, the almost imperishable cedar "shakes" of the roof alone unrotted, and always in some little field the thickening ranks of the new forest, a victorious enemy.

Man's method of harvesting timber, the island's true crop, has changed like everything else. As a boy I could still follow the broken logs of the skid roads, laid like railway ties, on which oxen hauled logs to some lake or river. Stationary donkey engines replaced oxen. Then came the "high lead" to lift logs high in the air and deposit them, as neat as kindling wood, upon flat cars. No logging railways are being built today. The diesel truck has replaced the flat car. The caterpillar tractor is replacing the high lead. The whisper of the crosscut and the click of the faller's axe are heard no more. Everywhere the chatter of gasoline chain saws breaks the old silence.

A pair of fallers on flimsy "springboards," as they carved out an undercut with rhythmic axe strokes, used to be one of Canada's supreme exhibitions of skill and endurance. Now I watched two mechanics and a chain saw nick the six-foot trunk and complete the main cut from the other side in perhaps ten minutes. The tree shuddered, swayed and fell with a screech of agony like a great wounded bird.

The skill of these loggers, their judgment, athletes' muscles and ballet dancers' poise when a man's life depends on every step of his calked boots—all this old cunning remains. So does



**Collared for a closeup**—This Arrow Dart collar will stand up to close inspection even after a day of strenuous wear. It's all part and parcel of the new Arrow Trim Look. This new approach to shirt design features cord edge stitching on collar and cuffs; seamless French front

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the logger's fabled appetite. Entering a cookhouse for a cup of afternoon tea, I was greeted by a platter of beefsteak and half a ton of cake and pie. What, asked the indignant cook, had happened to my appetite that I could not consume this light snack?

What has happened to the old-time logger of fiction, the Canadian Paul Bunyan, who labored, celibate and sober, for half a year, and then spent his wages in the orgies of Vancouver's red-light district?

Most of these men live today in towns and travel perhaps forty miles to work in "crummies" (as the loggers' buses always have been called in the lexicon of the western woods). They are tamed, domesticated and prosperous but they can never escape the woods. Though they never utter these things, the shadow of the forest and its slanting streaks of sunlight color their souls. Its sap flows in the veins of their being. The immensity and terror of it lie forever aslant their lives.

They see the forest, not as an assortment of separate trees, but as a single organism, as interdependent and fragile as the society of man. And better than man the forest knows how to restore its society after total destruction.

When the trees are cut, when the anchoring network of rootlets is broken and the soil begins to slide in erosion to the sea, up springs the rescuing army of fireweed, blackberries, sword ferns, alder, maple and willow, spreading a new subterranean web and a little umbrella of shade. Anchored and shaded, the soil pushes up the spinous shoots of conifers which slowly swell and finally engulf their deciduous protectors.

Thus in endless cycle of deciduous and coniferous growth, in proliferation of cell and annual ring of wood, in a process leisurely, dark and unimaginable, the earth is held and then replenished with rotting foliage. The forest always returns.

Apparently immovable, it marches, seed by seed and sprout by sprout, from the mountains to the sea. Blind, it knows its way. Mindless, it forever builds, falls, rises again and accomplishes its sure design. Senseless, it feels the wounds of man's weapons and heals them. Voiceless, it speaks in dry crackle and insect tick of summer, in the staccato symphony of winter rain and in the groan of furious winds. Handless, it grasps the earth and seizes the works of man to digest them in its own time.

That process, the camping places of my youth and the faces of many forest men now gone were in my mind as I drove up the island and across it to the boom town of Alberni, where the smoke of the new pulp mills announces the westernmost leap of the Canadian revolution; and then again as I stood among the fir and cedar giants of Cathedral Grove, a little park of old growth on the main road which commemorates the original forest. In my youth most of the island roads wound through just such a jungle, but in his greed and folly man has cut it down to leave only one fine but pitiable specimen beside Cameron Lake.

At last I was coming to the end of the journey that started on the Atlantic coast. The road I now followed once wriggled tortuously among some of the largest and best timber in the world. Those trees had been felled long since and replaced by an impenetrable hedge of young conifers. The lonely lake was crammed with log booms, the shore fouled with the litter of a sawmill, the hills brown with the latest devastation, but in the middle of this havoc I saw what I was looking for.

The sprawling log house of the first settler still stood in the little field cleared by his hands. Two maples

planted beside his door spread their shade in diameter of fifty feet. He was gone but his son, with whom I had scythed hay, fished and hunted illegally in summer holidays, was waiting for me, immovable on the father's land.

My boyhood friend, now old like me and deeply grooved by toil, led me to the brook where we used to eat our lunch at harvest time and idly flick trout from the cold clean water. Once that water ran, laughing, through a tunnel of foliage and moss. The loggers had shaved its banks clean and choked its stone canyons with slash.

I was looking for some particular stumps and I found them. As a boy I could stand between three cedars, the smallest ten feet in diameter, and touch all of them with my hand. Nothing remained but the stumps, staring blankly at the sun. They would remain for centuries to come, long after the new forest had risen to conceal them.

The new forest! I knelt down to examine the earth under the slash, the fireweed, the sword ferns and the first brave shoots of alder. And there, as I expected, I beheld the primary fact of the Pacific coast. A seedling of fir, two

inches high, held up proudly on its tip a bud, round, purple and shiny like a jewel. ★

#### NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison  
rediscovered

#### OTTAWA

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## The secret of the stolen love letters

Continued from page 31

### She was on her knees. "Do not turn me away," she implored. "Tomorrow will be too late"

He waited. Someone's there all right, he thought. He was almost certain now that he could hear someone breathing.

"Yes?" he said, pulling on his bathrobe. "Who is it?" Quietly he felt his way over to the door. His eyes were beginning to adjust to the darkness, and in the lighter shadows of the veranda, flecked with patches of light sifting through the trees from the cottage dormitories, he was suddenly aware of the young woman standing directly in front of him, just below his face and so close that he could feel her breath on his chest where the V of his bathrobe left an open space.

He stepped back, alarmed, and then recognized the young woman as one of the students from his history class. "And what, may I ask, are you doing here?" he said sharply, trying to think of her name and remembering that she was the one who had such a reputation on campus for reckless behavior.

"I am in trouble," she said. "I need your help."

There was a certain overtone of haughtiness in her voice that offended him. "Then why didn't you knock?" he asked as gruffly as possible.

"Because I fear greatly to disturb you," she said.

He blushed, glad for the darkness. "Don't you know it isn't proper for you to come up here? If you are in trouble you should see the matron or Miss Elliot."

"But I have already," she explained, "and they refused me."

So that's it, he thought suspiciously. "Well, I suggest you get in touch with me in the morning after you've had a good night's rest."

He turned to go back into his apartment, but she came around and stood between him and the door. For a moment she seemed to waver, and then abruptly flung herself to her knees and touched his feet with her forehead. "I beg you to help me," she said. "Please do not turn me away. I have no one else," she said, "and tomorrow will be too late."

The touch of her forehead against his bare feet sent a warm, tingling sensation up his legs, and he bent down quickly to disengage himself, feeling the wetness of tears on her face and realizing that what he had taken for haughtiness in her voice had only been a defense to conceal her emotion. "All right, all right!" he whispered, looking around to make sure they were alone. "But you must keep your voice down." He admitted her into his study and closed the doors. Then he closed the shutters and the hall door before turning on the light by the bookcase.

BLINKING, she moved forward into the centre of the room, and in the light he saw that he had never really looked at her before except to note in a general way that she was stand-offish with her classmates. Now he was surprised to discover that she was Hindu. At any rate she wore a caste mark on her forehead, and in the left nostril and the lobe of each ear was a small ruby set in gold. About her neck she had wound a gold chain, and on her arms were bracelets, and from her wrists hung a multitude of glass bangles. She was dressed in a bright orange sari, spangled with gold thread

and dots of black, and the sudden brilliance of her clothing in his dingy bachelor's quarters made him feel uneasy.

He pointed to the chair beside the desk. "Sit down," he almost barked.

She approached, head bowed, the rustle of her sari and padding of bare feet across the hemp mat filling the room with a soft whispering sound.

Mr. Ransom tucked his bathrobe tightly about him and huddled his chair up to the desk. "I didn't know there were any Hindu students here," he began.

"A few day scholars," she told him, "but they are all men. I am the only Hindu girl."

"Oh." He thought about that a while. "Do you come from around these parts?"

"From Ramnad District."

He assumed that she meant a village in Ramnad District. Among the city-dwelling Hindu women, it had ceased to be fashionable to wear jewels in the nose. In the light of this, her coming here must have taken exceptional courage, or desperation, because village Hindus were inclined to be more orthodox than city Hindus, and one of the first rules of any orthodox Hindu family was that its women should never be socially bold.

"Well," he said, "what seems to be the trouble?"

In reply she burst into a flood of rapid pidgin English interspersed with Tamil words.

Mr. Ransom held up his hand. "Wait a minute, wait! Not so fast. I can't possibly understand you. There now, begin over, slowly."

She cleared her throat. "They are going to kill me," she said.

"Who's going to kill you?"

"My father, my uncles—" she made a gesture with the back of her hand. "Everyone wants to kill me!"

"Oh, come now," said Mr. Ransom, "you can't be that unpopular."

"But I am!" she said excitedly. "Only today my relatives arrived from my home village. They wanted to come in after me, but the gatekeeper refused to admit them. So now they wait outside to kill me."

"Why would they want to do a thing like that?" he asked cautiously.

"Because I am being dismissed from college," she said.

Mr. Ransom ruffled. Here it was, then, he thought, the old mark routine. The approach was, however, unusual. "Seems to me rather an unreasonably violent reaction to dismissal," he said, his voice crackling with sarcasm.

"You don't understand," she said. "I am quite a good student, but my marks—"

"—are rather low? Is that what you were going to say? And you want me to raise your history mark?" He took down his record book and opened it. "Miss . . ." He looked at her.

"Sundarabai," she said.

"Miss Sundarabai. Yes of course. S. Sundarabai." He ran his finger along the line. "Ninety." He stared at the mark. "Ninety? But you pass with honors," he said, confused.

"That I know. As I say, I am a good student and do not come to you about my mark in your class."

"Then perhaps you'd better explain."



*Anne Leonard  
asks . . .*

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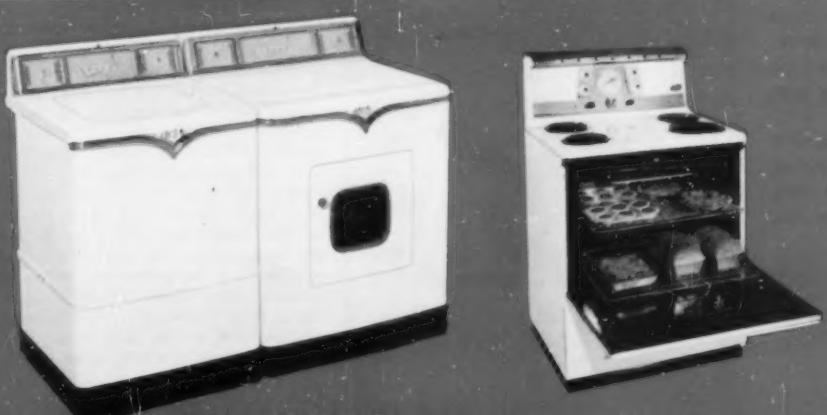
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## Leisure Line ...



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**S**HE SHRUGGED. "It is simply that I fail in other classes," she said. Some of her shyness seemed to have vanished and she leaned forward. "You see, I come from a large family—all girls. This is a big disgrace for an Indian family, because it costs my father much money to get us all married off to men of proper caste and standing. He has quite sold himself away to the moneymenders on my five sisters, and I think he would just as soon die an early death and not bother with me, except that it is even greater disgrace to have an unmarried

daughter and his spirit would be restless about it. Then he received an offer from this fat and very old Vellala from Paramagudi, and I have been betrothed to him on the condition that I obtain a college degree because he says he must have an educated wife, you know? Some men are silly like that. But he is even more silly. He wants his wife educated at an English-speaking college, and Christian College happened to be cheapest and most convenient. Anyway, all my father's male relatives have contributed to send me here because they know this fat

old Vellala will make them all rich men when I marry him."

"I see," said Mr. Ransom. "If you don't get a degree, you don't get a rich husband and your relatives will be angry with you for making them spend all that money."

"As simple as that," she said.

It occurred to him that here indeed was a farfetched story, but she had taken him by surprise, and, much to his dismay, he found that he was giving himself more than enough room for reconsideration.

"I'm afraid I still don't understand

why you are being dismissed," he said.

"But I just told you."

"I mean if you can get high marks in my class, why can't you do the same in your other classes?"

"I don't know," she said. "I am very unhappy here. I am Hindu, and the other girls don't seem to like me very much. Perhaps that is why I am being sent home."

"Good heavens!" Mr. Ransom said. "Aren't you sure why you are being dismissed?"

"No," she said. "They told me nothing except that I am to leave. So I thought it was low marks."

Mr. Ransom felt a wave of indignation sweep over him. "You should have taken this up with Miss Elliot at once."

"How could I?" she said. "She it was who dismissed me."

"The old battle horse!" Mr. Ransom muttered.

"Pardon?"

"Nothing," he said. "Merely referring to a mutual acquaintance." He thought he understood what had happened. This girl had been singled out by her associates because she was different, because she was Hindu, and because they could not understand what seemed to them like arrogance. She was the kind of girl Miss Elliot naturally disliked anyway, so when the opportunity had presented itself, they had lost no time using it as an excuse to send her home.

"At least you should have gone to someone in authority," he said.

"But you are in authority," she insisted. "You have always been just with me, as with others, and they will believe what you say. That is why you must help me."

**H**E FOUND himself wanting to believe that. "But what on earth can I do for you?" he said, almost too eagerly.

"Take me in," she said.

She said it in such a low, husky voice that at first he was not sure he had heard her correctly. "What did you say?"

"Let me stay with you."

"Good Lord, woman!" he said rising.

"It is quite simple. No one will know. If you let me stay, I promise to behave myself and do exactly as you wish."

He shook his head, mostly in disbelief that she could be so casual about it. "It can't be done."

At this she bent forward and began to cry.

"See here," he said apologetically, "there's no need to weep. I shall be glad to offer any assistance I can—within reason. But surely you must see how impossible it is for me to do as you suggest." She remained silent and he felt obliged to explain that if he did what she suggested it would mean his dismissal. But there was a lack of conviction in his voice as he explained his position, and finally in exasperation he cried, "Listen here, you trust me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then for pity's sake trust me to do the right thing!"

With difficulty he made her dry her tears and persuaded her that the right thing would be for him to take her to see Dean Clayton and discuss the matter. Then he remembered that he was standing improperly clad before one of his students. Embarrassed, he motioned her to wait while he retired to the bathroom where he pulled on his seersucker. Usually he wore the suit with a clerical collar and a black clerical shirt front. Now he did not have time for tuss or indecision and instead put on the jacket, leaving the shirt open at top and uncollared. It

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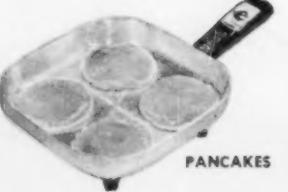
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made him feel insecure and somehow unprotected.

WHEN he came back into the study he saw that Miss Sundarabai had attempted to tidy the room. The interval had also given her time to reconsider. "What if seeing Mr. Clayton does no good?" she asked.

"Oh, but it will," he said.

"And if it doesn't," she said, "will you take me in?"

"But I'm sure it will!"

"Then what difference? You won't have to do anything about it."

Mr. Ransom made a gesture of impatience. "Well, all right," he said. "I'll promise you this: if persuasion fails, I myself will be responsible for you. Now come along."

He could tell Sundarabai wanted to follow along behind but he made her stay beside him. When they reached Mr. Clayton's bungalow, she again attempted to drop behind, and this time he took her firmly by the elbow and kept her at his side. The bungalow was dark except for a light in the hall that shone through the slats in the door, and Mr. Ransom had to pound furiously to arouse any response. After some time a groggy voice called from the upstairs front veranda, "Yes, who is it?"

"Ransom here, sir. I say, I'm terribly sorry to disturb you like this, but I'm afraid that it's a matter of some importance."

There was an annoyed grumble that might have sounded like "It better be," and then bare feet thumped across the veranda to the inside hall and the stair well. "All right, Ransom. Wait right there. Be down in a minute."

"He is very angry," Sundarabai said. "I am sure he will not understand. Better for me to go and not make trouble."

"You'll stay right here," he ordered.

"Must I go in?"

"Yes," he said. "This has to be settled." It made him feel important, talking to her like that, and for some reason he was anxious to have it all out with Mr. Clayton.

THE DOOR opened and the Dean admitted them into the front hall. He was a short, stout little man, quite bald, and Mr. Ransom knew him for a tower of moral integrity and a colossal bore.

"You in some sort of trouble, Ransom?" Mr. Clayton asked.

"Indirectly," he said, pushing Sundarabai forward. Mr. Clayton looked at them both with a certain matter-of-fact curiosity. He herded them into the study and closed the doors. Then he sat down at his desk. Miss Sundarabai would not sit but stood with her back to the bookcase as far away from Mr. Clayton as possible.

"Miss Sundarabai, I understood you were leaving for home today," Mr. Clayton said.

"That's just it," Mr. Ransom said. "She can't."

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Well, her male relatives are waiting for her at the gate, and she seems to think they want to kill her."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Clayton, looking at Sundarabai who was twisting the tip of her sari in her hands.

"I know it sounds improbable," Mr. Ransom said, irritated by the ease with which Mr. Clayton dismissed his statement, "but they're there all the same."

Mr. Clayton clasped his hands and leaned his elbows on the desk. "Are you implying that you have verified this claim of hers?"

"Yes," Mr. Ransom lied with a readiness that made him catch his breath, "I have."

"Then I must say that I am amazed," Mr. Clayton said, and the way he said

it left Mr. Ransom in doubt as to whether he was amazed that the relatives were there or at Mr. Ransom for saying so. "They live just north of Sivaganga, and were not notified until twelve hours ago. It takes almost eight hours for the mail to go one way."

"Well, they're there all right," Mr. Ransom said hotly, "and I think we have a responsibility in the matter."

"Of course." Mr. Clayton seemed uninterested in Mr. Ransom's assertion. "Tell me, Miss Sundarabai, did you explain to Mr. Ransom why you

think your relatives are going to kill you?"

"She told me everything," Mr. Ransom said.

"Please." Mr. Clayton held up his hand. "Miss Sundarabai, isn't it possible that they might just have come to take you home?"

Sundarabai shook her head. "I know my father."

"Then why did you appeal to Mr. Ransom? Why Mr. Ransom in particular?" Mr. Clayton asked.

"I could wake no one else," she said. "Did you try?"

"See here, Clayton, are you insinuating—"

"I am insinuating nothing, Mister Ransom. I am merely trying to establish facts."

"Then it seems to me you're going about it in a rather devious way and making a lot of shoddy implications."

"Nor am I making any implications, shoddy or otherwise, sir! In my position I am more acquainted with the Hindu mind than you are, and I know it to be a deceitful thing."

"Damn it! How can you utter a statement so obviously prejudiced?"



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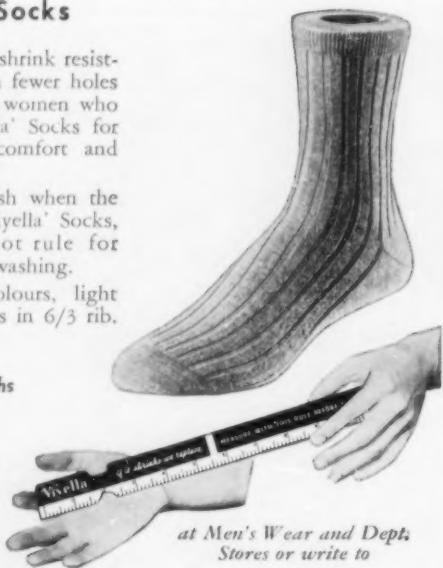
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"Very touchy subject," said Mr. Clayton. "She is being dismissed to avoid scandal"

This young woman's in serious trouble and all you do is sit there spouting platitudes about the Hindu mind. Frankly I think she's been the victim of unfair treatment, and I'm here to see that something is done about it." He paused, surprised at the determination in his voice.

Even Mr. Clayton seemed surprised. "What's come over you, man? Suppose you give me a rough idea of what she told you about her dismissal."

In an excited voice Mr. Ransom explained the situation to Mr. Clayton, who nodded, listened, and seemed entirely bored.

"I see," he said. On a memo pad he wrote down the gist of the argument: "Dismissal without cause . . . supposedly because of low marks . . . due to ostracism, unfair treatment, etc. . . marriage contract calls for college degree . . . relatives now threaten life."

He looked at the list. "Hmm," he said. "Yes, I think we'd better call Miss Elliot. I'm sure she can complete this sketchy picture better than I can."

MISS ELLIOT was not long in arriving. That was one of her peerless attributes: her ability to be summoned anywhere at any time and appear after an unreasonably short interval decently clad.

"Good of you to come over, Miss Elliot," Mr. Clayton said. "Hate to disturb anyone at this hour, but I'm afraid we've got a bit of business that can't wait."

"Quite all right," said Miss Elliot, glancing at Mr. Ransom and Sundarabai as if she understood what it was all about. "Has she been talking to you, too?" she asked.

"She has talked with me," Mr. Ransom said. "I've been acquainted with the facts."

"Well, you don't want to believe a word she says," Miss Elliot asserted.

"And why not?" Mr. Ransom had never challenged Miss Elliot on any subject before, and the way he did it now made her raise her eyebrows.

"Because she's been giving everyone the merry old run-around," said Miss Elliot, taking the memo pad Mr. Clayton handed her. "I see she's been telling you that everyone is against her, that her marks are low on this account, and so she's being sent home, and her male relatives are going to do away with her, and whatnot. Well, she's already told the same story to several members of the women's staff, and I can assure you the whole business is quite untrue."

"But has anyone stopped to examine the facts?" Mr. Ransom roared, slamming his hands on Mr. Clayton's desk.

"Not of that story," Mr. Clayton said, blinking.

"Then how the devil can you make such bald statements about the case and dismiss it as rubbish? I object to your attitude, and I'm not going to let the matter be neatly filed away without doing something, do you hear? I'm after action, Clayton, action!"

MISS ELLIOT sat down on the corner of Mr. Clayton's desk. "My, my," she said. "Mr. Ransom, if you had taken an active interest in the social life of the college in the past, we probably would not have to tell you that the story Miss Sundarabai has given you is completely false."

With a snort of disgust Mr. Ransom turned away from the desk. "And this you say without even investigating!"

"That's because she is not being

dismissed for low marks," Mr. Clayton told him.

"I beg your pardon?" Mr. Ransom said.

"She is not being dismissed for low marks," Miss Elliot said. "If you had stopped to examine her story instead of rampaging to her defense so eagerly, you might have discovered the real reason."

"And what's that?"

Mr. Clayton and Miss Elliot exchanged glances. "Well, it's a very touchy subject, Ransom," Mr. Clayton said, "and I'd just as soon not spread the story around. Miss Sundarabai is being dismissed, I'm afraid, to avoid scandal. And I'd rather not go into details."

"And I insist that you do," Mr. Ransom said, "because this whole thing smacks of cover-up to me. I want answers, clear and well-defined, or I'll take it up with the newspapers."

Miss Elliot sighed. "Perhaps we'd better tell him."

"Very well," said Mr. Clayton, "proceed."

"Miss Sundarabai," Miss Elliot said, speaking slowly and a little too carefully, "is involved in a love affair with someone in the college."

"I don't believe you," Mr. Ransom said.

MR. CLAYTON turned in his chair and opened a drawer in the filing cabinet behind him and took out a folder which he handed to Mr. Ransom. "Here," he said, "have a look." Mr. Ransom began reading: "Oh, my darling, my precious one, more dear to me than life itself, when will I hear your fond voice again, when will you at last know—" Letter after letter. All addressed to a lover whose name never appeared; all signed "Sundarabai."

"How do you know they weren't forged?" Mr. Ransom said. He heard Sundarabai weeping by the bookcase. "Perhaps someone did this to hurt her."

"I must say you're hard to convince," said Miss Elliot. "But I'm afraid you're wrong. One of our student monitors intercepted them. She noticed Miss Sundarabai writing them and saw that they were placed in books on the history shelf in the library. She fetched them to us one by one as they were written."

The little biddies! Mr. Ransom thought. The filthy little spying biddies! "They still could have been forged," he said.

"Ask her yourself then," Miss Elliot replied.

Mr. Ransom turned to Sundarabai, the question in his eye. She nodded, looking away.

"And of course if her relatives are there by the gate, they have every reason to be furious," Mr. Clayton said. "It's a serious business among the upper castes, though I doubt they intend to kill her."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Ransom, picking his nails.

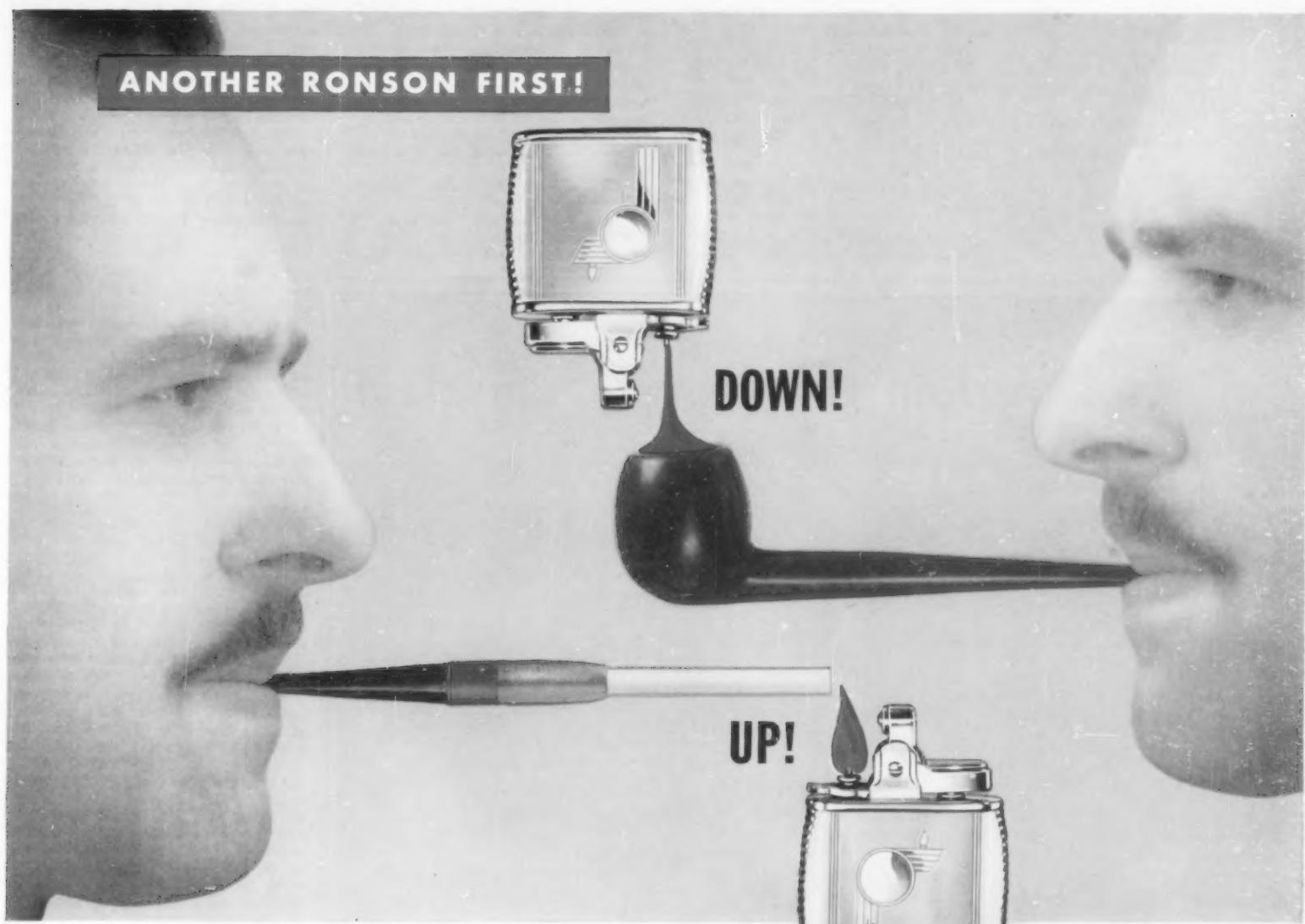
"She hasn't told us," Miss Elliot said. "We questioned her thoroughly all afternoon, but she refused to reveal his identity."

"Would it help to know the man's name?" Mr. Ransom asked.

"It might," said Mr. Clayton. "It depends on the man. If he is someone of good caste and has money, the relatives might be persuaded to agree to certain arrangements."

"But it wouldn't help her as far as staying here is concerned?"

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"Well, yes and no. I can't say for certain. There's a disciplinary element involved. However, if a marriage were arranged, we might be able to take her back after a term's suspension, or we might be able to transfer her."

"Sundarabai," Mr. Ransom said, "I want you to tell his name."

Sundarabai shook her head, wiping at her tears with the palm of her hand.

"Surely you can see that if the fellow's worth his salt, he'd come forward of his own accord to vouch for you. If he hasn't, it's no use protecting him."

"No," she said, "you don't understand. I cannot tell."

"But in heaven's name why?"

"I simply cannot," she said. "It is asking too much."

Mr. Ransom took her hand gently. "Listen," he said, "a while back you told me you trusted me. Do you still mean that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you must tell me who the man is."

SUNDARABAI looked at Miss Elliot and Mr. Clayton, and then looking

directly up into Mr. Ransom's eyes, she said, "It is you that I love. No one else." Suddenly the words seemed to pour from her mouth. "I sit in your class, I see you walking in the afternoon, and sometimes you stand on your veranda in the early morning, and my heart goes out with tenderness for you because you understand me. You have been good to me."

"But the letters?" Mr. Ransom stammered.

"They were for you," she said. "I put them in the books you read. I signed my name only because I know

that if you do not get them and they are found, they will make trouble for you. I also did not send them through the mail for fear they would be found out and questions asked. I only hope that you will by chance see them and love me as I love you."

She stood silently for perhaps a second, searching Mr. Ransom's puzzled expression for some sign of acceptance or rejection, and then, covering her mouth with the tip of her sari, fled from the room. Mr. Ransom sat down, stunned. In far-off tones he heard Miss Elliot and Mr. Clayton exclaiming to each other how mortified they were, how childish it was, and how obviously scheming. And then he found his voice and said in a curiously detached murmur that made Mr. Clayton and Miss Elliot instantly attentive. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

"What's that?" Mr. Clayton asked.

"I said if the salt of life has lost its savour, how the hell are you going to re-salt it?" he yelled.

HE GOT UP and went over to the mirror and looked at his reflection. He had never really seen himself before. Always while shaving or brushing his hair he had been content with the knowledge that his face was still there. But now that wasn't enough and he examined every detail of it: the high cheekbones, the fine texture of the skin, pinkish around the eyes, lightly tinged with blue where his beard began, the aquiline cut of his nose, and the pleasant shape of his mouth. He turned and went back to the desk, and picking up the letters, began stuffing them into his pockets. He had talked with this girl, listened to her, understood her, lied for her, argued for her, and now he was not sure but that he might love her too. At least he had never been loved quite like that before, and he was not going to let it wander out of his life by being undecided about it.

Mr. Clayton was standing up. "Ransom, are you all right?"

"Of course," he said, and changed his mind. "I don't know."

He started for the door, and Mr. Clayton came around to him quickly, concern showing in his eyes.

"Where are you going?"

"After her," Mr. Ransom said. "I made an agreement and I'm keeping it."

Mr. Clayton and Miss Elliot looked at each other.

"Agreement?" Miss Elliot asked. They were both trying to pacify him now.

"Yes," said Ransom. "I told Miss Sundarabai that if persuasion failed here, I'd be personally responsible for her. It's not anyone's fault that persuasion did fail, but I'm still taking her in. Now let me by."

"Ransom!" Mr. Clayton shouted. "I needn't remind you of the consequences if you do such a thing!"

"Don't worry," Mr. Ransom said. "My resignation will be on your desk tomorrow." But he was not thinking about the resignation. He was thinking that he'd have to have a free hand with Sundarabai's family. Where all this would lead to he was not certain. It didn't matter. He was going to begin living for himself, and that came first. Impatiently he pushed past Miss Elliot and shut the door.

"Ransom," Mr. Clayton called again, jerking open the door. "You must be out of your mind!"

Through the slamming of the outer door came the reply, not sarcastic, not bitter, but thoughtful and unmistakably positive, "Yes, thank God, perhaps I am." ★



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## You don't have to panic over rabies

Continued from page 21

was baffled. Foxes normally give humans a wide berth, but this one had practically walked into his barn to pick a fight.

A couple of hours later the fox was back in the barnyard fighting with St. Amour's two big Husky-type dogs. This time his gun was handy and St. Amour shot the fox. He took the carcass and told his story to Deputy Chief Ranger Joe Millette of Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests in nearby Fauquier. Millette kept his fears to himself and rushed the fox's head by TCA express to the federal government's Animal Diseases Research Institute in Hull, Quebec.

During the next couple of days while they awaited the Hull diagnosis, Millette and Dr. R. D. Mutrie, federal veterinarian inspector, heard and investigated other reports of strange-acting foxes in the Kapuskasing area. Then Dr. Percival Plummer, pathologist at Hull, sent his report to Mutrie. A microscopic brain examination of St. Amour's fox showed that it had rabies.

### It's a serious threat in Asia

On that grey November day two years ago the news flashed throughout the federal Department of Agriculture's health-of-animals division. Rabies had been sweeping through dogs and wild foxes in the Northwest Territories, northern portions of the prairie provinces, and around James Bay in Ontario's far north. Dr. Ken Wells, veterinary director-general in Ottawa, and his staff had waited anxiously to learn whether it would spread southward into settled regions, particularly in Ontario. They had been vaccinating thousands of northern dogs, but since it was mainly a fox outbreak there was little they could really do but wait and hope. The Kapuskasing reports dashed their hopes. Rabies was moving down into settled Ontario.

Since then rabies in western Canada has declined, while in Ontario it now covers all but the southwestern portion of the province.

What is the threat to man in this new type of rabies outbreak? What are the prospects for control or eradication?

The last rabies death in Canada was in 1944—an eleven-year-old boy in Windsor. In the last thirty years only fourteen Canadians have died of rabies. In the U. S., where rabies is much more prevalent than in Canada, ten to twenty persons die from it each year. Only in Asian countries, notably Iran, Iraq and India, where there is limited medical care and where until recently little attention has been paid to rabies control, is it a serious killer. No one knows for sure, because statistics are not kept, but it is believed that thousands in these countries die each year from rabies.

Regarding the Canadian situation, Dr. G. H. Collacutt, district veterinarian in Toronto, told me: "It is serious and we are not claiming that a danger to humans doesn't exist. But there is no reason for hysteria and there certainly isn't a horrible death from rabies lurking behind every bush. We have a rabies condition in Ontario no different from what many American states have had for years, including New York State, our closest neighbor."

For humans, an important protection lies in the nature of the disease itself. It is a virus disease attacking the

nervous system and brain, and to produce the disease the virus must get directly into a nerve through a fresh wound. In rabid animals the virus is usually abundant in the saliva of the mouth, and rabies is spread almost entirely by bites which leave saliva in the wounds. Rabies could be caught if

saliva picked up by handling a rabid animal got accidentally into a fresh scratch or cut, but usually a deep wound is required to cause infection.

Humans are relatively resistant, although once the disease becomes established in a human it develops violently if allowed to go untreated and is always fatal. Even without preventive measures, however, only about fifteen percent of persons bitten by rabid animals will catch rabies. This doesn't mean that the other eighty-five percent are immune; it means that only fifteen percent of bites are deep enough or the

saliva virus concentrated enough to overcome the natural human resistance. One rabid animal may infect everyone it bites, another may infect none, but there is no method of determining until the final symptoms appear whether a person bitten has been infected, and by then it is too late. So whenever there is the least suspicion that a person has been exposed to rabies, even just through handling an animal that later shows rabies symptoms, medical advice should be sought immediately.

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### With their appetite perverted, the rabid foxes chew on glass, stones and highway signs

to be seen under ordinary microscopes, gets established in nerve tissue it multiplies, moves into the spinal cord and then to the brain where it produces an inflammation similar to encephalitis (sleeping sickness). The incubation period between exposure and appearance of symptoms varies widely from a week to six months and occasionally a year. The disease develops much more rapidly when the bite responsible for infection is in the face or neck, close to the brain.

Symptoms in wolves, dogs and foxes, which are most commonly attacked, differ from those in humans and other larger animals like cows and horses. When the virus reaches the brain of a dog, the infected animal first becomes depressed or restless, and at this stage wild animals often turn tame and friendly. In a few days the animal usually becomes quarrelsome and begins attacking other animals. Its appetite becomes perverted and it will try to eat stones, glass or other foreign objects. Highway workers in northern Ontario have seen foxes chewing methodically on every metal highway sign they encounter. Rabid Ontario foxes have attacked bulldozers, moving cars and teams of horses.

The last stage before death in all animals including man is paralysis, beginning usually in the throat and jaw muscles, which prevents swallowing. In animals, though rarely in man, this causes saliva to drool from the mouth—often described as "foaming at the mouth." At the end paralysis attacks the limbs and the victim, man or animal, dies in convulsions.

In large animals such as cows, horses and humans there is rarely a vicious biting stage. In humans there is frequently a fear of water, probably associated with the paralysis that makes swallowing difficult and painful, and this is the origin of rabies' other name—hydrophobia. In humans the convulsions that precede death are severe and painful.

One of rabies' baffling contradictions is its habit of attacking one animal in one country, while in another country it ignores that species and attacks another. Scientists now believe there are different strains of rabies. In the Old World, for example, rabies for centuries has been a disease mainly of wolves, and Old World foxes get it only

sporadically; in North America it is widespread in foxes, but rare in wolves. Puerto Rico in the West Indies has a mongoose rabies, but in India where the mongoose is abundant there is little mongoose rabies but a dog and jackal rabies instead. Eastern U.S. from New York State to Georgia has a strain of rabies virulent in grey foxes but the equally abundant red fox is not seriously affected. Canada's present outbreak, on the other hand, is a red-fox rabies; other Canadian animals get it from fox bites but the red fox remains the main spreader. There appear to be many other rabies strains. Latin America, Trinidad and Texas have a rabies spread mainly by bats. Florida has it in raccoons, the central U.S. in skunks.

The rarity of wolf rabies in North America is believed by mammalogists to explain why there are no authenticated cases of American wolves attacking humans. Wolves do attack humans, but every proven case has been in Europe or Asia and there is strong evidence that the attacking wolf has always been rabid.

These mysteries remain, in spite of the fact that rabies is one of the oldest diseases recognized by man.

#### A vaccine came from rabbits

Ancient writings as early as 3000 BC describe a disease, almost certainly rabies, affecting wolves, dogs and man. The Greek philosopher Democritus wrote a clearly recognizable description of rabies in the fifth century BC. Aristotle wrote about it and it was present in Britain at the time of the Roman conquest. France had an epidemic that killed thousands in the thirteenth century, and Spain suffered one in the sixteenth century.

French scientist Louis Pasteur began his rabies research in 1880. He found that a virus-harboring material removed from the spinal cords of rabid rabbits gradually lost its virulence and became harmless by the fourteenth day. He began inoculating a dog with daily shots of the rabbit-cord vaccine, using harmless fourteen-day-old virus material on the first day, thirteen-day-old on the second day, and so on until by the fourteenth day he used a virus only one day old. By gradually strengthening the virus this way,



In France Pasteur (standing) found rabies vaccine and saved thousands.



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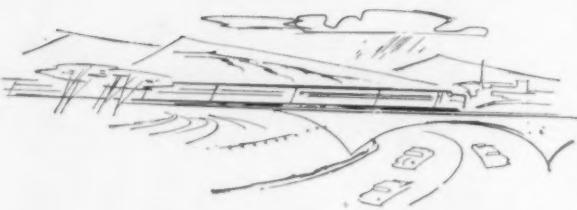
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would the dog develop a resistance to rabies? On the fifteenth day he inoculated it with deadly virus from a freshly killed rabid rabbit that would ordinarily give the dog rabies in seven days. The dog remained healthy. Pasteur had a rabies vaccine.

But would it work on humans? His opportunity to find out came in the summer of 1885 when Joseph Meister, a nine-year-old Alsatian boy bitten fourteen times by a rabid wolf, was brought to his lab. The bites were deep and the boy apparently faced certain death. Pasteur began the same fourteen-day series of vaccine inoculations, by then proven effective on animals. On the crucial fourteenth night Pasteur stayed up anxiously pacing the floor. Joseph Meister lived and Pasteur's vaccine was proven effective for humans.

Meister became the first of hundreds of thousands saved by the Pasteur vaccine. Later he was employed at the Pasteur Institute. In 1940 when the Germans took Paris, Joseph Meister, then sixty-four, committed suicide.

Unlike other vaccines such as smallpox which immunize only if given before infection takes place, Pasteur's anti-rabies vaccine does its immunizing job if used after the original bite infection but before the rabies virus has had time to reach the brain and multiply there.

The rabies vaccine used today is modified a good deal from Pasteur's original. Now the virus in the vaccine is killed by a drug, for it has been found that a dead virus produces the same immunity and is safer than the live-virus vaccine Pasteur used. But fourteen daily inoculations are still required, and the treatment is still severe, though not much more than the injections diabetics undergo every day.

The anti-rabies shots are injected into the abdominal muscles and since they must be repeated fourteen times in the same area of the body there is often pain, swelling and itching at the injection site. Very rarely, there is a more serious reaction — muscle wasting and paralysis — which seems to vary in different parts of the world. When this does occur there is treatment to overcome it. In the history of anti-rabies treatment in Canada there has been only one such case. RCMP Constable George H. Powell, of Newfoundland, was scratched by a possibly rabid dog last December and given the vaccine as a precaution. In January he began suffering muscle weakness and paralysis in the arms and legs. He was brought to Sunnybrook military hospital in Toronto for treatment, and though not yet fully recovered he left the hospital in mid-April.

Several hundred Canadians have received the vaccine during the current rabies outbreak. Usually there is little or no time lost from work, and the cost of the vaccine is borne by provincial departments of health.

But the vaccine has one weakness: it takes three weeks to produce its immunity, and occasionally when bites are deep around the head or neck rabies can develop before the vaccine has had time to do its job. Sometimes in such cases the immunizing process is hastened by giving double vaccine doses during the first seven days.

To overcome this disadvantage, scientists have developed a serum using blood from an immunized animal instead of a vaccine containing the virus itself. Actually this serum has been available for twenty years but had never had a major test on humans until a dramatic test came a year and a half ago in Iran.

One hot night in the Iranian hamlet of Sahneh most of the villagers were

sleeping on the ground outside their huts when a rabid wolf raced down from the hills and began wildly attacking the sleepers. Before it was finally killed the wolf had bitten twenty-nine victims. A World Health Organization team rushed them to the Iranian capital of Tehran and selected eighteen so severely bitten that they seemed to have little chance of surviving. Thirteen received the serum plus vaccine, five the vaccine alone. It was the first opportunity to compare the serum and vaccine on a large group bitten by the same animal and therefore comparable. The most badly bitten was six-year-old Golam Khazayi; his skull had been pierced by the wolf's teeth and the animal's deadly saliva dripped directly into the brain. He was among those given serum.

Of the thirteen who received serum and vaccine only one died. Of the five given only vaccine three died. Among the survivors was little Golam Khazayi. His name will rank beside that of France's Joseph Meister, symbolizing another dramatic turning point in man's long battle with rabies.

Canadian authorities believe that preventive measures now available make the danger of humans getting rabies quite remote—if people are awake to the nature of the disease. "Rabies doesn't strike without warning as most other diseases do," says Dr. Robert Wilson of the University of Toronto Connaught Laboratories, which produce the vaccine in Canada. "You always know if you've been bitten by an animal, and you usually know if there is a chance the animal has rabies. There is always this warning to give you time for treatment before rabies can appear."

#### Water made him panicky

Perhaps the most reassuring fact about rabies is that Canada has had several rabies outbreaks before, with human deaths always rare.

Some authorities believe that rabies has always existed in North America. Others believe it was brought to Mexico by Spaniards during the first decade of the 1700s. At any rate, it has been here a long time, and one of its first Canadian victims was a governor-general, the Duke of Richmond. Touring eastern Canada in late June of 1819, he was bitten on the thumb by a fox at Fort Richelieu, now Sorel, Quebec. The wound healed and he forgot it. Two months later he was touring the Rideau Valley twenty miles southwest of Ottawa. On Aug. 27 he developed a fever and stayed in bed. His son, Lord William Lennox, has recorded: "His symptoms became aggravated. He could not drink and he shrank from the water of his footbath. The next day he got up but when he went to get in a canoe to shoot the rapids, the sight of the water brought on a spasm. Nevertheless he tried to overcome his discomfort."

The duke is said to have shouted: "I'm never afraid of anything." He stepped into the canoe but as it began to move he frantically seized one of the paddlers by the throat and commanded him to turn back to the bank. The governor-general leaped ashore and ran into the woods. An officer overtook him and led him to a nearby farm barn where, after a seizure of shivering and convulsions, he died that evening, less than two days after the first symptoms had appeared. After the duke's death, it was more than a century before rabies killed another human in Canada.

Toronto and Niagara districts had a rabies outbreak between 1910 and 1917 with no deaths. What is believed to have been Canada's second rabies

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**"To sit back and hope that rabies will die out  
is a dangerous kind of wishful thinking"**

death occurred in Saskatchewan during a minor outbreak in 1925. Rabies appeared in eastern Ontario and adjacent Quebec in 1926 and 1927, and this time there were four deaths. In 1929 it reappeared there, causing five human deaths. There were two rabies deaths in 1931, one in Ontario, the other in Alberta. In 1933 there was another rabies fatality in Quebec. There were no serious rabies outbreaks again until 1943 when it appeared among dogs in Windsor, apparently entering from neighboring Michigan, which had an epidemic. After that Canada in 1947 began banning non-vaccinated dogs from the U.S.

The deaths in all these outbreaks were dog-bite victims who did not receive vaccine or who got it after symptoms of the disease had appeared.

That brings us to the current outbreak, which first appeared in 1946 in Alaska and opened a new chapter in the story of rabies. For at least sixty years Eskimos and white trappers in the north had been familiar with a strange disease that had periodically turned foxes either very tame or viciously berserk. Sometimes they ran playfully alongside Husky teams. They called it "Arctic madness" or "wild fox madness." When federal government pathologist Dr. Plummer went to Baker Lake in 1947 he found that this "wild fox madness" was actually rabies.

The disease then began to turn up in widely separated regions. There were outbreaks at Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories in 1948, at Churchill, Man., in 1950, across the northern parts of the entire west in 1952. Suddenly in 1952 rabies appeared on the eastern coast of James Bay. By 1954 it was moving southward in all provinces. Near Swastika, Ont., Mrs. Bert Hewston was barred from her home one day by a snarling fox and had to call her husband to shoot the animal.

Last December near Peterborough, Ont., two men driving on a country road saw a fox stagger onto the road and collapse in a ditch. They picked it up for dead, put it in the trunk of their car and took it to a friend in Peterborough, Frank Millard. When Millard went to lift the animal from the trunk it came to life, snapping wildly, its mouth frothing. He was bitten on the thumb but succeeded in catching and holding the fox. He carried it indoors, hoping to nurse it back to health and make a pet of it. When he poured milk from a spoon down the fox's throat it howled and had convulsions. Millard kept it two days, then took it to the edge of town to let it go. When released, the animal turned and attacked him. Millard had to kick it away and finally a companion with a gun had to shoot it to keep Millard from being bitten. Millard went home, saddened that his efforts to nurse the fox had failed.

Three days later he read in a newspaper that rabies might soon be reaching Peterborough. Millard told authorities about his fox; the animal's head was rushed to the Hull laboratory, Millard was rushed to a doctor. Hull pathologists wired back next day that the fox had rabies, and anti-rabies treatment for Millard was begun immediately. The inoculations ended Jan. 14 this year and Millard fared better than the fox he had tried to befriend. He didn't get rabies.

Since then there have been only eighteen cases of rabies reported in

southern Ontario, mostly involving foxes. For the year ending March 31 the health-of-animals division of the federal Department of Agriculture reported 180 cases in Canada. In the west the outbreak weakened, and authorities expect it will die down further this summer. But they're fairly sure it will reappear next fall. Will it be stronger, and what can be done to control it?

Two methods of control have been tried—vaccinating dogs and other domestic animals by federal authorities, and killing off wildlife by provincial game officials. More than a hundred thousand dogs in western Canada have received anti-rabies vaccine, plus another eighty-five thousand in Ontario. Especially in the west provincial



CHARLES, DUKE OF RICHMOND

When governor-general in 1819  
he was bitten by a fox and died,  
one of our few rabies victims.

game experts have used poison and organized hunts to cut down wildlife, and 55,000 foxes and 225,000 coyotes have been killed since 1953. But many biologists doubt if the wildlife kill can do much to control rabies.

Southern Ontario today has a fox population estimated at two per square mile, a total of 200,000 foxes. Every fox killed merely leaves territory and food for another one to survive. If three quarters of them were killed every winter, biologists like Dr. C. H. D. Clarke, supervisor of wildlife management for Ontario, claim the surviving quarter could bring the population back to normal before the next winter. To kill off more than three quarters (150,000 foxes in southern Ontario alone), would require a tremendous staff of professional hunters and, if the number of hunters were available, it would cost millions of dollars.

Biologists are pinning their hopes on the fact that foxes fluctuate in numbers normally, and the rabies itself may now be killing them off much more effectively than man could do. Foxes have already become scarce in Ontario's far north. Will the population go down of its own accord, causing the rabies to be "diluted" long enough to die out?

Most biologists think it will.

But most veterinarians hold the view expressed by Dr. G. H. Collacutt, district veterinarian in Toronto, who recently said: "Rabies has existed in wolves in Europe and Asia for as long as history has been kept, without dying out. To sit back and do nothing, hoping it will die out in our foxes, is wishful thinking of a dangerous variety." ★

You really run by  
electricity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

hundred and fifty years have gone by since that time, but experiments on the electric eel still continue. Investigations during the last twenty-five years have been conducted for the most part by Dr. C. W. Coates and Dr. R. T. Cox, of the New York Zoological Society. They discovered that the fish could deliver shocks of from three hundred to six hundred volts, and that the discharge passes along the body at the rate of about one thousand yards a second, which may not be fast compared with the speed at which an electric current passes along a wire but is almost ten times as fast as a message can flash from your brain to your finger. The special interest, however, lies in the fact that the electric organ itself appears to be a peculiarly modified form of muscle plates, alternating with enlarged discharge plates of nerve endings. Each unit constitutes a small electric cell and operates very much like a flashlight battery. When all the units pour their electricity simultaneously into a single flow of current, a great release of power takes place. Moreover, there are three divisions to the electric organ and the eel can discharge one for a major shock, one for a minor, and one for intermediate shocks.

Electric rays produce electricity in much the same way as a flashlight battery, by means of converted muscles serving as storage cells, but the electric catfish of the Nile seems to have constructed its batteries out of glands lying just beneath the skin, leaving its muscles intact and better ready for use. On the other hand, a fish commonly known as the stargazer, which is sometimes found on the Atlantic coast as far north as Chesapeake Bay, has eyes that are fixed-looking perpetually upward, naturally enough, since this fish is a bottom dweller—because its eye muscles have become converted into electric organs. Truly an electrifying look if there ever was one! The stargazer usually remains still and any creature that unsuspectingly touches its head is stunned by the shock, and is gobbed up.

All of these—the eel, ray, catfish and stargazer—have been shockers, employing their stored electricity to paralyze other creatures for the sake of food. Another fish, discovered for the first time in Africa only a few years ago, emits electrical discharges from its tail in a remarkably radarlike operation. Called the elephant snout fish because of the shape of its head, this fish has been found to send out electrical impulses of about six volts at the rate of eighty to one hundred a minute from its tail. It is extremely sensitive to other fish, for it is a receiver as well as a transmitter—its tail not only carries an organ for transmitting electrical waves but also has a built-in receptor for receiving either similar discharges from other fish or the bounce-back of its own discharges reflected by objects close by. Fortunately for our self-respect we did manage to invent radar ourselves before anyone discovered that a fish had been operating it all along. Bats navigate in the dusk by echo-sounding in a somewhat comparable manner, except that they employ sound instead of electricity. So far as we know, the little African fish is the only creature to use its own electricity in true radar fashion.

Whether the electricity is stored up in the queer muscle tissue of an electric eel, to be discharged in stunning shocks

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now and then, or is sent out in a fast regular series like a blinking traffic light as in the African fish, the electricity is produced for the most part by nerve cells and their fine extensions, the nerve fibres. Wherever nerve cells are grouped together in the body and wherever nerve fibres pass, there you find electrical impulses, transmitting signals. When the number of microscopic nerve cells grouped together makes a mass the size of the human brain, they become almost uncountable and can only be compared with the stars in the universe, for the average brain consists of about ten billion nerve cells, plus their connections. Each little cell is busy generating, accumulating, discharging and regenerating its own minute voltage. All of them together could be pushed into a quart bottle and weigh no more than three pounds. Such a brain makes UNIVAC, the famous "electric brain," seem like a great big clumsy toy.

As a matter of fact, even the extraordinary number of nerve cells in the brain fails to give any idea of the total complexity, for the number of connections between them is estimated to be something like one hundred million million, much too large to be grasped and probably even greater than the number of stars in the universe. No man-made machine can or ever will match the performance of such a marvelous construction.

The strongest brain waves are those first discovered by Hans Berger in Germany more than twenty years ago, and are known as the alpha waves. They are produced approximately ten times a second and correspond to small alternating currents about one millionth as strong as a current necessary to light a light bulb. In most people they are most intense in the back of the head,

and when the eyes are closed and the mind is at rest. If you should open your eyes and look, unthinking, at a perfectly blank wall or an empty blue sky, the alpha waves continue much as before. But if you think about the blankness, then the waves stop. Yet they concern what the mind sees, rather than the eye, for if you open your eyes in the dark and imagine you can see a cat chasing a mouse, the waves disappear just as if you were actually watching it. Just what these alpha waves signify we would dearly like to know but can only guess.

It is probably not too farfetched to think of yourself as sitting somewhere within the darkened room of your skull, scanning something like a television screen and listening to a radio. Light streams through the lenses of your eyes and impinges on the sensitive retina behind, while sound rattles against your eardrums. In each case the receiver converts the pattern of light or sound into patterns of electricity firing along the great nerve cables to the cortex of the brain. And in some mysterious but essentially electrical way, the picture is reconstructed and the melody rebuilt, the moving picture being projected right at the back of the brain and the music played more along the sides. The marvel is not so much that electrical processes comparable to television and radio go on within your brain, but that brains of this sort have managed to construct such devices as television, radio and calculating machines, as though the human brain has been trying to make models of itself in a partial way.

As for the alpha waves, they seem to be produced by the process of scanning itself. Someone who is a part of you seems to be forever scanning the projection screens for noteworthy events or material, using an electrical

### SCOTTISH KNOCK VS. HOUR GLASS

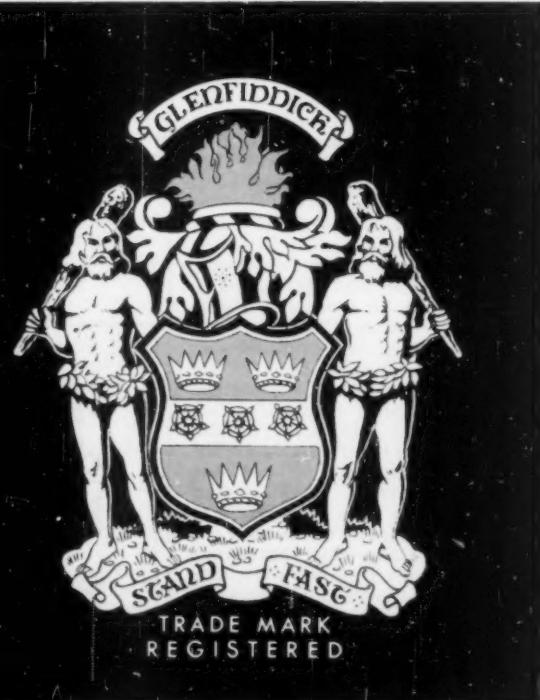
At the very time Scottish cathedrals used hour glasses to measure their sermons (minimum 38 minutes), clocks like this were being made in Edinburgh. This one dates back to 1606 and the style was so popular, they continued in use long after the original parts had been replaced.



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beam as a kind of spotlight. As long as it sweeps to and fro, ten times a second, the alpha brain waves occur. Once your attention is caught and the scanning stops, the waves disappear. This seems to be as good an explanation as any and in any case will have to do until a better one turns up.

The principle of recording brain waves is simple enough and rather like testing the battery of your car with a galvanometer. When the two terminals are connected with the poles of the battery the galvanometer needle swings over and indicates the flow of current. Thus when two conducting terminals are fastened tightly to your scalp and connected with a recording instrument, an electric current flows through the apparatus as each brain wave passes by. The closer the terminals are placed to the electrical disturbance within the brain, the stronger the current shows. The crude galvanometer such as Hans Berger first employed was later developed at Cambridge University into the modern electroencephalograph—which translated means "writer-of-the-brain's-electricity"—by Dr. E. D. Adrian, recently made Lord Adrian in recognition of his scientific investigations of the nature of the brain. The apparatus now used contains many of the electronic parts and mechanisms that were developed in connection with radar during World War II, and at present there are several hundred electroencephalograph or EEG centres established throughout the world. Literally thousands of miles of paper have been traced by the recording needle of the brain's electrical surges in a concerted effort to unravel the intricate web of the mind.

#### Discovery in a flicker

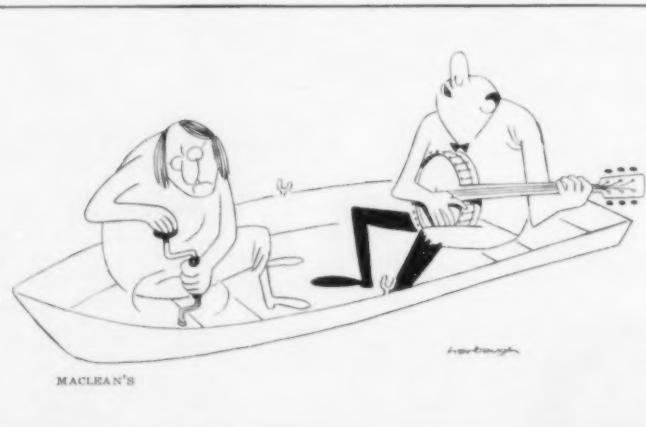
Probably the most devoted priest of the electroencephalograph now is Dr. W. Grey Walter of the Burden Neurological Institute connected with the University of Bristol, who has built and operates the most elaborate of these electronic analyzers. Nearly ten years ago he and his colleagues discovered that they could greatly increase the information contained in the EEG records by flickering a powerful light in the patient's eyes, open or closed. Employing a machine known as an electronic stroboscope, they were able to create a very short brilliant flash of about twenty millionths of a second, like that of a strobe flash on a camera, only shorter. As the flash-rate was changed, strange new patterns appeared in the records. Rhythms changed in all parts of the brain and even took on the general type associated with epileptic seizures; much the same erratic electrical discharges occurred in the subject under the flicker test as were revealed by the EEG machine in the true epileptic.

One peculiar effect of the flickering light, particularly when operated between eight and twenty-five flashes per second, was a vivid illusion of moving patterns whenever the human guinea pig closed his eyes and allowed the flicker to shine through his eyelids. Usually a pulsating check or mosaic pattern was seen, often in bright colors; some individuals, when the frequency was close to ten per second, saw whirling spirals, whirlpools, and explosions—lights like comets gaining speed and whirling color into color, all action and violence—all clearly mental and not the kind you actually can see with your eyes. Other individuals experienced sensations of swaying, jumping and spinning; of a tingling and pricking of the skin; fatigue, fear, confusion, anger, disgust or pleasure; even the sense of time was sometimes disturbed. Apparently when the brilliant flicker beam sends a stream of electrical nerve impulses along the optic nerves at the same rate as the scanning alpha waves, the electric brain waves become much too strong and in a way spill over into other territories of the brain—not unlike the disturbance you would experience trying to watch a television show while someone directed a strong moving beam of light over the picture and its surroundings. You are upset because the orderly control and examination of the mind has gone completely out of hand.

Brain storms of this sort, which are disturbances as electrical as a thunderstorm, are more readily brought on in some people than in others, and flicker testing was employed from the start as an aid in the diagnosis of epilepsy, for by comparing the rhythms of the flicker and the reactions of the patient the doctors can detect even a lurking tendency toward the disease.

When epilepsy is indicated, the EEG machine takes over the preliminary job of tracking down the source of the trouble. By taking records from electrodes placed in various positions the area of the brain in which the disturbance is taking place can more or less be localized—at least sufficiently so for neurosurgeons to operate on the skull close enough to the right place to expose the damaged region of the brain.

Then comes the most delicate and intimate exploration of all, with the surgeon applying minute electrical stimulations to various parts of the brain cortex and the patient himself describing what happens. The procedure itself is not new, for the great Dr. Harvey Cushing, of Yale and Harvard, was using it nearly half a century ago, but it has been employed in recent years with profound results by Dr. Wilder Penfield and his associates at the Montreal Neurological Institute. Its value is twofold in the case of epileptics, for when the electrical



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discharge from the electrode stimulates a diseased or injured area of the brain, artificial brain waves spread through the cortex and the patient reports the feelings and hallucinations that indicate the onset of a seizure. The diagnosis is confirmed and the seat of the trouble recognized. The other equally important use of the stimulating electrode is to map as accurately as possible the parts of the brain surrounding the area to be operated on, so that no mistakes will be made.

Stimulation of certain points of the brain evokes memories. The action is something like switching on the playback of a tape-recording machine, which the human memory somewhat resembles. Memory can be run through any number of times. At the same time, a tape-recorder is actually no more a model of human memory than a calculating machine represents the human brain, although electronics is concerned in all.

Electric currents run wherever nerves go and are not confined to brains and the sense organs that feed them. Whenever a message is sent to a muscle to make the muscle contract, that message is also electrical and passes down the cables of fine nerves to the muscle tissue. This was discovered in the eighteenth century by Luigi Galvani and his wife, whose name is now immortalized in the galvanometer. However, Galvani thought that it was atmospheric electricity that acted upon the muscles of animals and made them twitch.

In the case of the heart, which is actually little more than a complex kind of muscle, the stimulating nerves enter at the top end and the wave of excitation spreads, so that the upper chambers and then the more muscular lower chambers beat in regular succession. So many nerve units are involved that the electrical effects can be detected at considerable distances from the heart; a pair of electrodes placed almost anywhere on the body will pick them up. The recording shows the heart beat to be a complicated affair. Experienced physicians and physiologists, however, can interpret the ups and downs of the electrical picture and tell if everything is as it should be, whether a patient has had a true heart attack, or where the damaged muscle is, or if recovery is complete. Anything that interferes with the normal transmission of electrical discharges controlling the heart beat will show up in the record.

But scientists have been forced to the conclusion that electrical phenomena are not restricted to nerve cells and fibres. Quite apart from nervous activity, there is electrical disturbance in the contraction of muscle itself, or when a gland secretes its special chemical compounds. If anything goes wrong with a body tissue an electrical change occurs. Dr. H. S. Morton, of the Royal Victoria Hospital tumor clinic in Montreal, applies this knowledge when he has his patients swallow a cord with an electrode at the end, so that unusual electrical changes between the stomach lining and the skin may show up and indicate the possible presence of ulcers or tumors. Before World War II Dr. Harold S. Burr, of Yale University, developed a somewhat similar procedure enabling even the slight tissue change associated with ovulation in the rabbit, when the egg cells break away from the ovary to enter the womb, to be detected as a disturbance in the normal electrical pattern.

The production of electricity is, in fact, a phenomenon associated with all living matter and we cannot escape it as long as we live. When we cease to be electrified, we are dead. ★

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The "canals" of Mars have long puzzled men. One theory is that they're "faults" in the surface of the planet, filled with vapor.

## To get to Mars men won't travel "as the crow flies" — they'll take the long way and coast like a comet

### The flight to Mars continued from page 17

produced by the orbital velocity of a planet and the gravitational pull of the sun. If we could increase the earth's velocity to a suitable degree, it would start traveling in a new orbit that would touch the orbit of Mars.

While we cannot increase the orbital velocity of the entire earth, this could be done with minute portion of it. If a rocket ship could leave the earth in the direction of the earth's own orbital motion around the sun, it would become that minute portion. Of course, the rocket ship must first break away from the gravitational field of the earth, if it is to escape into open interplanetary space. But by departing from an orbit around the earth, instead of taking off from the surface, we can ease this task.

It is possible to time and to execute this departure manoeuvre in such a manner that the ship will be moving exactly in the direction of the orbital motion of the earth. At a distance of a million miles or so the earth's gravitational field will have dwindled to such an infinitesimal value that one can say the earth's gravity has been left behind. The ship's motion is influenced only by its momentum and by the gravitational field of the sun. Without need of

additional power application the ship will follow an elliptical path on which, two hundred and sixty days later, it will touch the orbit of Mars.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of such a voyage through the solar system is that the rocket ship, for reasons of fuel economy, does not take the shortest route to Mars. Indeed, by coasting halfway around the sun, it takes a very, very long route. We just have to get accustomed to the fact that on an interplanetary journey one does not travel "as the crow flies." Being temporarily a tiny, life-supporting heavenly body on its own, the ship rather coasts through the solar system like a comet. Only by making fullest use of the initial speed provided by the earth's own orbital motion around the sun can the ship swing out to the Mars orbit with a minimum of fuel expenditure. The actual mileage covered during such a one-way voyage to Mars, therefore, is far in excess of the thirty-five million miles that lie between earth and Mars during most favorable oppositions. It is no less than seven hundred and thirty-five million miles! And a simple calculation yields a duration of two hundred and sixty days, or over eight months for the one-way trip.

The problem of reaching Mars, starting out from an orbit around the earth with subsequent return into a similar orbit, is subdivided into four main power manoeuvres as follows:

1. Departure from an orbit around the earth at a comparatively short distance from the surface.
2. Capture by Mars in an orbit around that planet.
3. Departure from the orbit around Mars.
4. Capture by earth in an orbit around earth.

In addition to these four main propulsion periods, several additional short corrective bursts of rocket thrust will be needed. It is rather obvious that the approach to the two capture manoeuvres especially calls for meticulous navigation.

Before we can determine the quantity or propellants actually needed, we must make a master plan for the expedition. First, we must find out how long the entire voyage will last. Next we have to decide how many people shall go along. We have to determine what kind of supplies the explorers need, and in what quantities. This supply business is a very important consideration. After all, a voyage across the space separating two planets is not like an automobile trip, during which the traveler can breathe the air through which he is traveling and where he can

have his car serviced at any filling station. We have to provide the crew with virtually everything for the entire duration of their absence from the earth: air to breathe, food, drinking water, tools, spare parts, heatable and pressurized quarters for the stay on the cold Martian plains, surface vehicles and fuel for them, down to such prosaic items as a washing machine and a pencil sharpener. The expedition will need a two-way radio station capable of crossing the several hundred million miles that at times will separate the lonely travelers from the earth. And it will require a powerful telescope to enable them to survey the Red Planet to determine a suitable landing site prior to the descent.

Some of the supplies will be consumed on the Mars-bound flight, others on Mars itself, and the remainder must be stored against the trip home. Much equipment will be abandoned en route, since hauling it all the way back to earth wouldn't pay. Thus the payload requirements for the various phases of the trip will continually decrease. With a sound master plan, aiming at highest fuel economy, the expedition should return into the earth orbit with only a minimum of supplies and equipment left.

Let us first add up the figures for the total duration of the voyage. It will take two hundred and sixty days to get to



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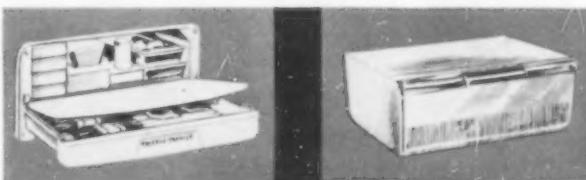
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Mars and the same number to return; the expedition can depart from the earth only on a day when Mars assumes a certain angular position in its orbit relative to the earth. Likewise, the travelers can leave Mars only when the earth arrives at a certain point in its orbit. These two relative positions of earth and Mars, which determine the "permissible departure dates" for the Mars-bound and the earth-bound voyages, are predictable for years and even centuries in advance. The dates also contain instruction on how long a ship must wait in the circum-Martian orbit

for the next permissible date for a return voyage. This "waiting time," during which the descent to the Martian surface, the ground exploration and the re-ascent to the circum-Martian orbit must be accomplished, lasts four hundred and forty-nine days, almost one year and three months, or two years and two hundred and thirty-nine days for the total duration of the venture.

The total weight of the twelve members of the expedition, 2,640 pounds, will be an almost negligible item in the payload list. So will be the

allowance for personal baggage, two hundred and twenty pounds per man. Each member of the expedition will require 2.72 pounds of oxygen per twenty-four-hour period for breathing; this will be taken along in liquefied form. As regards food, a consumption of 2.64 pounds per man per day, which is about army standard, seems reasonable. Drinking water will amount to 4.4 pounds per man per day. It is not necessary to provide a water supply for washing, cleaning, and similar purposes, because this water supply—called "utility water"—will be pro-

duced automatically as time goes on. Of the 4.4 pounds of liquids consumed per day by every man a large percentage—on the order of three and a half pounds—goes into the atmosphere of the ship by way of exhalation and skin evaporation. This water must be extracted by the air-conditioning and air-purifying units to keep the humidity at a comfortable level and it thus becomes available for utility purposes, after thorough sterilization, of course. In an emergency this water could even be re-used for drinking. Surplus water, plus toilet accumulation and garbage, will be jettisoned prior to each power manoeuvre.

The allowance for books, tables, and navigational aides is 1,540 pounds; for ship's tools and spares, 2,200 pounds; and 3,300 pounds for the telescope for scanning the Martian surface from the orbit. With 4,400 pounds it should be possible to build a complete two-way radio station, including antenna, for communication with the earth, for a meager ten kilowatts of transmitting power would provide ample power to bridge those vast interplanetary distances.

The heavyweight on the payload list, however, is the landing craft needed for the descent from the circum-Martian orbit to the surface of Mars. In essence, this is a large airplane capable of performing a long glide through the thin Martian atmosphere. For two reasons the landing craft must be rather large and heavy. In the first place, it has to take enough cargo to sustain the landing party for the entire duration of their stay on Martian soil. If we assume that nine of the twelve men will descend to the surface and spend four hundred of the four hundred and forty-nine days' "waiting time" on Mars itself, the cargo for personnel, oxygen, water, and food alone will be almost nineteen tons. We must provide the explorers with a heatable collapsible tent, inflated by an artificial atmosphere within, to enable them occasionally to get out of their pressurized suits and to protect them against the bitter cold of the Martian nights. Furthermore, we have to furnish them with research gear and a minimum of surface transportation to enable them to do a little more on Mars than just to walk importantly around their landed glider.

But there is a second and even more important reason for the great weight of the landing craft. It must carry enough fuel down to Mars to be able to return under its own power to the circum-Martian orbit. Fortunately, Mars' gravitational field is much weaker than that of the earth, and therefore this return can be accomplished in a single-stage rocket flight. Sometime prior to the return ascent, the glider will shed its wings, cargo bin, and landing gear. With the help of the winch-equipped surface vehicles the wingless hull will then be erected into a vertical position. For the return flight, it will launch itself, rocket-fashion, back to the circum-Martian orbit. It will carry only the nine explorers, plus an allowance of 5.5 tons for research specimens to be collected on Mars. All equipment used on the surface will be left behind.

A deep-space ship of truly gigantic dimensions would be needed to carry the heavy landing craft to the circum-Martian orbit, and still have enough fuel left for the return voyage to earth. But we can simplify our task greatly by using two deep-space ships. One, the "passenger ship," is designed for the entire orbit-to-orbit round trip and for no more payload capacity than is absolutely necessary. The other, the "cargo ship," is designed for the one-way trip only. In lieu of the weight for

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the return fuel (that is, the fuel for the last two main power manoeuvres and the corrective manoeuvres during the return flight), it carries the fully loaded landing craft, and, in addition, all supplies and extra equipment needed up to the day of departure from the Martian orbit. With this simple stratagem the dimensions and weight of each ship can be cut down to manageable proportions.

Nevertheless, every ounce of this weight, totaling 1,870 tons each, must first be hauled to an orbit 1,075 miles above earth's surface, where the ships are to be assembled and fueled and whence they will depart for Mars. The "space lift" must be carried out by means of a fleet of special surface-to-orbit rocket ships. The first shuttle rocket to ascend to the orbit has a personnel compartment for fourteen men, including a crew of two. This passenger rocket has four stages, with a top stage capable of returning to the earth. It is an exception in the supply operation. The cargo rockets, the work-horses of the Mars ship assembly operation, will be unmanned.

The cargo rocket has no fourth stage, nor can it be returned to earth. Ground crews will launch it at an exactly predetermined instant, and throughout its powered flight it will be controlled by a built-in artificial brain, as a guided missile is. As it finally swings, unpowered, into the orbit, a remote-control radio operator, sitting in the astrodome of the previously launched manned ship, will take charge of its arrival, turn on rocket motor for the speed-matching manoeuvre, and guide it to match orbit and speed of the manned ship.

#### Builders in the sky

Each of the unmanned orbital cargo rockets will carry eleven tons of payload to the orbit. We need a total of four hundred supply flights for the entire operation. This figure includes twenty-eight no-cargo flights (one per week) with returnable top stages to rotate assembly crews, and one flight to bring the expedition members to their completed ships. If we plan for an average of two flights every twenty-four hours, the entire space lift can be completed within approximately seven months. The total propellant consumption for the orbital supply operation will be four hundred and ninety thousand tons, which is a trifle less than the weight of the gasoline used during the Berlin Airlift.

Long before the shuttle rockets begin to roar up into the skies, though, the two Mars ships will be assembled and checked out in a factory hangar on earth. In appearance, the large propellant tanks of thin Fiberglas fabric for the first two power manoeuvres will be reminiscent of the helium balloons, and the filigree tracery of riveted duralumin trusses in which these tanks would be suspended will resemble the ring frames used in long-departed Zeppelins.

In one corner of the building stands the spherical crew nacelle of the passenger ship. Blocked upon a flat wooden stand it looks like a glistening silver balloon some twenty-six feet in diameter. Within it a crew of men is working on the interior fittings, having entered by the already-completed entrance air lock by which the moderate internal pressure is prevented from escaping. The job in hand is to adapt and fit the electrical wiring and the rubber tubes for the air-circulation system. When completed, these will again be removed like all other fittings, so that the sphere can be collapsed, like the propellant tanks, and in that form freighted up to the departure

orbit. The nacelle is reinflated in the orbit, and its Fiberglas skin covered with thin sheets of duralumin for protection against meteoric dust.

In the upper part of the sphere is the control deck. This will be the foremost element of the ship after final assembly, being topped only by the antenna mast for ship-to-ship radio and for communication between the orbiting passenger ship and the landing party after it descends to the surface of Mars. The control room is filled with a bewildering assortment of gauges, gyro and navigation gear, electronic equipment, and

complex-looking operating panels.

The two decks beneath the control room contain the living, eating, working, and sleeping quarters, and provide enough space to accommodate all members of the expedition during the two-hundred-and-sixty-day return voyage. There are an electronic food-heating unit, a cold-storage unit, a dishwasher, and also a sick bay and a washroom. Some of the space is occupied by the water- and air-regeneration equipment, and in a secluded corner there is an ingenious installation performing the joint function of an

interplanetary garbage ejector and a toilet.

Communication between the various decks takes place through central and concentric openings through which runs a fireman's pole, for the weightless condition prevailing throughout the voyage renders any sort of ladder or stairs superfluous.

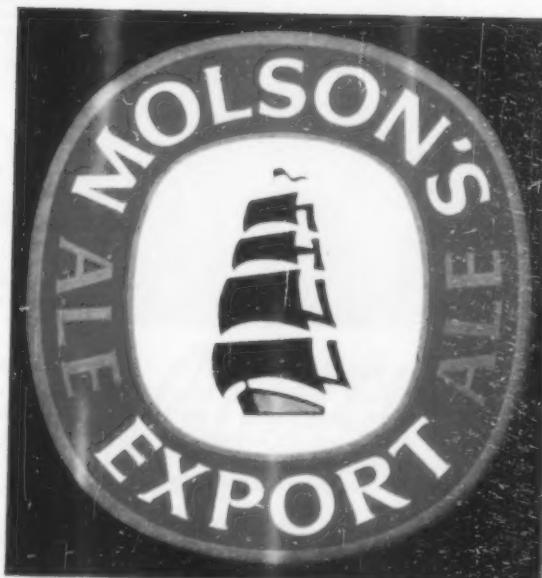
At the very bottom of the sphere is the air lock. After the passenger ship is assembled in the orbit, this air lock will lead directly into the large cylindrical hull being assembled in another corner of the large hangar. This hull surrounds

## Thoughts at quitting time



# NOW for...

The late evening edition is just coming off the press. Editorial room lights are snapping off. And to a tired staff comes a cheering thought. Now to settle down with full-bodied Molson's Export Ale and let fatigue fade away. That's real relaxation... the simple pleasure of enjoying the true malt flavour of this great ale at the end of a wearying day.

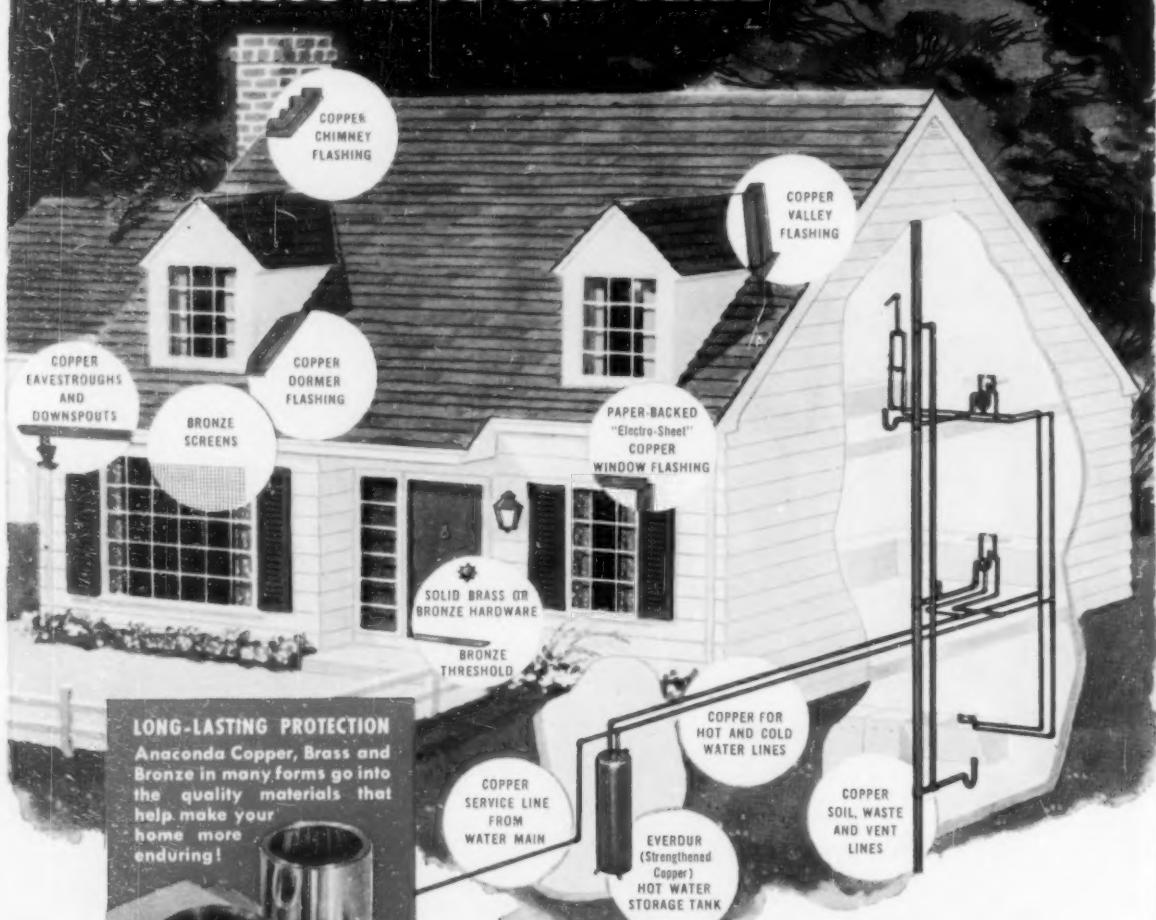


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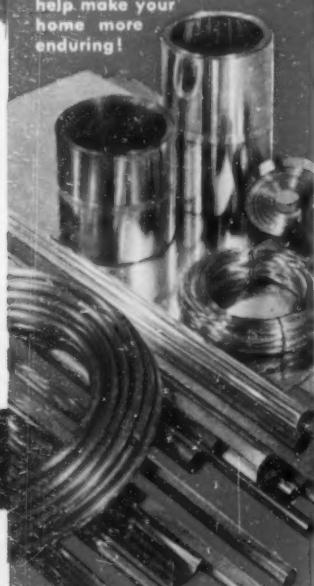
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the propellant containers for the two return flight manoeuvres. Made of duralumin, it serves the dual purpose of protecting the inner tanks from meteoric grains and of connecting the spherical crew compartment rigidly with the rocket engines in the ship's rear. An array of thermostatically controlled shutters spaced around the hull is used to regulate the impinging heat radiation from the sun in such a manner that the propellants in the inner tanks are prevented from evaporating or freezing.

Bolted to the aft end of the hull is the thrust-carrying framework of the twelve rocket engines which, prior to the assembly of the ship, have been thoroughly checked and adjusted on a static test stand. To control the ship's flight path during power manoeuvres, outer thrust chambers are deflected by means of hydraulic actuators which in turn derive their instructions electrically from the gyroscopic guidance system in the ship's nose.

In another hangar is the winged landing craft in which the explorers will glide down to Mars' surface. Its large wing area of 24,500 square feet is a concession to the low density of the Martian atmosphere—one twelfth of that on earth, and only partly counterbalanced by the weaker gravity of Mars, just thirty-eight percent that of earth.

Since the craft is to land on unprepared terrain, we simply cannot afford too high a landing speed. It is limited to a little over one hundred and twenty miles per hour, and this is the sole reason why the wings are so large. The lack of concrete runways on Mars is also reflected in the heavy bicycle-type landing gear.

The men who are to man the Mars ships must be selected and trained with extreme care. If one of the men on the preliminary lists responds to psychological tests in a manner that indicates that he is the daredevil type, or that he thinks of himself as a superman, his name will vanish from the list. If he is of a quarrelsome disposition he will be dropped from the expedition as surely as if a physical checkup had revealed cirrhosis of the liver.

The men selected for training (which does not mean only those who will actually go, since some may still turn out to be unfit, and a reserve force is needed for possible last-minute replacements) will, of necessity, have many traits in common. They will have to be physically sound, of course; and a few physical types, such as very large and excessively tall men, will almost automatically be excluded. They will probably be at least in their late twenties, simply because they will have reached that age in the course of acquiring the necessary experience and all the knowledge they need. They will be men who are quietly competent, with an outstanding capacity to learn, an exceptional ability of adaptation, and a preference for working in and as a team. They must have a sense of humor and combine a practical outlook with unlimited imagination. The neighbors' children may think they are dull, in spite of their glamorous jobs. For they will be picked from among the men to whom space is something familiar.

Since this is going to be an expedition where twelve men will be on their own for more than two years, without any possibility of outside aid except such instructions as might be transmitted by radio, versatility is a condition and multiple training a necessity. There is no way of predicting the exact state of health of any individual for more than two years in advance. Logically then, the radio man must be able to take the place of the navigator, the co-pilot of

the glider the place of the chief engineer, while at least three men of the crew should have a fair amount of training in medicine and simple dentistry.

In addition to classroom instruction the expedition members will have to undergo much actual training, most of it in simulating devices that serve the dual purpose of familiarizing the man with his duties and showing how he reacts. One of the devices that will be built and used is the "control-deck simulator." In appearance it will be a dome-shaped room which is an exact replica of the top deck of the spherical crew nacelle of the passenger ship.

For a simulated departure manoeuvre from the circum-Martian orbit, for example, captain, navigator, radio man, and engineer will be strapped to their contour chairs, surrounded by a maze of instrument panels, radio, and gyroscopic gear. Through the intercom system they exchange tense messages, unintelligible to anyone not graduated in advanced spaceman's Latin. A subdued thunder emanating from a loud-speaker indicates that the rocket engines are firing. (Airless space cannot propagate sound, of course, but the engine noise would still be heard since it is carried forward to the crew compartment through the ship's structure.) A battery of manometers in the engineer's huge instrument panel indicates the combustion-chamber pressures in each of the rocket engines. Next to it, a "mixture-ratio indicator" shows whether the flow rates of hydrazine and nitric acid are correct. There are remote indicators for tank pressures, revolutions of the turbopumps, cabin pressure and temperature, deflections of the hinge-mounted control motors, and a host of other important data. Beneath the instrument board is a console, looking like a scaled-down

version of a switch-position indicator in a railroad yard, which indicates by means of dark and bright lines and green and red lamps which valves are open and which are closed.

Suddenly, the tense exchanges become downright nervous. We hear the engineer yelling something into the intercom, and the captain yelling back. One of the lights on the engineer's panel is flickering a red warning as he fumbles excitedly for the correction switch. Eventually, the light goes green again and a relaxed smile returns to his face.

The crew knows that "the devil" has played them one of his tricks. For outside of the control-deck mock-up there is a panel that would not be in a real ship. Behind it sits a man with a permanent grin. Through his intercom he can hear distinctly the piteous conversation between engineer and captain as he produces readings calculated to drive them to desperation. Hearing their planned corrective measures, he can block their success by a turn of the wrist. There are all kinds of malfunctions he can conjure up to plague the crew. Suddenly, in the midst of a power manoeuvre, the respiration blower might stop. Or one of the cables leading to the steering gear might show a suspiciously high amperage. The worst and most emotionally disturbing trick he can play is to indicate on several instruments simultaneously a malfunctioning of the rocket engines. This would include a most lifelike imitation of stuttering or howling of the otherwise steady growl of the exhaust. Then in a matter of seconds the captain and his team have to do the right thing or else endanger the entire expedition.

Of course, the control-deck simulator has no real danger attached to its operation. An error and its consequences can be thoroughly discussed

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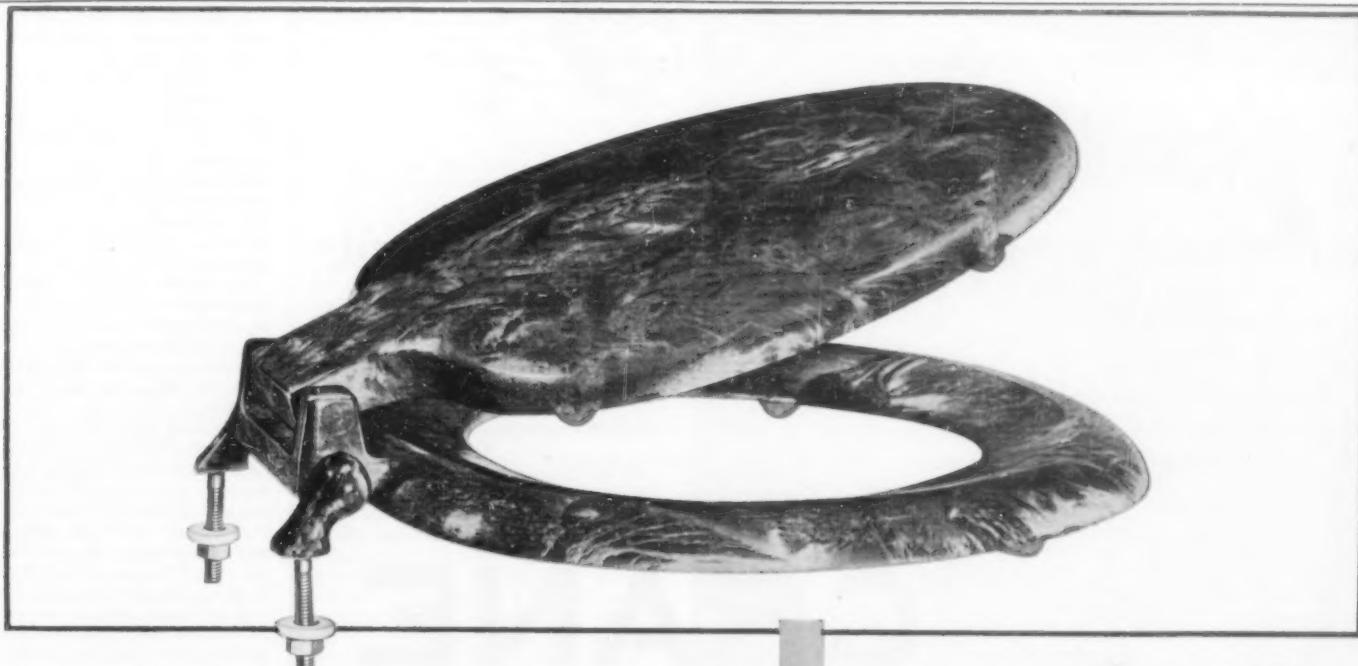
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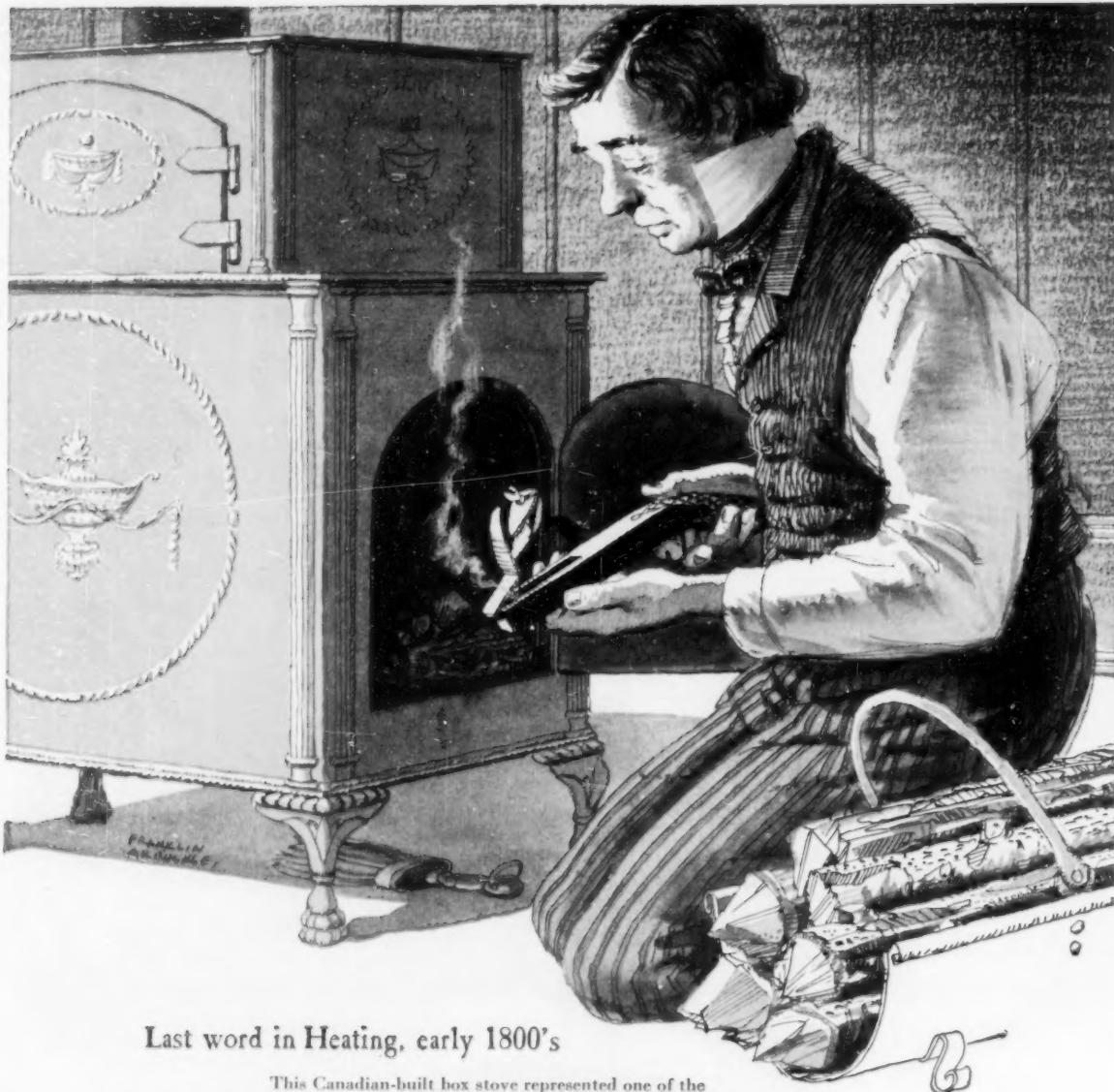
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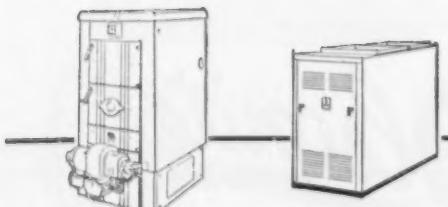
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afterward, and the best means of preventing or correcting thought out at leisure. Any specific "sequence of events" can be repeated and repeated until the correct response has been drilled into the crew to the point at which it becomes a conditioned reflex.

The most surprising synthetic trainer, however, is the navigator's training device. It consists of a black hollow sphere, approximately sixty feet in diameter. Gyrostabilized in its centre is a replica of the passenger ship's astrodome, with a seat for the trainee. The great hollow sphere surrounding him is covered with thousands of tiny lighted holes spaced in the pattern of the stars in the heavens. Sun, earth, moon, and planets can be projected in any desired dimension upon the dome of the planetarium.

The purpose of this impressive installation is to train the expedition's navigators in the complicated task of determining any deviations of the Mars ships from their predicted flight path and setting up the necessary corrective manoeuvres. During the months of unpowered flight through interplanetary space the navigator's task would be relatively simple. With an instrument resembling a sextant he would measure once a day the angles between the sun, the moon, or any of the closer planets, and some fixed stars nearby, and thus determine the ship's position in space. But his job would be far more difficult, and time much scarcer, when one of the two tricky capture manoeuvres near Mars or near earth was imminent, as, for example, the manoeuvre of return into the earth orbit. As the ship gradually draws nearer, the navigator measures the angle between the earth's centre and certain nearby stars and punches his readings into a keyboard in front of him. He punches another set of keys at the instant that certain of the stars are obscured by the earth's rim. As a check, he makes a measurement on the moon and punches again.

The keyboard conveys the navigator's readings to an elaborate computer which, within a matter of minutes, will figure out the extent to which the actual hyperbolic fall toward the earth deviates from the prescribed path. If the deviation is not great enough to warrant a further corrective power manoeuvre, the impending retardation manoeuvre will be set up to match the actual approach path. The procedure then becomes almost automatic. Should the computer determine that the ship is coming in on, say, path No. 237, it will select magnetic guidance tape No. 237 for the impending power manoeuvre.

Guidance tape No. 237, along with hundreds of others, has been prepared long before the expedition departs and is stored in a dispenser operating on the principle displayed by the common juke box. Once inserted into the ship's guidance mechanism, the tape will do the rest of the job automatically. First, it will rotate the ship into the attitude that it must have in order to move tailfirst at the correct instant of time. Second, it will set the timing device to fire the rocket engines at the precise predicted moment. Third, it will set the integrating accelerometer, a device that measures the change of velocity that takes place as a result of the firing of the rocket engines, and when the change has added up to the proper figure it actuates the relays that cut off the fuel flow to the engines. After this retardation manoeuvre the ship should be in the circular orbit around the earth that is a part of the over-all plan.

These training devices and procedures are only a few of the many set up to prepare the crews of the Mars ships for their great adventure. This kind

of training will go on and on until everybody is fully satisfied that no additional pertinent instruction is possible. Meanwhile, of course, the supply ships have been built and their crews have been trained, and the Mars ships built and tested.

Then the space lift begins.

At last the day will come when the chief inspector pronounces the two Mars ships "in all respects ready for space." The last supply flight will bring the members of the expedition themselves.

When the day of the departure of the expedition to Mars dawns on earth the newspapers will tell their readers that the personnel rocket carrying the members of the expedition took off the day before. As the time for the departure—established to the split second by computing machines on the ground—comes near, the men strap themselves into their contour chairs and go once more through the routine checks. The procedures are all thoroughly familiar, the men are all used to space, and nothing, except their expectations, is really new. But because of these expectations every one of the explorers thinks he can hear his heartbeat drumming through the confused hum of the inverters and the whine of the gyroscopes.

Now the time has come—this is it.

The last remaining minutes and seconds are being counted down. The count-down comes from loud-speakers in the two ships. It comes from loud-speakers in the space station. It is followed in the various observation stations and it is heard in countless homes where the television screens show two apparently small ships against a background of black immensity.

#### Rumble, thunder—and away

At x-minus-four seconds a deep rumble goes through the two ships—the rocket motors are burning at "ignition stage." The ships hardly move, but this preliminary stage is necessary before "main stage" can be thrown on, just to make certain that there is a "pilot flame" in each rocket chamber. At x-minus-one the ignition stage is well-established, and at the zero moment the main stage goes on. The turbopumps run at full speed, and with a pressure of several hundred pounds per square inch the propellants are injected into the combustion chambers. The rumble becomes a thunderous roar; the thrust very rapidly builds up to its full value of three hundred and ninety-six tons. Ponderously, the two large Mars ships begin to move visibly. The thunder and the reverberations of the rocket engines last for a little over fifteen minutes. Then, as suddenly as it began, the roar subsides. The pitch of the whining gyros declines, and soon only the rustle of the ventilation blowers remains.

The two-hundred-and-sixty-day coasting flight to Mars has begun.

To the members of the expedition the terms day and night are now meaningless words, or words that have a meaning only in memory. For they are now in space, where the sun always shines, where life is regulated by ship's time, and ship's time is established by authority. The eight men who travel in the passenger ship will close all port covers promptly at 2000 hours, expedition time. The four men who travel in the landing craft's pilot compartment from which the cargo ship is controlled will do the same. As punctually, at 0700 hours "next morning" the port covers will be removed again. Time for the individual aboard is now governed by the schedule of watches, for even during free-coasting flight watch duty aboard the Mars ships calls for far more

activity than seems likely at first glance.

One important duty is checking the temperature of the propellants. The temperatures in the tanks are kept constant by thermostats operating radiation shutters similar to Venetian blinds. Since the angular attitude of the ships need not be controlled during unpowered flight, both ships tumble slowly as they coast along their elliptical path. As a result, some of the outer tanks may temporarily be shaded by the others. If such a condition prevailed for an extended period of time, the liquids in the tanks not reached by any sunlight might cool too much or even freeze. Fortunately, the heat capacity of the outer tanks is so large that even in this case the temperature would drop very slowly. Nevertheless, the watchkeeper will have to observe the tank temperatures and, if necessary, activate the attitude-control flywheels to rotate the ship out of such a "prohibited attitude."

Then there is the air-conditioning system. The crew spaces in the Mars ships are pressurized with an atmosphere very different from that on earth. At sea level the terrestrial atmosphere has a pressure of 14.5 pounds per square inch and consists of 21 percent oxygen, seventy-eight percent nitrogen, and about one percent of other gases. To save weight, the pressure in the living spaces of the Mars ships has been reduced to eight pounds per square inch. To compensate for the reduced pressure, the oxygen content has been increased to forty percent, and the nitrogen has been replaced by helium, which combines the advantages of less weight and greatly reduced danger of air embolism in case of a sudden accidental drop in pressure.

Temperatures, humidities, pressures, and oxygen content in the living spaces are automatically controlled, but the watchkeeper has to make regular tests. One of the hazards of extended living in an artificial atmosphere so completely isolated as that in a spaceship is the ever-present danger of accumulative poisoning. Toxicologists have established that in the routine of an average household no less than twenty-nine different poisons are produced. For instance, in the rather prosaic process of frying an egg a very potent poison called acrolein may be formed. Of course, in a home this does not constitute more than a nuisance, since the coughing spell caused by burned egg white will cause the housewife to open a window or turn on a fan. In the closed-air-circulation system of a spaceship, however, the same incident could easily have serious consequences, as the poison, unless properly filtered out, would be recirculated.

Most toxic compounds can be removed from the air cycle by supercooling the air (thus freezing out the offensive ingredients) or with the help of active carbon and other chemical filters. Nevertheless, the complicated technical equipment installed in the crew compartment of a spaceship constitutes a continuous source of possible contamination of the artificial atmosphere. An instrument may break, admitting some mercury to the air cycle. A contact may burn, with resulting evaporation of a tiny amount of some other toxic material. Or an electrical short circuit may cause some cable compound to scorch. For this reason the watchkeepers have to run periodic analyses on the purity of the recirculated air.

Should such tests reveal any traces of poison, the man on duty will first attempt to remove it by inserting selected filters into the air-circulation ducts. In case this does not remedy the situation, his last resort is slowly to

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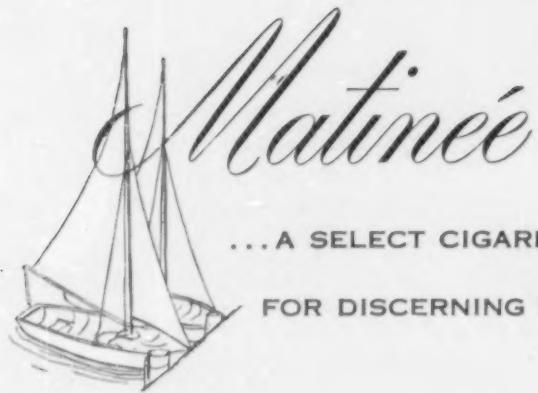
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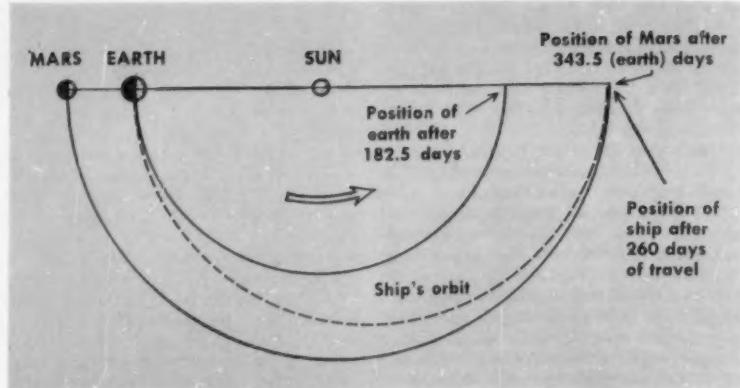
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#### The route that men will take to Mars

To make the interplanetary hop earth rockets must "chase" Mars halfway around the sun, traveling in a broad arc for about three quarters of a year.

vent the air in the living quarters out into the surrounding vacuum, while simultaneously replacing the losses from the storage containers of liquid oxygen and liquid helium.

The temperature in these containers, as well as the temperatures in the water tanks and food compartments—all of which are quite different—have to be read and logged at regular intervals, to make sure that none of the supplies needed to sustain life in the loneliness of interplanetary space are lost or spoiled through oversight or a malfunction of a thermostatic control mechanism.

The electrical power supply system requires the most constant supervision. It is the heart of the whole complicated system of annunciators, remote-reading gauges, and such, which keeps the man on watch informed on the condition of the entire ship. Electricity also feeds the motors of the attitude-control flywheels and turns the temperature-controlling blinds to their appropriate angles. Above all, it whisks the pumps and blowers that maintain the air-conditioning system with all its intricate controls for purification, temperature, oxygen content, pressure, and humidity. Should the small nuclear-driven turbogenerator halt, it would be but a few hours before the battery's exhaustion would bring air circulation to a stop.

In case of a current-supply failure the watchkeeper would sound an alarm and awaken those crew members who are off duty. While the chief electrician attempted to fix the trouble, the stand-by solar battery would supply the ship with a bare minimum of emergency power. In case of a major breakdown the sister ship would be requested to manoeuvre itself into a position just a few hundred feet away. A crew member would don a space suit and bring an emergency cable over to its external power outlet. Through this umbilical cord the vital electricity would be fed to the stricken ship until the repairs were completed.

Five days out.

The distance between the Mars ships and the earth has become almost a million miles, and the earth now appears about the size that the moon seems from earth. Since only the right half is illuminated by the sun, it looks like a waxing half moon. But that half shines so brightly that no contrasts upon it can be distinguished with the naked eye.

The retarding pull of the earth's gravitational field has gradually diminished to virtual zero as the two ships, flying in the direction of the earth's orbital motion around the sun, enter the long elliptical path to the Martian orbit.

As a result of slight errors in the

automatic guidance systems the two ships may have drifted some fifty miles apart during the first five days of the journey. Reflected in the bright sunlight the cargo ship would still be visible as a conspicuously brilliant star, but the desire to be able to render mutual assistance in case of an emergency calls for a closing of the "formation."

With the aid of radio tracking (performed by a number of unmanned, automatic receiver stations spaced along the departure orbit) and by careful timing of star occultations behind the rims of the earth and the moon, the navigators establish the extent to which each ship has strayed from the prescribed path. A short radio exchange between the two ships confirms what both navigators have found independently: the cargo ship's track is quite satisfactory but the passenger ship is lagging a bit behind. A split-second burst from its four deflectable rocket motors increases the velocity of the passenger ship by approximately one foot per second. Three days later it has caught up with the cargo ship. The passenger ship is now rotated through one hundred and eighty degrees and its four steering motors are fired again for a fraction of a second to match speeds. The formation will then keep together until new star fixes taken by the navigators indicate that the circumsolar flight path must be corrected again.

#### There goes the earth

Seventy-three days out.

Everybody knew that this day would present a spectacle never before seen by human eyes—a "transit" of the earth and the moon. At a predicted time the earth and its satellite will pass across the flaming surface of the sun. To the navigators this is also a unique opportunity for making a particularly precise check on the position of the expedition.

The crew crowds the portholes, dark glasses before their eyes. At last they see a tiny black spot across the flaming corona of the sun. Very deliberately it moves from one side into the full glare of the fiery ball. An hour or so later, another spot appears, even smaller than the first, following toward the sun's centre.

The total transit lasts for about eight hours. The navigators take two series of measurements. Both measurements combined will indicate how any corrective thrust manoeuvre, if necessary, must be laid out in order for us to meet Mars at the appointed rendezvous point—still one hundred and eighty-seven days away.

After two more months have passed, weariness and extended inactivity make themselves felt among the crew. Personalities are beginning to wear on one

another with resulting tensions. A limited exchange of personnel between the two vessels is undertaken to alleviate the unbearable monotony.

One of the few cherished relaxations is the daily radio broadcast from the earth, beamed at the receding Mars ships by a special booster transmitter near one of the space stations orbiting around the earth. In spite of the forty million miles that by now separate the ships from the home planet, reception is as clear and undistorted as though it came from a local station around the corner. The broadcasts usually consist of news, a lecture or so, and music, although from time to time some regular program is relayed to the ship.

Even when the ships are not yet very far from earth, as cosmic distances go, a radio conversation will show a strange aspect. There will be pauses between question and answer because radio waves travel with the same speed as light, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. At a distance of forty million miles the radio impulse needs two hundred and fifteen seconds to get from the ship to the earth station, and the reply needs as many seconds to get back to the ship—a total of seven minutes.

Two hundred and fifty days out.

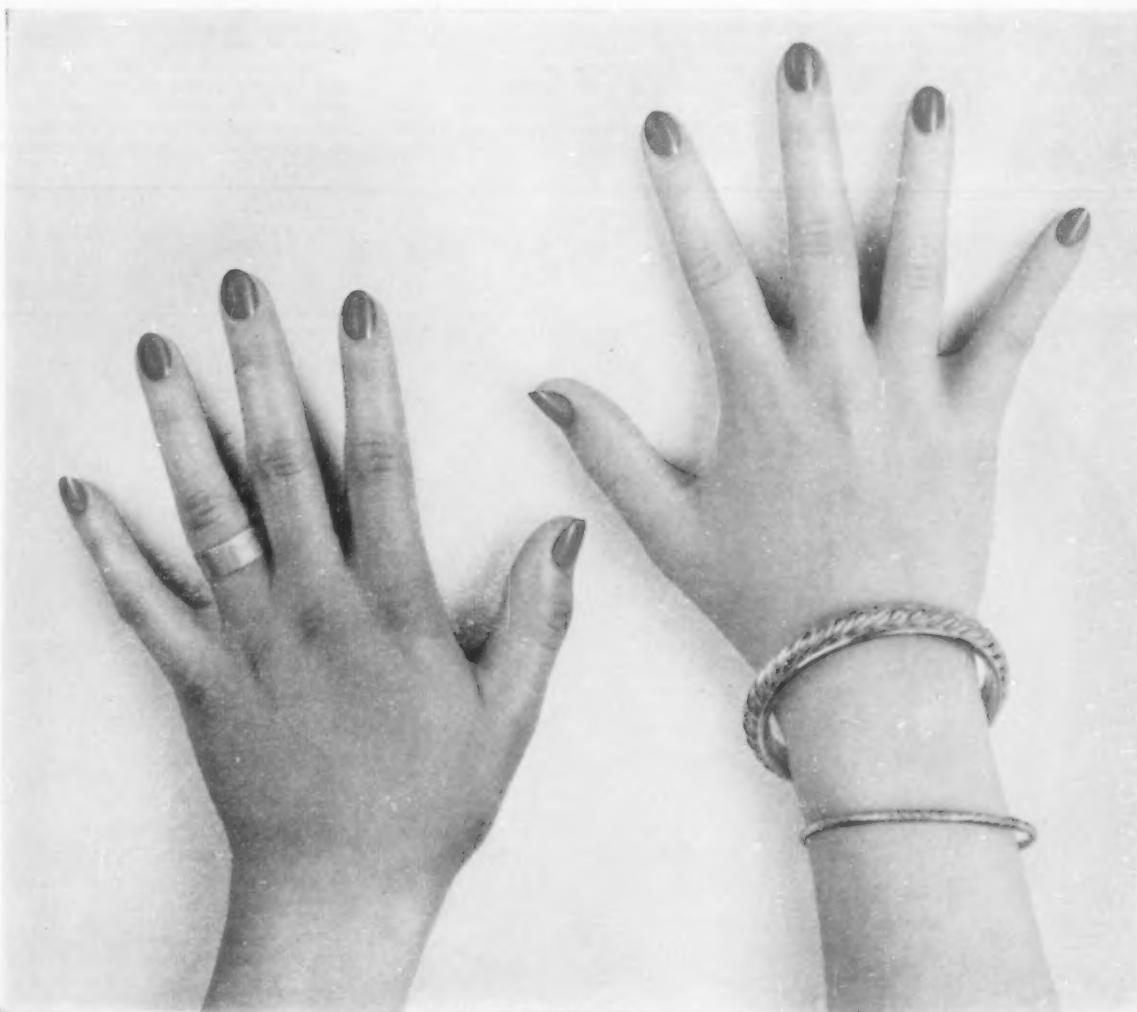
Only ten days remain before the second major power manoeuvre, the induced capture of the ships by Mars. The distance to the planet—which to the naked eye looks like a reddish half moon, one third the diameter of earth's moon as seen from earth—has shrunk to one million four hundred thousand miles. The visible half disk of Mars glows with an intense orange-red with greenish patches, and the naked eye can easily distinguish the white spot of the southern polar cap melting in the sunlight of the Martian summer. The opposite half is shrouded in night.

At a distance not much greater than the diameter of the Martian half disk is a softly glowing starlet whose relation to Mars is visibly changing when it is observed for a few minutes. This is Phobos, Mars' inner moon, on its seven-and-a-half-hour trip around the planet. Double the distance away and on the opposite side of Mars is Deimos, the other moon. Neither of the two has a diameter of more than ten miles.

A correction manoeuvre takes place without incident, and the velocity of both ships has been changed exactly in the direction that the navigators figured would bring the required distance from the Martian orbit.

There is now no further use for the large propellant containers from which the power for the departure manoeuvre and the ensuing five corrections was drawn. The propellants still left in them are transferred to small reserve tanks, and the quick-disconnects in the propellant lines leading from the empty tanks to the pumps are released by push-button action from the control deck. Finally, the attitude-control fly-wheels are started to bring the two ships into slow rotation about their longitudinal axes. At the flip of a switch the explosive bolts holding the tank support struts to their sockets are detonated. The centrifugal force caused by the slow rotation causes the two pairs of great white globes to drift majestically away from the ships in opposite directions.

There are other useless loads to be dispensed with. Empty food containers, broken tools and instruments, and similar accumulated debris keep the garbage ejectors busy. Several tons of utility water, recovered by the air dryer in the air-conditioning system and hitherto used for the dishwasher, the laundry machine, and the washroom, go overboard. Every ounce of weight that can be removed contributes to



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**Jergens Lotion**  
positively stops "Detergent Hands"



\*From the report of a leading United States research laboratory.

saving fuel during the forthcoming power manoeuvre.

Events now follow in startlingly rapid succession after the weary boredom of months in interplanetary space. Twenty-four hours before the capture manoeuvre, Mars is four times the size of the sun, and five hours before the motors are to be fired the planet appears as an enormous multicolored disk, more than half of which is illuminated by sunlight. The two ships, flying only a few hundred feet apart, are now only thirty-four thousand miles from the centre of Mars.

Sixty-four minutes before the rocket motors are turned on, the distance from Mars' centre is clipped down to eighty-five hundred miles. The planet's surface, with its glowing red, white, and green shadings, now seems to rotate with ever-increasing speed, which is evidence that the ships will not crash perpendicularly upon it but are racing toward it tangentially in a graceful sweep. Now the ships are rotated into a position so that they fly tailfirst.

The chronometer-controlled timer (set by a guidance tape as one sets an alarm clock) fires the rocket engines

which, since the ships are flying tailfirst, act as brakes. The engines fire for five hundred and thirty seconds—almost nine minutes—during which time the velocity of the ships is reduced to a level correct for a circular orbit around Mars six hundred and twenty miles above the surface. This is far nearer to the planet than even Mars' very near moon, Phobos.

The explorers' first task in the Martian orbit is a thorough study of the surface of the planet. The astronomical telescope enables them to discern as much detail from the six-hundred-

and-twenty-mile orbit as an unaided eye could see at a distance of five thousand feet. The whole planet is surveyed, photographed, and mapped; surface temperatures are measured at various latitudes by day and by night; and cloud formations are studied. All this information is immediately radioed back to the earth, to insure its preservation in case the expedition meets with disaster. Although band-width limitations do not permit a real television link with the earth, the radio equipment is perfectly capable of transmitting still pictures.

One of the main objectives of the minute scrutiny of the Martian surface is to select a landing place for the glider. Generally speaking, and while the expedition was still on earth, the choice of the general area was governed mostly by the understandable and logical preference for a place where a variety of Martian features are in close proximity. For temperature reasons it should not be too far from the equator, so that at least during the day artificial heat will not be needed. One promising area would be either west or east of Margaritifer Sinus where there is a large dark area, the one just named, and several "canals"—Hydaspes and Indus—nearby. Another promising area would be to the north of Moeris Lacus, where the dark area named Syrtis Major is close and the prominent canal Thoth-Nepenthes nearby. Because these are equatorial areas they will not only be reasonably warm during the day but will undergo little seasonal temperature changes during the stay of the expedition.

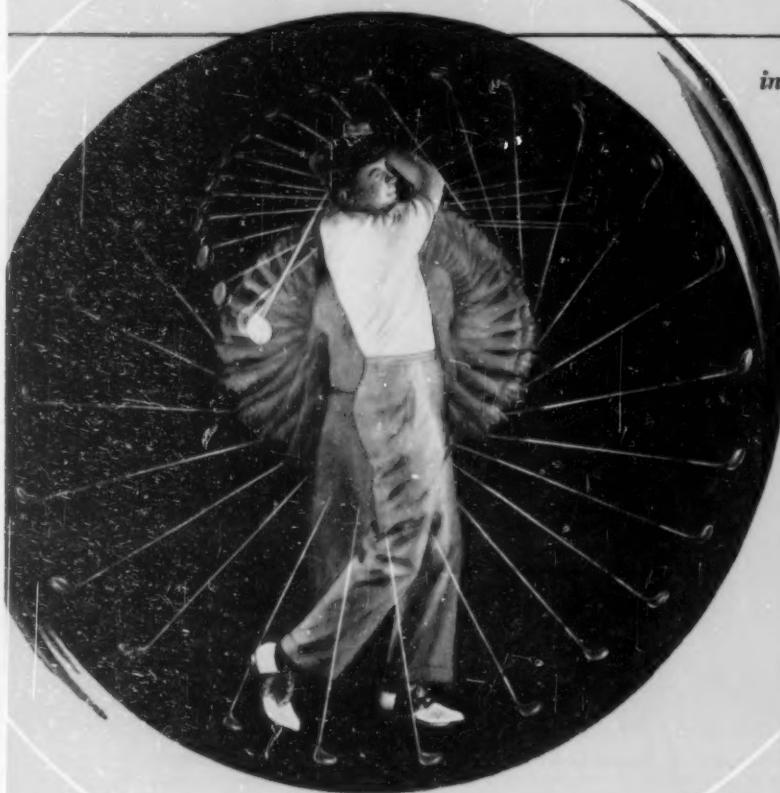
#### No margin for error

A landing spot selected, the landing craft is severed from its mother cargo ship. All equipment and supplies not needed by the landing party are removed from its large storage bin. The supplies needed for the three shipkeepers and for the final return voyage to the earth are transferred to the passenger ship. The interplanetary radio station is taken out of its well in the walls of the storage bin and temporarily connected to the hull of the passenger ship. The astronomical telescope is simply left floating in the orbit. It will be used by the ship-keepers to observe the progress of the landing party.

The three men who have the somewhat thankless and certainly monotonous assignment of staying in the orbit around Mars while the expedition proper descends to the surface are under strictest orders to return to earth when the waiting time has elapsed, even if the ground expedition has not returned. Their job is, very simply and somewhat cynically, to get some results from the expedition even if something should go wrong on Mars.

It has been said that every major mishap that befalls an expedition is, in the last analysis, due to poor or incomplete planning. This may be perfectly true for expeditions to the polar regions of earth, or for expeditions to Mount Everest, because in these cases there is enough previous experience to make complete and perfect planning theoretically possible. But in regard to the first expedition to another planet no such statement can be made. Everything foreseeable will have been foreseen, every emergency conceivable to terrestrial experience will have been considered, but since this is not earth some things may not be foreseeable. In short, it is possible, though rather unlikely, that something will happen to the ground expedition. But since the ground expedition will report to the orbiting ship whenever there is something to report—and will make routine reports at regular intervals even when

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there is nothing special to report—at least all the information gathered will be recorded on the orbiting ship. And if something should go wrong on the ground, the reason would probably be known from these reports. The orbiting ship acts as temporary receptacle for all information gathered, and it is the duty of its crew to see to it that it gets back to earth.

After a few more days of painstaking inspection of the landing craft and its surface cargo, the nine explorers strap themselves into their seats for the descent to Mars. Ponderously, the great glider cartwheels under the effect of the side thrusts from its small attitude-control nozzles, until it is coasting through the orbit tailfirst. Then the small landing motor fires. In one hundred and fifty-seven seconds of burning time, its weak thrust of a mere twenty-two tons decelerates the glider until free-coasting flight begins. In a little over an hour this landing path takes the glider halfway around Mars' multicolored globe and into the Martian night. A hissing sound, hardly audible at first but growing in strength, indicates that the glider has entered the Martian atmosphere, and soon the craft begins to respond to the pilot's handling of the airplane-type controls. Soon thereafter the electric altimeter indicates that the glider has reached an altitude of ninety-six miles.

The enormous altitude at which the decelerated aerodynamical glide commences is rather typical of the queer physical make-up of the red planet. It seems to be in direct contradiction to the low density of the Martian atmosphere, and yet it is a perfectly logical choice. For the low air density on Mars' surface (corresponding to that in the earth's atmosphere at an altitude of eleven miles) is only in part due to the fact that there is actually less air above the Martian surface. An equally important factor is the feeble gravitational field of Mars which is unable to compress the atmosphere into such a thin layer as the atmosphere of earth. As a result Mars' atmosphere, tenuous as it is, is actually higher than the earth's atmospheric shell, and above altitudes of about eighteen miles even the absolute atmospheric density exceeds that of the earth's atmosphere.

The speed of the glider slowly diminishes under the effect of air drag. At first the explorers feel only a slight forward pull, indicating continued retardation by air drag. Finally they begin, for the first time in nine months, to feel their weight, slightly at first but to an increasing extent as the lift of the wings is called upon to prevent the glider from descending too rapidly into the deeper layers of the Martian atmosphere. The night sky brightens, turning from purple to blue (the first blue sky for months!), and finally the glider emerges into sunlight again. At an altitude of twenty-four miles, the glider, having gone more than halfway around Mars, has a velocity only of the speed of sound. At subsonic speed it now spirals down to the predetermined landing spot. A few thousand feet above the ground a smoke bomb is dropped to determine the wind direction and the best course for the landing approach. Flaps, track landing gear, and outrigger skids are lowered, and finally the heavy craft, touching down at one hundred and twenty miles per hour, rumbles over the sandy plains and grinds to a stop in a billowing cloud of dust.

Clad in pressurized suits, the first nine human beings to set foot on Mars are grouped around the cabin door. One by one they enter the air lock and listen to the hiss of the escaping air as the lock is brought down to the low pressure outside. The outer door opens

and they step out onto the huge wing. The scene before them might well be a desert region in the American southwest, glistening in the sunlight under a dark-blue sky.

The sensation of restored gravity is most unpleasant. The men feel weak-kneed after more than nine months of weightlessness. Only as they reluctantly take the jump of eighteen feet separating the wing's leading edge from the ground do they realize how feeble the gravitation actually is, for the fall is not more than a gentle floating down to the sand. Nevertheless, they feel as

though they had lead in their veins and have an urge to lie down. But there's no time for a rest now. As intruders on a strange planet that might have all kinds of surprises in store, they cannot afford to take any chances.

The first task is to ready the nose section of the landing craft in order to be prepared for a hasty retreat. The large bottom hatch of the cargo compartment is opened, and the two caterpillar tractors are lowered to the ground. The two large wings are jacked up near their roots to provide a firm support for the erection of the

nose portion, cables are attached to the tractors, and a few minutes later the rocket is in vertical position, its fins resting on broad aluminum shoes placed on the sand.

The next job is the preparation of the pneumatic tent, actually a hemispherical dome about twenty feet in diameter, made of rubberized fabric and padded with effective heat insulation. It is inflated with the standard "space man's atmosphere"—forty percent oxygen and sixty percent helium, at a pressure of eight pounds per square inch. In this tent the explorers can eat, sleep, and



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work without the pressurized discomfort of the tractors and space suits, in air-conditioned luxury. The air lock through which it may be entered and left provides storage space for the pressure suits and is equipped with germ-killing radiation lamps to ward off any hazards from potentially dangerous Martian bacteria.

The tractors provide ground transportation for the exploration of the terrain. The motor power of the tractors can take several forms, depending on the availability of small and reliable atomic reactors at the time. If suitable atomic reactors exist by then they might conceivably produce steam for a closed-cycle turbine drive, in about the same fashion as does the power plant of the submarine Nautilus. The advantage of a nuclear reactor would be that the fuel weight is virtually zero, even if the installation itself might weigh more than the hydrogen-peroxide-driven turbine that could be used. An atomically driven tractor would have an almost unlimited range, which unfortunately

is not true for the tractor that could be designed now.

After more than a year on Martian soil, the supplies are nearly exhausted, and the explorers begin to prepare for departure. The year has been one of privation and tensions comparable to those of a winter camp in the Arctic. The party has had to deal with mechanical difficulties and all kinds of surprises that the designers of the equipment could not possibly have expected. Dust storms threatened the intricate machinery of the return rocket, causing the explorers to fear that they might be permanently grounded on this strange planet.

But it has also been a year of exciting scientific discoveries, of profound satisfaction in being able to study meteorology and climate, rock formations and soil bacteria, plant life and seasonal changes on another planet. The explorers have sounded out the internal make-up of Mars by detonating explosive charges on the ground and measuring the propagation of the shock

waves with seismographs planted several miles around the blast. They have searched for possible remnants of higher forms of life that might have populated Mars in past geological ages, and for indications that Mars has ever been inhabited by intelligent beings.

All findings of every kind have been carefully reported to the passenger ship in the orbit, and the ship-keepers have relayed the information to the earth. Thousands of color photographs as well as a substantial footage of motion-picture film will be carried back, as well as a vast collection of minerals and specimens of Martian plant life, limited only by the payload restrictions of the rocket ship in which the party will return.

The take-off is precisely timed in accordance with the latest orbital data from the circling passenger ship. At last the hour of departure comes. After one hundred and forty-seven seconds of burning time the rocket reaches a speed of 2.3 miles per second, flying exactly horizontally. A little over an hour later, in a very short burst of

power, its speed is matched with that of the orbiting passenger ship. Another critical hurdle in the venture has been passed.

Through the circular port of the rocket the explorers see the huge deep-space ship hanging without apparent motion against the black, star-studded heavens. Its appearance has changed during their absence. The large cylindrical tanks containing the propellants for the capture manoeuvre are gone, and only the cylindrical central body, housing the tanks for the return fuel, is left. The interplanetary radio station has been detached from the passenger ship and floats nearby. The odd structure of tanks and rocket engines forming the "interplanetary booster" for the landing craft is gone. Because of slight differences in the orbital data it has slowly drifted away from the passenger ship. It will remain in its orbit forever as a third Martian moon.

Donning space suits, the men transfer to the passenger ship and experience once more the thrill of floating freely a few hundred miles above Mars' magnificent, multicolored landscape.

"X minus one minute" resounds from the bullhorns.

The final test has come. Will the complicated mechanism of the six-engine rocket power plant, the vast array of gyroscopes, computers, switches, actuators, and relays that make up the guidance and control system, still be in the same perfect condition that they were when the ship swept into the orbit of Mars four hundred and forty-nine days ago? Hundreds of checks and functional tests have allegedly removed all doubts in the minds of the men who remained with the ship, but perhaps the ship-keepers have been overtaxed by the strain. Within a few seconds we shall know.

"X minus twenty seconds."

Co-pilot and engineer rapidly scan their complicated instrument panels. The whine of the gyroscopes penetrates the monotonous rustle of the respiration blower. Now a click-click-click indicates that the flight program tape is running.

"X minus 10-9-8-7-6-5-4"

Ignition stage and tense waiting. A few seconds later the main engines, at main stage, roar their deep-throated song of power. After a little over four minutes, cutoff and silence. The return trip has begun.

At last the grueling trip back to earth is nearing its end; preparation for the final capture manoeuvre into the return orbit begins. A final corrective manoeuvre puts the ship into a position seventy-nine thousand miles outside of the earth's orbit. The earth itself is still a million miles ahead, but the ship is moving faster than the earth and begins the hyperbolic fall into the earth's gravitational field. Slowly the velocity begins to rise. The ship cartwheels around to fly tailfirst. Four hinge-mounted rocket engines fire. After three hundred and six seconds of burning time the roar subsides. The ship has settled in the return orbit, fifty-six thousand miles from the earth's centre.

A few days after the capture manoeuvre a ship of the space-lift organization sweeps into the orbit and takes the members of the expedition down to the altitude of the departure orbit. Here they are transferred to a winged personnel stage of one of the space lift's orbital supply ships. After an hour of coasting through the landing ellipse the hissing of the atmosphere becomes audible, and another hour later the ship touches down on the airstrip of the base from which the explorers took off two and a half years before.

The first Mars expedition has ended. ★



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## The most baffling show on television

Continued from page 26

sponsors, Aylmer Food Products and Nabisco Foods Ltd., say this isn't so. They are convinced that for every individual who switches channels with a shudder at the first bars of the Holiday Ranch theme song, another fifty people settle back in their chairs in happy anticipation of the next half hour.

Judging by the five hundred letters Holiday Ranch receives each month, most of its fans are in eastern Canada and U. S. border points. McKay, the star of the show, has been greeted by name by a garage mechanic in Maine, a shoe salesman in Vermont, and a small boy from Buffalo who spotted him four hundred miles north of Toronto at his remote summer cottage and chided him for not bringing along his clarinet. A Vermont couple spent a vacation trailing the Ranchers on a tour of the province of Quebec. Many Americans think Holiday Ranch is a Canadian summer resort, and write to enquire the best route north to the corral. Last summer a couple of stenographers from Montreal tried to book reservations for the first two weeks in July, at the going rates.

Why is Holiday Ranch so popular? According to McKay it's no accident. "I can set up a program so it's unbeatable," he claims. "Holiday Ranch is one show that's put together like a mathematical formula."

Mckay's formula is to provide something for everybody. For lovers of violin music there's "Bouncing Billy" Richards, his fiddle and his Irish charm. For people who hate Liberace, but like the piano, there's "Flying Fingers" Ralph Fraser. For New Canadians and others who grew up on polkas and folk songs, there's "Happy Face" Matt de Florio and his accordion. And when it comes to banging out western-style music, there are "Dapper Don" McFarlane on the mandolin, and "Smiling Al" Harris on the guitar. When teen-age girls write young trumpeter Donnie Johnson ("The Shy Guy") and tell him, "You're the most, Donnie!" nobody's more delighted than Cliff McKay who planned it that way. He says, "I'm an expert at choosing a cast. It's not a matter of ego—I just am."

Everybody else on Holiday Ranch is there for similarly good reasons: pretty Monique to provide something for the boys, comedian Doug "Hap" Masters to entertain the kids and old folks, and Percy "Duke" Curtis, who bears a marked resemblance to the Duke of Edinburgh, to pluck string bass and make the women swoon.

Of his own role on Holiday Ranch, McKay says, "I appeal to just about everybody."

To give the show continuity and lend flavor to its musical numbers, scriptwriter Fred Diehl uses what he calls "the old one-two-three vaudeville punch." He explains, "In the first fifteen minutes we plant the idea, at the middle we develop it, and at the end we blow it off." The plot, if something so slight can be called a plot, usually involves Hap, the comedian.

The show commences, let's say, with Hap announcing his intention to construct a TV set, or learn a rock-and-roll number, or (last St. Patrick's Day) to prove he's Irish. There's some skepticism from the gang, and Hap goes off camera while the show continues with a couple of musical numbers and a commercial or two. About this time Hap reappears and says his

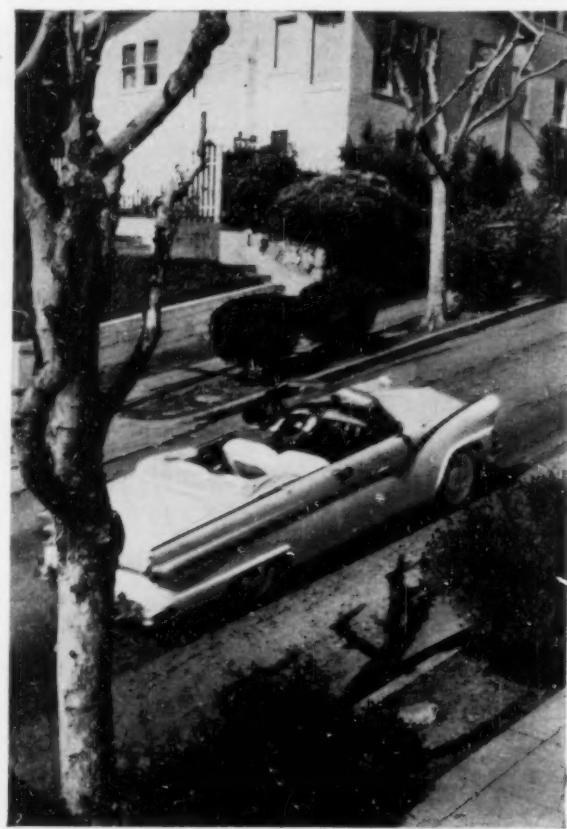
project is coming along fine (the TV set is half made, he's practicing the rock-and-roll number, he's located a book that will prove his Irish ancestry). Off he goes again, and the show continues with more music. The program concludes with Hap witnessing the hopeless ruin of all his hopes. (The TV set has

exploded, the rock-and-roll number is too much for him, the book proves he's Scottish, not Irish.) Week after week this same formula is repeated and nobody seems to mind. Loyd Brydon, the show's young producer, says, "People expect our show to be more or less the same every week, and we don't disappoint them."

Brydon feels that people like Holiday Ranch because it's friendly, relaxed, and one-hundred-percent Canadian. The cast is Canadian to a man, there are no American jokes or jeweled holsters or guns lying around, and

nobody drawls, American-style, "Waal now, pardner, they went thataway." "Holiday Ranch is a dude ranch," says Brydon, "but it's a Canadian dude ranch."

According to Cliff McKay, good music is half the secret of the show's popularity. In spite of their corny nicknames, every man on the Ranch is a professional musician, working with dance bands or jazz combos when he isn't facing a TV camera. Ralph Fraser holds several degrees in music and is an expert on vocal arrangements. Al Harris toured Canada three times



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Six, whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles, gained 72.5%. A 1954 V-8, whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles, jumped 53.5%. Some gains, of course, were smaller. But the average gain was 24%!

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with Mart Kenney's band. Don McFarlane is completing his tenth year on radio's popular western show, Hayloft Hoedown. Duke Curtis gave up his own band, the Prairie Playboys, to join the Holiday Ranchers on tour. Donnie Johnson is a serious music student who does his own trumpet arrangements. Matt de Florio teaches accordion to advanced pupils. Billy Richards played in the Navy Show, has filled several British engagements and now stars on his own radio program. As for McKay, he's had a long career in radio, has played in symphony orchestras and dance bands and, according to McKay himself, turned down a contract with Tommy Dorsey to organize Holiday Ranch.

Some Holiday Ranch fans think McKay's music is *too good*. They'd prefer eight or nine numbers of straight hoedown. One man recently demanded that Cliff and the gang take off those western clothes before they defiled them any further playing rock-and-roll numbers like Monique's *Are You Satisfied?*

Actually, Holiday Ranch is about as western as that messy concoction of

Greek chefs, the western sandwich. The fact is that every man jack of the cast was born in the east and, except on tour, has never been west of Hamilton, Ont. Most of them have no more than a nodding acquaintance with a horse. McKay owns two, but prefers to drive his 1956 Chrysler New Yorker or fly a hired plane. Hap Masters had to mount a horse once for a bit in a Hollywood movie, but disgraced himself by sliding under its belly and getting lost in swamp grass. Al Harris likes tropical fish better than horses; Ralph Fraser's pets are confined to dogs, cats and

birds; Billy Richards prefers baseball, and Donnie Johnson goes in for singularly un-western hobbies like judo and sports-car racing. Only Don McFarlane, from North Bay, likes huntin' and fishin' and roughin' it in the great outdoors, and wears a cowboy suit seven days a week.

Another odd thing about Holiday Ranch is that nobody seems to know who owns the show. The CBC says it does, but its officials refuse to discuss the matter. McKay says *he* does, and that it doesn't need discussion. So far as Holiday Ranch on television is concerned, the CBC employs and pays individual members and maintains the right to hire and fire. McKay receives something in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars a week, covering his services as master of ceremonies, featured vocalist, musical director, researcher, instrumental soloist and commercial announcer. So long as Holiday Ranch remains under contract to the CBC it is prohibited from appearing on any rival station or network.

Off TV it's another story. McKay, who copyrighted the name Holiday Ranch some time ago, is apparently free to take his musicians to conventions, benefits, stage shows or on tour. In the past three years more than thirty organizations have engaged McKay and his Ranchers for annual affairs at about a thousand dollars an appearance, depending on whether it's a big or small convention.

#### A little something for Sunday

When a show is at the top, like Holiday Ranch, the only place it can go is down. To prevent this, new features are built into the show, as unobtrusively as possible, from time to time. A recent innovation is the "Thought for Tomorrow," which McKay describes as "an inspirational, nondenominational little something because the next day is Sunday." Sometimes the thought is a prayer, sometimes it's a hymn, sometimes just a pop song with a religious theme.

To provide the ingredients of a winning formula, and to arrange the musical numbers, McKay spends about thirty hours a week on the show, and scripts are written at least three weeks in advance. McKay's week begins with a meeting with producer Brydon and scriptwriter Diehl. The days following are crowded with business meetings, sponsors' meetings and commercial rehearsals. At 11:30 Friday morning the cast assembles in a large studio in CBC's radio building on Jarvis Street in mid-town Toronto. At this time, they bear little resemblance to the dressed-up Holiday Ranchers of Saturday night. Dapper Don, in his invariable western outfit, is the only one who looks like a cowboy. McKay usually wears a business suit, Monique a striped jersey and tight jeans, the others old sports clothes.

"All right, gang," McKay will say, "here's the way it is. The camera comes to me and I say, 'All right, fellows,' and you come in with these little toy instruments and march around the room playing them. Got it?"

He opens a large cardboard box and hands out a miniature violin, an accordion, a trumpet and a trombone. Four of the cast obligingly march around the studio, making as much noise as they can on their toy instruments.

"All right," says McKay, "so that gets us to Billy's violin number, with Al picking him up on guitar." They practice the piece three times (Al, it seems, is a second or two behind Billy on his pickup), then go on to a medley of folk songs. The medley is gone over three times, as McKay experiments



**24% more road horsepower**—for the straightaway!



**Quick starts, too—39% quicker!**

## -it can increase road horsepower by 24%!

SEE HOW MUCH BETTER AND LONGER NEW CHAMPIONS STAND UP IN TODAY'S HIGH-POWER ENGINES

ORDINARY ELECTRODE



POWERFIRE ELECTRODE



**New Powerfire electrode makes the difference!** Both of these spark plugs have been subjected to identical use in a modern high-compression engine. And you can see the old style electrode (**left**) is badly pitted and burned away. Plugs like that often misfire—waste power and gas. Champion's new Powerfire electrode (**right**) is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!



for all festive occasions!

**See for yourself!**

Look into your silverware. Does its care give you a clear reflection of yourself? Your silverware should reflect your own good taste. Polish your silver with SILVO and you'll see for yourself.

Silvo cleans as it polishes.

Silverware by Georg Jensen

with changes of pace. Producer Brydon says, "If I can't tap my foot to it, neither can anybody else." After this comes McKay's vocal about a cowboy called Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan. This is followed by three rounds of Monique's song.

"So that gets us down to the commercial," McKay says. "It's an Aylmer week, so it goes something like, 'Aylmer, Aylmer, and so and so, and so and so, and don't forget to buy lots of that wonderful Aylmer whatever-it-is—and that's where the guest artist comes in."

The guest artist does his number, and after a ten-minute coffee break the whole show is gone over once again, with a script girl timing it. Brydon likes to build the show longer than necessary, putting it on the air two and a half minutes overtime and tightening it during performance. A general state of nerves, he seems to believe, is good for a show.

#### "Turn on the adrenaline"

On Saturday morning McKay wanders over to studio 2 in CBC's TV building, next door to the radio broadcasting studios, where a dry rehearsal of the commercials is in progress. Young Hayward Morse, son of CBC actor Barry Morse, is practicing how to pass his plate for more soup. An agency girl is darkening the shredded wheat on a carton so it will photograph better. Two other girls scurry about, making sure they have flowers for the table, canisters for the sink and brown sugar for the sugar bowl. Carpenters hammer on the set. Cameramen focus their lens first on one commercial display, then on the other. McKay rehearses his commercials a few times, then strolls down to the coffee shop for a sandwich.

By 2.30 everyone's present and the second musical rehearsal commences. By five o'clock, the rehearsal is over, and everybody dashes off for supper. At 6.30 they're back, in full cowboy regalia, for the dress rehearsal, and for the first time the commercials are integrated with the show.

At 7.15 everyone gets last-minute instructions. The set is darkened, the electricians fiddle with the lights, a boy comes in with a broom and sweeps up the last cigarette butts. A curious tense atmosphere pervades the studio. Only McKay looks relaxed. "At 7.30 I turn on the tap that contains the adrenaline," he says. "Up until then I just bide my time."

Two minutes to go till air time . . . one minute . . . thirty seconds . . . then the cast swings into the opening theme, Hi There, Good Friends and Neighbors, and Holiday Ranch is on.

Thirty minutes later the result of a week's planning is a thing of the past.

Anybody who suggests to McKay that this kind of show is corny learns to smile when he says it. Corny is one word that makes McKay hopping mad.

"Corny," he says, "is a musician's expression for someone who's unable to play jazz well. Nobody on Holiday Ranch is corny. The trouble is, the expression's been picked up by the apple-knockers. Columnists love to use it. Everything they don't like, they say it's corny."

McKay would prefer to think the ranch program is "homey," or even "folksy," and these are pretty good words to describe McKay himself, a small-town boy (from Seaforth, Ont.) who left school to join a band and made good in the big city. His father was a CNR conductor and old-style fiddler, his mother was an accomplished pianist, and his two brothers are also amateur musicians. At forty-six McKay is a friendly, factual, round-faced man with blue eyes, who has four musically inclined children and a grandchild. A Roman Catholic and a member of the choir of Our Lady of the Airways Church, at Malton, just north of Toronto, he supports two basketball teams for Protestant youngsters at St. Christopher House, paying their out-of-town expenses and buying them a turkey dinner at Christmas. Off screen, McKay wears a plain blue or brown business suit, talks in monosyllables about music and business affairs, and likes nothing better than a quiet evening at home in his ranch house in Islington, a Toronto suburb, watching Dragnet on TV and eating his wife's chocolate cake.

Ten years ago McKay was already well known to thousands of Canadians as "Ton of Fun" McKay on radio's popular noon show, The Happy Gang. In 1952, after twelve years of wearing crazy hats, singing funny songs and playing his saxophone, he decided he could stand up to any demands of TV. He and Fred Diehl dreamed up a show called Campfire Moods, with a cast of thirteen, presenting three kinds of music—gauche, cowboy and gypsy—each in an appropriate setting. But after he had made a couple of trips to New York to study American television, he decided the show with its



three settings would be far too expensive. Figuring that cowboy songs would be most likely to please the most people, he changed the show to a dude ranch western program, to be called The Bar M (for McKay) Dude Ranch, "a sort of holiday ranch," as he put it.

After he'd collected his cast (he wanted "good musicians, good heads, and no prima donnas") McKay presented his bundle of talent for CBC consideration in the spring of 1953. The show made its debut the following July on its present Saturday-night spot.

Phyllis Reid, Holiday Ranch's first script girl, recalls that in those days the show was one-hundred-percent western, with tumbling tumbleweeds all over the place. Without a sponsor it could afford to be informal, and often was. Veterans on the show remember the night that everybody—cast, producer, technicians, even the make-up girl—decked themselves out in western garb and appeared on camera. They recall the night the show's first singer, Frannie Wright, flipped the tassels of a couple of lads' nightcaps down over their eyes during a spirited rendition of Mr. Sandman so that they couldn't read their music and the whole show seemed in danger of breaking up. (By some lucky chance, at this exact moment, the show mysteriously went off the air for two minutes, giving the Ranchers time to collect themselves for the next number.) Above all, they remember the producer who thought a little fire in the ranch house would look cozy, and ordered a gas pipe put in and propane shot through it. Unfortunately, he neglected to try it out in rehearsal. Five minutes after the show started, the whole set was in flames. Smoke billowed, soot fell, scenery crackled. Hap and Frannie ad-libbed frantically, the musicians circled about coughing and spluttering, and McKay crawled about the floor with a fire extinguisher and put the fire out. A CBC official was so impressed by this show-must-go-on behavior that he sat right down and wrote them a complimentary letter.

Better still, a sponsor was showing interest. Aylmer Food Products was eyeing the show as a good family-type program, particularly suited to integrated commercials of their soup and peas and (you should excuse the expression) corn. In January 1954 Aylmer signed on as sponsor, and in February 1956 Nabisco Foods became co-sponsor, sharing sixty percent of the costs of the show with Aylmer. (The other forty percent is picked up by the CBC in line with its policy of making Canadian shows attractive to Canadian sponsors.)

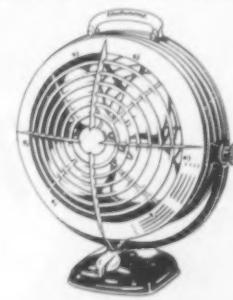
A constant checking system informs Holiday Ranch sponsors whether their show is going up or down in the audience ratings. But last winter, as a supplementary check, Aylmer had the Ranch offer a child's cowboy suit for two dollars and four labels from Aylmer tomato-juice cans. The offer brought in such an avalanche of requests—seventeen thousand—that, although the offer expired in February, the sponsor was still catching up on orders in April.

Today, with two sponsors when most shows consider themselves lucky to have one, everybody connected with Holiday Ranch is extremely careful, extremely tactful, extremely nervous. When a viewer wrote in a few weeks ago, complaining that a guest quartet's song about "Peter, Paul and Moses playing ring-around-the-roses" was sacrilegious, nobody dismissed her letter lightly. For all they knew, she might stop buying Nabisco's shredded wheat or Aylmer's soup, and that could be the death knell of even such a popular show as Holiday Ranch. ★



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An Electrohome fan is an instrument of pure pleasure. From the moment you turn on its mighty motor—it is truly your friend. It calls up a friendly breeze that blows away heat and embraces your body in a moving blanket of cool, clean air. It is quieter than ice cubes melting in a tall glass. And so powerful that it would actually stop another fan facing it. Before heat stops you—put a stop to heat with an Electrohome fan. We make small fans, big fans, fans on wheels and floor models. Most of them are shown along the bottom. Happily each one is powerful—good looking and guaranteed for one year. Go get one—or two—or three. Keep cool with Electrohome. Prices range from \$8.95 to \$89.95.



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18" FAN—\$14.95  
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14" WINDOW FAN—  
\$44.95



8" FAN—\$8.95



12" HASSTOCK—\$59.95

ELECTROHOME, KITCHENER, ONTARIO





## How to show your appreciation in a zestful, palate-tingling way

By STUART TRUEMAN

"... again next week at the same time. And now this is Kyle Pfeffersmidt reminding you that when you try the wonderful, sunny-brown, flavor-packed, baked-in goodness of Old Beanpot Vitaminized Beans, you'll say, 'Thank you, Kyle Pfeffersmidt, for tipping me off to this taste-tantalizing treat.' So get some from your grocer tomorrow—and don't forget to tell him Kyle Pfeffersmidt sent you! Tell him you rocked and rolled to old Kyle's Merry Music Moods tonight and you want to show your appreciation to Kyle Pfeffersmidt in a practical, zestful, palate-tingling way! So long, and keep Kyling!"

Do I ever enjoy that show! I went right into Beetwill's grocery store the next morning—I'd never been there before—and said as directed, "Kyle Pfeffersmidt sent me."

Mr. Beetwill looked puzzled. He said to the girl, "Do we have an order for any Pfeffersmidt?" She shook her head. He eyed me suspiciously, as if I were trying to get away with something.

"Oh, you don't understand," I smiled. "Kyle Pfeffersmidt is the orchestra leader; he's in a night club in New York."

Mr. Beetwill frowned, perplexed. "That's a thousand miles away. He probably gets his groceries in New York, too."

"I don't want his groceries," I said. "I just want a can of beans."

Mr. Beetwill looked at the girl and tapped the side of his head—apparently he wanted her to think harder.

"Certainly," he said, eyeing me strangely. "Any special brand?"

To my dismay, I couldn't remember. The name eluded me. "Oh, you know," I said. "Kyle Pfeffersmidt's beans."

Mr. Beetwill's face sagged. He whispered agitatedly to the girl. She vanished out back.

A moment later she reappeared carrying a carton on which was scrawled: "Mr. Fefrsmit . . . To Call."

"Why, here you are!" Mr. Beetwill exclaimed. "How do you like that? We had your friend's order all the time—weren't we stupid?"

Now take it, please, and go quietly."

"Are you sure these are his beans?" I asked. The label on the can said Grandpap's Own Supergrade; it didn't sound right.

"Absolutely positive," Mr. Beetwill affirmed heartily, wrapping the can and thrusting it across the counter at me. "He phoned just a moment ago. Oh, don't bother to pay. I'll just charge it to Mr. Fef—to your friend's account. Good-by now!"

Then I remembered what else Kyle Pfeffersmidt had asked me to say. I announced, "I rocked and rolled to old Kyle's Merry Music Moods last night."

Mr. Beetwill seemed taken aback momentarily. Then he cleared his throat—I could have sworn he winked at the girl—and said, "We had a nice evening too. We had Aunt Mabel over."

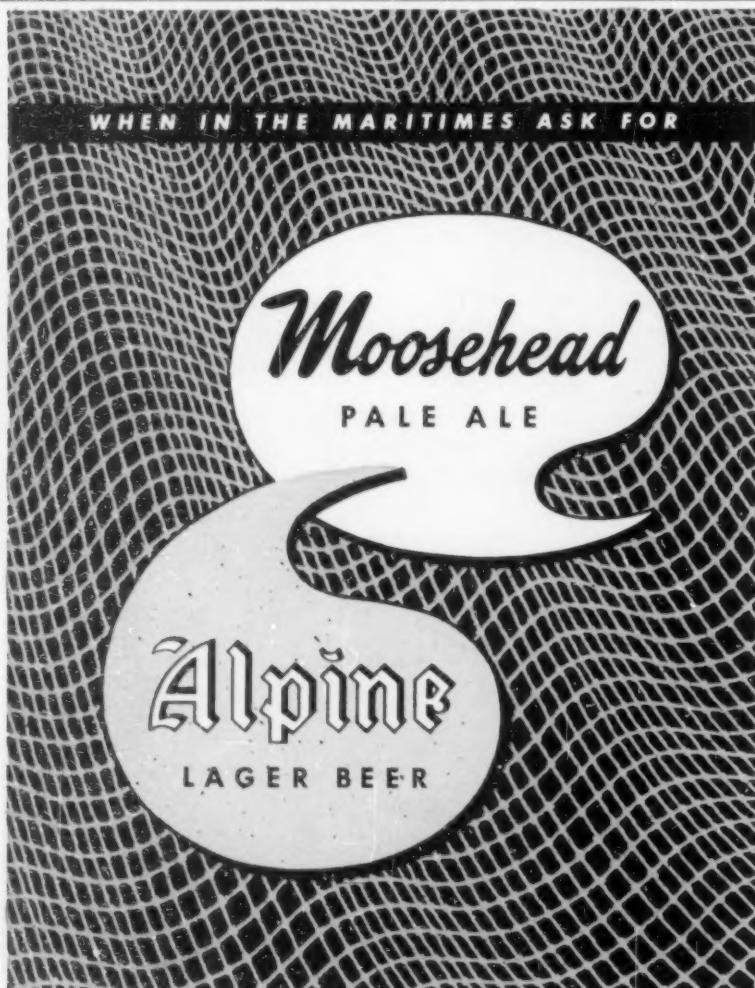
I added, "I'm here to show my appreciation in a practical, zestful, palate-tingling way."

Hastily Mr. Beetwill replied, "Don't do it here, please. Don't bother. That will be all right." He looked tense.

I walked out, carrying the parcel. Almost at once I heard the door slam behind me and the lock click.

A few steps down the street I looked back. They were both peering curiously from the display window.

I guess they don't sell a can of Grandpap's Own Supergrade beans very often. ★



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**GVW's ranging from 5000 to a  
walloping big 59,000 pounds**

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**Standard transmissions with up to  
10 forward speeds, three automatics,  
including revolutionary  
new-principle "Powermatic"**

3, 4, 5—up to 10 forward speeds and 2 reverse. Name it—and GMC's got it in standard transmissions. Automatic transmissions, too—three of them—Single or Twin Hydra-Matic and sensational new "Powermatic", a new principle in automatic operation.

**V8 or 6 power plants  
gasoline or diesel power plants  
ranging from 140 to a mighty 225 h.p.**

Twelve gasoline engines—both V8 and 6—and 3 powerful diesels make it easy to match your power plant to any load requirement. Yes, GMC offers you the widest choice, with horsepower ranging to a mighty 225.

**Widest range of heavy duty rear axles  
with greatly increased carrying  
capacities**

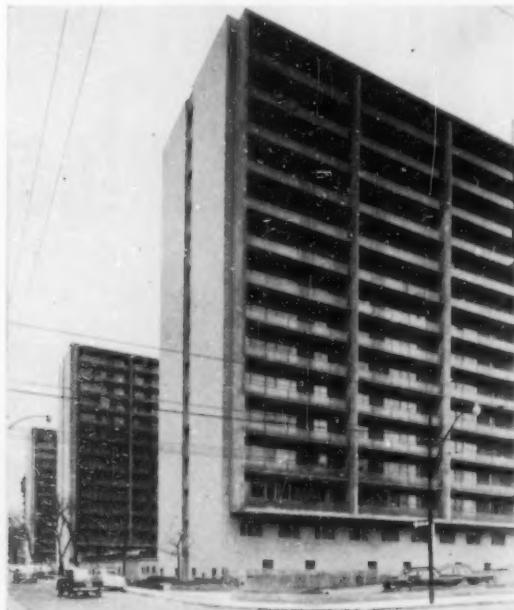
There's virtually no limit to the number of rear axles and ratios available with GMC trucks. Whatever hauling job or load conditions you have, GMC has the axle to handle it. Ask your dealer about GMC's revolutionary "Triple Torque Tandem"—the newest and best thing in heavy duty tandems.

*the truck with the greatest choice of everything*



## How the new flood of European money reaches Canada

Who really owns Canada? continued from page 13



The new eight-million-dollar City Park apartments in mid-town Toronto were built with Swiss backing.

WITH unobtrusive persistency Europeans have been buying into Canada at an even faster rate than the Americans. Their investments here, now worth almost a billion dollars, have trebled since the war, while the American stake (worth eleven billion) has doubled, and British interest (two billion) is up only slightly. Canadians see little of this European money's effects, because more than half the funds are held by obscurely named investment houses, which control manufacturing plants and real estate through layers of holding companies.

Because dollar-short European governments prohibit the export of money to Canada, it often arrives in a roundabout way, largely through Switzerland, which has a freely convertible currency and a handy law forbidding public disclosure of bank records. Almost ninety percent of incoming Swiss money really comes from other parts of Europe. Some of Europe's best business brains, after studying all of the free world's currencies, have picked Canada as the safest place for their personal fortunes.

On the theory that it is better to export equipment than dollars, West German businessmen have set up sixty branch plants here since 1945—borrowing from Canadian banks, using their imported

machines as collateral. The only other country where Germany has a bigger stake is Brazil, which has a large pool of frozen marks. West Germany's industrial infiltration of Canada includes a small but growing representation of the mighty Krupp of Essen steel complex, which already owns Ardelt Industries Ltd., a Kitchener, Ont., power-shovel manufacturer, and is investigating iron-ore deposits around Ungava Bay.

Other European manufacturing interests here include a Swedish ball-bearings plant, a Norwegian trailer factory, Italian automobile springs and construction-equipment makers, and French lingerie, precision-instrument and rare-gas producers. Belgian investors run an oil refinery. Dutch businessmen own Canada's tenth chartered

bank, two life-insurance companies and have interests in oil, electronics and soap. Swiss interests operate a dozen investment firms and make cement, chocolates, machinery and pharmaceuticals and own some of the most valuable downtown real estate in Toronto and Montreal.



Alfred Krupp

## "Will we be able to buy back our own economic destiny? The chances are getting smaller!"

investment—and the technical skills we have imported with it—our present standard of living would not be nearly as high. Oil, iron ore, copper and natural gas provide no employment as long as they remain in the ground.

But many Canadians are asking: Can we afford to let our rich neighbors develop our country for us?

Profits from the majority of this country's great projects are being collected by outsiders willing to take risks.

Canada's greatest period of growth has come at a time when most Canadians are not yet willing to gamble on their country's future.

Some businessmen argue it would be better to leave our resources in the ground than to allow outside interests to dominate and export them. But this reasoning, others say, entirely overlooks an important possibility: as new substitutes are developed, many raw materials may become useless. Why save assets that may have lost their value by the time we're ready to use them ourselves?

The crux of the problem, both sides agree, is this: will we eventually be able to buy back direction of our own economic destiny?

If the present trend continues, our chances of doing so will get constantly smaller. A quarter of a century ago two thirds of U. S. investment here was in scattered stock and bond holdings with no accompanying control. But since 1945 six out of ten American dollars crossing the border have come to acquire direct business control.

There is nothing unusual about an older economy supporting the venture enterprises of a younger, less wealthy

nation. That's how new countries, including the U. S., have always been developed. But Canada's current situation, experts warn, is not comparable to past capital migrations. Early American and early Canadian growth was financed by British capital through bonds. This was straight borrowing. Bondholders gain control of a company only if it goes into bankruptcy and is unable to meet interest obligations.

But U. S. businessmen have acquired a major portion of Canada's equity stock—the common shares that signify that their holders own the company "in common." Unlike bondholders, who play a passive coupon-clipping role, common-stock owners run companies.

Bonds are simply paid off. But the owners of a company cannot be forced to give up their property without nationalizing the company's assets—which is unlikely to be done in Canada. Therefore, some economists say, we have irretrievably lost control over the most dynamic sector of our economy.

While Americans have been acquiring common stock, Canadians have been more interested in buying bonds. This could turn out to have been a wise move under only one set of economic circumstances: if a serious recession develops, bondholders will continue to receive their interest, while common-stock owners will no longer get dividends. But Canada's business future looks bright, with no sign of a crippling recession ahead.

There's another paradox in Canada's international finance position: every time we sell a chunk of Canada to prime our business development, we have to sell another chunk to maintain

our standard of living. We have been caught in this unique economic treadmill because of our tilted trade balance with the U. S.

We now buy seventy-five percent of our imports from south of the border, but sell Americans only sixty percent of our exports. The deficit—four billion dollars since 1949—has largely been covered by selling U. S. investors an increasing share of Canada. This method of equalizing the trade gap has been so successful that it has raised our standard of living to the second highest in the world. But every time that standard goes up we buy more from the U. S.—further widening our trade deficit. To pay for this new buying we have to give up more business control. One way out of this trade trap would be to boost our sales to the U. S. But Canadian exporters face stiff tariffs, graded upward according to the degree of processing.

### We export two million jobs

A potentially even more serious situation, some economists claim, is the Americans' rapidly increasing control over our natural resources. Canada's stock of raw materials, they point out, is a bank balance which cannot be drawn upon indefinitely. Reserves of many raw materials in the U. S. are approaching exhaustion. Nearly every industrialized nation is lining up to buy Canadian raw materials. "It almost looks," the Financial Times of London concluded recently, "as if the whole world were in a conspiracy to find more and more uses for Canada's natural resources."

More than eighty percent of our exports leave the country in raw (pulpwood, iron ore) or semi-processed (flour, aluminum ingots) form. Nearly the same proportion of our imports are semi-manufactured or finished goods. Economists estimate that we export two million industrial jobs along with our raw materials.

Max W. Mackenzie, a former federal deputy minister of trade and commerce, now president of Canadian Chemical Cellulose Co. Ltd., told the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects: "To the extent that Canadian pulpwood in its raw form is exported, to be processed in another country, we obtain something less than one cent per pound and we provide little employment beyond that of cutting the tree. Acetate yarn at \$1.20 per pound means an enhancement of more than 120 times in value. It also means a multiplication of employment, direct and indirect, that can hardly be measured."

Ontario conservation authorities estimate that a Sunday edition of the New York Times uses the product of eighty acres of forest, representing at least twenty-four thousand Canadian trees.

Canada, of course, obtains very real benefits from American woods operations. The Marathon Paper Mill installation in northern Ontario taps three million acres of forest. It ships most of the bleached kraft pulp it produces to its U. S. parent company for further processing. In 1933, before American investment moved in, Marathon had a population of one—Frank Zanni, the local CPR section foreman. Today Marathon is a prosperous town of



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For more than a year, thousands of Canadians have found these special advantages add up to more power, longer engine life, greater economy. Change to Mobil oil Special—it's the *finer* oil for the finest cars on the road. You can feel the difference!

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Gilbey's is the full strength gin—smooth yet lively. Your favourite recipe will take on a new authority when it's made with Gilbey's. Costs no more than ordinary gin!



**GILBEY'S**  
in the famous square frosted bottle

### What Canadians own outside of Canada

**W**HILE Canadians have been losing an increasing share of control over their resources at home, they have been busy acquiring property abroad. The value of Canada's foreign-based assets has doubled since 1945. It now exceeds seven billion dollars.

Canada's most important U. S. holdings are in the distilling and brewing industries. We also control major shares of the American orange-juice, concrete-block and office-forms business. George R. Gardiner, a Toronto financier, recently paid twenty-one million dollars for the pre-1948 Warner Bros. film library as the first step by a

Canadian group, including Lou Chesler, of Toronto, to obtain old films of major Hollywood studios, in addition to Warner's, for showing on TV screens. For another eleven million Gardiner also acquired a U. S. factory producing pari-mutuel betting machines.

Canada's direct investment abroad is spread among some three hundred companies engaged in everything from tin mining in southwest Africa, to running streetcars in Brazil. A fleet of Canadian-owned dredges is eating up the banks of Colombia's Nechi River, searching the mud for specks of gold. Canadian companies operate power and telephone sys-



Canadian-owned dredging firm mines for gold in Colombia.

twenty-five hundred, with paved streets, a hotel, a golf course, an indoor swimming pool, a theatre, a hospital and a hockey and curling arena.

The Americans' grip over our forest resources is not nearly so great as their stranglehold on Canada's petroleum industry. Dominion Bureau of Statistics figures show that at the end of 1953, U. S. capital controlled about sixty percent of Canadian oil exploration, seventy percent of oil refining, almost half of petroleum product merchandising and all of the country's oil-transportation facilities.

Of the 900 oil-exploration companies operating in Canada during 1953, when the government survey was taken, 529 were American-controlled. Canadian investment men privately estimate that if the many interlocking partnerships are included, ninety percent of Canadian oil reserves are today under U. S. control. The recent acquisition of majority shares in British American Oil by the Gulf Oil Corporation leaves only one integrated petroleum firm under our own control—Canadian Oil Companies, which markets "White Rose" gasolines.

The oil industry has spent three billion dollars in Canada during the last decade—the equivalent of Canada's national debt at the beginning of World War II. Canadian investors were at first so shy of oil stocks that almost all the original exploration capital was American. Imperial Oil, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, spent twenty-three million dollars vainly drilling one hundred and thirty-three dry wells in Alberta. Then in 1947 it struck one of the world's great oil fields at Leduc. Imperial today owns one third of Canada's producing wells and reserves.

While sixty-nine percent of Imperial's common stock is owned by its

U. S. parent, the company has forty thousand Canadian shareholders and is probably the most Canadianized of all large American subsidiaries. Of the thirteen thousand employees on Imperial's payroll, only thirty are U. S. citizens. Canadianization is carried to such a pitch that directors are encouraged to take French lessons. "If the spread of the American way of living is to be conducted on a basis of absentee ownership, then Americans must reconcile themselves to the hostility that has frequently been the lot of the absentee owner in all parts of the world," says Trevor Moore, an Imperial vice-president. He insists there is occasionally a vast difference between ownership and control. "There is no more comprehensive system of checks on the operating freedom of a company than the laws of the country in which it happens to be operating."

#### The U. S. banks on Newfoundland

Canada's most controversial postwar resource development has been exploitation of Labrador iron-ore deposits by Iron Ore Co. of Canada—a U. S.-incorporated syndicate of six American steel companies associated with Canadian-owned Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines interests and Labrador Mining and Exploration Co. The group this year will ship out twelve million tons of ore—one sixth of it to Canadian steel mills. Exports will be stepped up to at least twenty million tons a year when the seaway is open. The U. S. Department of the Interior forecasts that by 1975 more than thirty percent of U. S. iron-ore needs will have to come from Canada. Newfoundland's premier, Joseph Smallwood, flatly predicts that "the future industrial greatness of the U. S. depends on the mineral wealth of Labrador."



Toronto financier George Gardiner paid \$21 million for a chunk of Hollywood—including the late Jean Harlow's best movies.

tems in Brazil, Jamaica, Mexico, Bolivia, British Guiana, Salvador and Venezuela.

Canadian businessmen own smelters in Norway, Sweden and Italy and agricultural-implement plants in England, West Germany, France, South Africa, Australia, and New

Zealand. Canadian mining know-how is at work in the nickel mines of British Guiana, copper deposits of Ireland and the Dominican Republic, the gold fields of Nicaragua and the Orange Free State. Canadian prospectors are searching for zinc high in Peru's Andes mountains.



Canadian-run Brazilian Traction lights up Rio de Janeiro.

On the Quebec side of the Labrador deposits, the Iron Ore Co. holds exclusive rights over territory nearly twice the size of Prince Edward Island. Aside from the usual mining taxes, the Iron Ore Co. pays the Quebec government a royalty of one hundred thousand dollars a year, regardless of tonnage shipped. Including sales from its Newfoundland deposits, the company's 1955 working profit is estimated by The Financial Post at close to twenty million dollars.

Quebec's Liberal leader, Georges Lapalme, once charged that Premier Maurice Duplessis "committed a crime against the people of Quebec" in granting the Iron Ore Co. concessions. "There is not a single man with a head on his shoulders," the premier retorted, "who cannot believe that this is not a work of genius."

The Labrador iron-ore deposit was discovered by a government geologist, A. P. Low, in 1895. Canadian capital did nothing to develop the find; most of our steel mills continued to import their ore from the U. S.

Before the first ton of Labrador ore moved south on the Iron Ore Company's own railroad, the company's backers had to pump in \$250 million—the largest pre-production cost of any mine in Canadian history. Of this amount \$145 million was borrowed from insurance companies. Canadian firms were given the first chance to participate. They invested only two million dollars. "They felt that the development of the north country was not properly justified, so the bulk of our money came from American insurance companies," recalls W. H. Durrell, the Iron Ore Company's general manager. "That was a blow to me. I am a Canadian."

The Iron Ore Company development led, among other things, to construction

of a 360-mile railroad. Built as an unsubsidized public carrier, this line is expected to stimulate development of Labrador's still-uncounted treasures.

The dispute surrounding Labrador's iron ore has focused attention on measures to tighten exports of Canada's natural resources. An American plan to use power from a diverted Yukon River to run an aluminum smelter in Alaska was squashed by Ottawa, as was Kaiser Aluminum's Columbia River storage-dam project, which would have flooded parts of British Columbia without providing Canada with any of the power produced.

The provincial governments have been reviewing their royalty regulations. Some plan to adopt a tougher attitude. Provinces receive various benefits from exploitation of natural resources within their borders. Royalties on natural gas, oil and mineral production usually take the form of a special tax on the developer's net profits. Rates vary from province to province and from mineral to mineral. Alberta has collected \$456 million from oil royalties since the 1947 Leduc strike. Its policy of levying twelve and a half percent on oil-production value has cut provincial debt by half since 1936 and the province expects to be debt free by 1975. The funds are used to build highways, bridges and schools. In 1935, when the present Social Credit government first took office, the provincial debt was \$170 million and credit was so poor that banks refused to cash civil-service pay cheques.

While the continuing acquisition of Canada's natural resources by the Americans is likely to have greater future effects on Canada's economic welfare, most Canadians are more aware of U. S. ownership in Canadian manufacturing. U. S. firms regard this country as merely an extension of their

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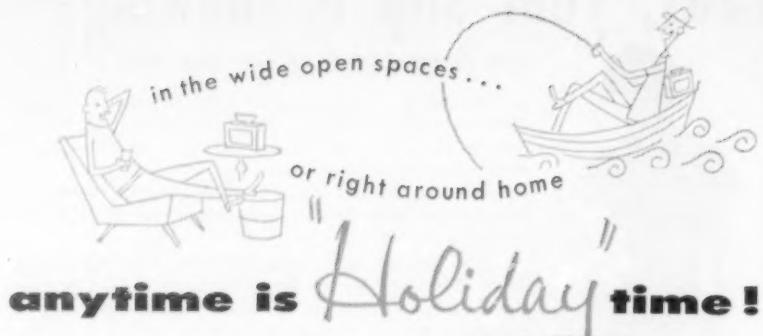
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home market, and automatically turn to Canada when looking for a foreign-sales outlet. An American company usually decides to manufacture here when surveys indicate a Canadian sales potential equivalent to ten percent of U. S. domestic demand.

American businessmen have become so eager to buy Canadian interests that an enterprising Boston businessman has established a clearing house for the acquisition of Canadian firms. His company teases Canadian executives with ads and letters asking if they are interested in selling "control or a hundred percent" of their business to an American concern.

The greatest advantage of the U. S. money invasion has been its accompanying inflow of technology. The parent companies of the six largest American-owned Canadian subsidiaries each year spend as much on research as all Canadian industry.

The chief complaint directed at U. S. parent companies is that most of them are wholly controlled, with not even a minority of Canadian stockholders permitted to share directly in profits earned in their own country. The only way a Canadian investor can participate is to buy shares of the parent corporation. But the dividend policies of the father firm are decided by how it fared in its over-all operations and do not necessarily reflect its activities in the prosperous Canadian market.

Why do so few American companies sell stock in their Canadian subsidiaries? One reason is a peculiar quirk in our tax law. The tax rate on a U. S. company's Canadian profits taken back across the border is two thirds lower if Canadian ownership is kept under five percent. In his last budget speech

Finance Minister Walter Harris hinted that this regulation—originally designed to encourage U. S. risk capital—may soon be revised.

But Canadian stockbrokers doubt that a new law will have much effect. U. S. companies, they claim, are too fond of the freedom of action that goes with ownership. To admit even a few Canadian shareholders would force them to publish separate balance sheets. Some U. S.-owned operations do sell their stock in Canada. "As far as we're concerned, there are advantages in having Canadians own shares in our company," says R. C. Berkinshaw, president and general manager of Goodyear of Canada, in which Canadian investors hold a twenty-percent interest. "Shareholders favor our products and their interest helps maintain a better understanding of our business policy."

Parent-child corporation dealings can cause trouble. "Many times the personal interests of the parent company dictate the policy of the subsidiary, even if their decision is not in the best interest of Canada or of Canadians," Dr. G. E. Hall, president of the University of Western Ontario, told a group of American businessmen in Boston last fall, after accusing his audience of taking Canada for granted.

A year ago, when the American Locomotive Company needed extra capital, it declared a fat nine-dollar dividend for its Canadian subsidiary, Montreal Locomotive Works. That netted the U. S. parent—as MLW's majority shareholder—more than three million dollars. But it meant that MLW's 3,500 Canadian shareholders received an unexpectedly high dividend, which in many cases boosted



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### Are the British making a comeback in Canada?

NEARLY all the initial capital that built Canada's railroads, thus uniting and opening up the country, was British. And U. K. financiers invested millions of pounds

here in trust companies that loaned money to farmers and originally financed most Canadian towns and cities.

But the ruinous cost of two world

them into higher income-tax brackets. Four Canadian businessmen who had been serving on the company's board of directors resigned in protest.

In spite of an occasional conflict of interests, even this country's most nationalistic executives have few complaints about U. S. business behavior here. But many Canadians, witnessing this country's decade-long boom, are wondering why we have needed such a tremendous influx of foreign funds. Government statistics show that Canadian savings could have financed ninety-four percent of our postwar growth. Yet Canadian dollars have barely paid for seventy-five percent of our total expansion, and we have lost control over most of our natural resources.

Canadians save more than a billion dollars out of their incomes every year. They salt so much of their money away into bank- and trust-company deposits and life-insurance policies that they have, since the war, achieved one of the world's highest savings rates. But relatively little money is put to work developing the country. Since 1947 Canadians have bought stocks and bonds worth barely one sixth of the twelve billion dollars they have saved.

To pep up Canadian investment more and more companies are issuing convertible debentures—a form of bond that allows the holder to switch into common shares, if the change becomes profitable.

A major source of new capital in Canada is the reinvestment of premium and mortgage payments by Canadian life-insurance companies. By law these institutions are allowed to have up to fifteen percent of their assets in common stocks. Yet their "risk capital"

holdings amount to less than three percent. Even the arch-conservative Governor of the Bank of Canada, James E. Coyne, has complained that Canada's insurance companies are too conservative.

Only a venturesome state of mind can turn savings into risk capital. To grubstake its growth, Canada needs investors willing to lose all or part of their money. The odds are long. Between 1904 and 1953, for example, only 1.56 percent of the mining companies incorporated in Ontario reached production. An estimated ninety-seven

percent of Canadian oil drilling has turned up nothing but dust. Most Canadians never gamble on such long shots. "There is no risk capital in Quebec," says provincial Trade and Commerce Minister Paul Beaulieu. "The province would quickly nose dive into bankruptcy if it had to wait for it."

Four years ago, A. F. Campo, McColl-Frontenac Oil Company's general sales manager, tried to interest Canadian investors in backing a new oil operation. "I knew there was plenty of room for another oil company," he recalls, "but when I started talking the

matter over with financial people, I found skepticism and fear and couldn't get anybody to come along with me." Then mutual friends introduced him to executives of *La Compagnie Financière Belge des Pétroles*, in Brussels. The oil-wise Belgians surveyed the Canadian market and within ninety days decided to stake fifteen million dollars in an attempt to capture ten percent of eastern Canada's oil market. They formed Canadian Petrofina Ltd., with Campo as executive vice-president. By last December Petrofina had 1,200 stations, owned an interest in 456 gas and oil

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wars forced British investors to sell off much of their Canadian property. U. K. investment in Canada today is over two billion dollars. It was close to three billion in 1931. More than six hundred British firms now have substantial interests here, the biggest being A. V. Roe Canada Ltd., at Malton, Ont., which as the holding company for a dozen subsidiaries provides jobs for twenty-four thousand Canadians. Since the war British businessmen have established few new major industries in Canada. Many prefer to acquire controlling interests in existing firms.

Despite their currency-export restrictions, the British are now investing almost a hundred million dollars a year in Canada. Direct U. K. investments include Newfoundland's largest pulp and paper mills, major shares of Canada's chemical, aircraft, construction, electric cable, tire, paint, tobacco and cosmetics industries, as well as several large real-estate holdings. The most spectacular natural-resource investment is the recent purchase of control in Joseph Hirshhorn's Blind River uranium interests by the U. K.'s world-girdling Rio Tinto syndicate, which has also outlined five hundred million tons of iron ore in Labrador and holds a major share in a fifty-five-million-dollar copper prospect at Warden Bay, Sask.

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wells. Its 1955 net profit topped a million dollars.

Some Canadian businessmen blame this country's tax laws for the lack of risk capital. "It would be wrong to assert that tax considerations are primarily responsible for the growth in foreign investment in Canada," J. G. Glassco, a leading Toronto accountant, told the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, "but it is undoubtedly true that in two ways at least, taxation has played a part in shaping the pattern which has developed." He pointed out that the joint

impact of income tax and succession duties often makes it difficult for Canadians to retain business control. Some tax laws, he said, prevent Canadian capital from competing on equal terms.

Americans can throw their money into the hunt for Canadian oil and deduct their losses from their personal income tax. Canadians have no similar concession. Also, U. S. tax reductions to compensate for risks in petroleum exploration are more generous for U. S. companies developing Canadian wells than the tax write-offs allowed Canadian companies.

Our tax regulations, experts say, discourage the issue of more common stocks. A company can deduct the interest it pays to its bondholders from taxable income. But dividends have to be paid out of net profits. That means it's usually cheaper for a company to get new capital through the issue of more bonds.

Tax provisions are also responsible for the success of U. S. mutual funds—co-operatives of American investors which hire experts to place their savings into Canadian stock. The U. S. income-tax levy on the sale of Canadian

mutual fund shares is about half as great as the tax rate American investors pay on dividends from U. S. stocks. Seven American mutual funds with assets of nearly three hundred million dollars are now operating here. Canadian Investment Fund, one of the most successful, bought up Canadian shares worth twelve million dollars in forty-eight hours in May 1952. The Scudder Fund invested a million dollars every three days for four months.

Ironically, Canadians seem to have more faith in profit-making possibilities outside their country—even in industries like mining, which has been booming at home. While control of more than half of Canadian mining has slipped into U. S. hands, Canadian investment in American mines has increased four hundred percent in the last decade. We now hold foreign assets worth more than seven billion dollars. If this money had been invested at home (and we could have obtained the necessary know-how) U. S. economic influence in Canada would today be less than half what it is.

After the Swiss and British, Canadians are the largest holders of U. S. stocks and bonds. But our caution as investors shows up even in the relatively safer U. S. market. While we bought heavily into American bonds last year we sold sixty-two million dollars worth of our U. S. common-stock holdings. "We are a conservative people," says Dr. J. R. Petrie, a Montreal investment economist. "I wish we had as much confidence in our future as our American neighbors seem to have."

The dollar-restricted, but investment-anxious financiers of Europe have demonstrated the most confidence in Canada's future. Their stake here is now worth almost a billion dollars, nearly four times the 1939 total. A popular venture has been to purchase quarter interest in a medium-sized manufacturing operation as a useful starting point for further investment.

Because they believe this country is the safest abode for their wealth, many of the world's richest families are secretly funneling more and more money into Canada. Almost everyone with money, the world over, is investing in Canada. The national Bank of Indo-China operates a Winnipeg real-estate firm and was until recently one of the silent partners in a Moncton biscuit and potato-chip plant. The Suez Canal Company owns part of a Montreal investment firm, as well as a share in an Alberta oil producer.

While other investors have been expanding their share of Canada, British holdings have declined to just over two billion dollars from almost three billion in 1931. But with the troubles over Middle-Eastern oil, the racial unrest in Africa and the gradual dropping away of Britain's assets in Asia, United Kingdom investors are now renewing their spending here. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company controls part of Alberta's Redwater oil field and interests associated with the fabulous Rothschild family hold exclusive development rights over large areas of mineral-rich Newfoundland and Labrador.

Canada already has more private foreign capital within its borders than any other country in the world. But the money invasion continues, at a rate of more than a billion dollars a year. ★

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gave the utmost publicity to the scandals of the Taschereau administration, promised to enlarge the prisons so that all those who were guilty could be incarcerated therein, and at the same time profited from the inexperience and indolence of Paul Gouin to grab from the latter most of his followers. In 1936 he brought to the assault of the Liberal government, led by Mr. J. A. Godbout, a coalition labeled the Union Nationale, having dismissed from it his partner of the day before, Gouin.

The Union Nationale is therefore essentially (and has always been) the Conservative Party of Quebec, to which have been attached some discontented Liberals and some independents. Since that time, the entire strategy of Duplessis has followed one precise aim: to keep with him the greatest number of electors who belong to no party or who, with Liberal sympathies at Ottawa, find it advantageous to vote for the Union Nationale in Quebec.

Let us recall 1939. The big guns of the federal Liberal Party—Lapointe, Cardin, Rinfret and Power—shot Duplessis at point-blank range; he was crushed. In 1944 the independents broke away from the Union Nationale to form the Bloc Populaire Canadien, led at Ottawa by Mr. Maxime Raymond and at Quebec by Mr. André Laurendeau. Mr. Godbout went all out to keep in power. The Union Nationale, reduced to the votes of the old Conservatives, gained a majority of seats with a minority of votes. If the Bloc Populaire had elected four or five members more and the Union Nationale four or five members less in that 1944 election, the history of Quebec over the last twelve years might have been changed; Mr. Godbout would have remained in power and the Bloc Populaire would have ended by galvanizing and absorbing all the opposition forces. Mr. Duplessis perhaps would have still remained a member of the legislature, and perhaps he might have gone back to being a small-town lawyer.

#### Independents hold the power

In 1948 the Bloc Populaire disappeared, and Mr. Duplessis found himself facing only the Liberal Party; he thoroughly exploited Quebec grievances against Ottawa's fiscal centralization and he swept the province. Godbout, the Liberal Party chieftain, was beaten and resigned; only eight Liberals sat in Quebec, with only one of any stature, Mr. George Marler. In 1952 Duplessis once again went all out in regard to tax agreements, and he was sent back to power with a reduced majority, but still very powerful.

This story in general outline of the Union Nationale allows us to put our finger on a striking fact. The ability of Mr. Duplessis to consolidate his power has depended on his ability to manoeuvre so that the independent vote would be on his side. With only his own partisans he is incapable of obtaining power or keeping it except on the most precarious terms.

What is this independent vote? It is made up of intellectuals, of social workers, educators, trade-union leaders, people outstanding in the co-operative movement, members of the clergy—in short, of that minority of people who do not easily allow themselves to be enlisted in a political party, but rather are careful to examine problems on their merits and to make their conduct

conform with their personal convictions.

In some ways, this independent vote constitutes the political conscience of the province of Quebec. It is this that formulates criticisms and arouses remorseful feelings; it is this that by voting, sometimes for one party, sometimes for the other, rewards good work and punishes weaknesses.

But then the question arises: why is this independent vote, enlightened and personal, so frequently on the side of Duplessis, this unscrupulous and unprincipled man, carefree of the liberty of the individual? The answer is simple: Duplessis resisted the encroachments of Ottawa, whereas the provincial Liberals were ready to throw overboard the constitutional guarantees enjoyed by Quebec.

French Canadians should be represented as they are, not as people would like them to be. They are an important minority in Canada, but insignificant

in North America. They hold fast to their culture, and they know that it is for them to preserve and expand such culture. They cannot count on others to do this for them—neither on the Anglo-Canadians nor on the Americans.

Experience shows that a people can only with difficulty safeguard and promote its culture, if it is not master of its political and economic life; minorities without government are minorities that vegetate and, in the long run, are destined to disappear. The only government that French

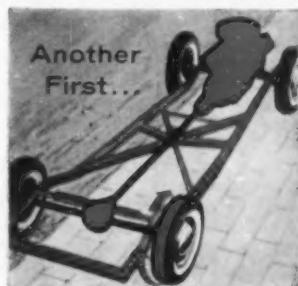
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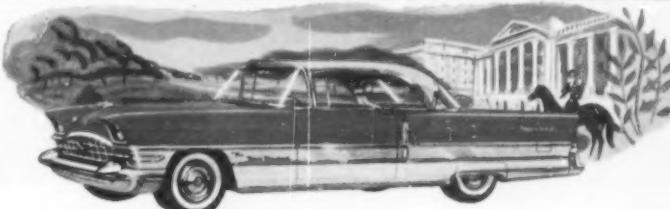
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Canadians control is that of Quebec. Neither at Ottawa nor in the other Canadian provinces have they a preponderating voice. Let us reverse the situation: let us suppose that North America has a French civilization and that nine Canadian provinces out of ten are in majority French-speaking. The tenth province—let us say Ontario or British Columbia—is of the English language and culture. What would be the natural instinct of that population that is English-speaking? It would be vigorously autonome, opposed to any encroachment of the central power on its constitutional prerogatives. Such a state of mind would probably irritate the French majority of Canada, but it would, just the same, have to be taken into account.

I shall be told: "But French Canadians are at home everywhere in Canada. Why are they so determined to make Quebec into a kind of reserve for the natives?" I grant that French Canadians are at home everywhere in Canada by virtue of their status as discoverers and, frequently enough, as first settlers. But they are at home on the condition that they agree to be treated as one of thirty or forty minorities who have immigrated into Canada during the last century.

Every time I expressed in the west the dissatisfaction of western French Canadians at being deprived of their own schools—such as the English-speaking people in Quebec possess—I was told: "But if we grant privileges to French Canadians, we should have to do the same for the Germans, the Ukrainians, the Dutch, etc."

This confusion between the French Canadians, discoverers and first occupants of the country, and immigrants of recent date is the sore spot of the misunderstandings that exist in Canada. If Canada is or should become a country of two cultures, then the French Canadian who lives in Quebec, Montreal, St. Boniface or Maillardville should be treated in the same way as the Anglo-Canadian who lives in Chicoutimi or Rimouski. Otherwise, the French Canadian will feel that he is a second-class citizen in Canada, will shut himself up in Quebec and keep up a continuous fight against any attempt on the part of Ottawa to tamper with the only government he really controls.

Such a government might well be mediocre, it might even be corrupt, but at least it is his own and he is in a position to change it, whereas everywhere else in Canada he feels he is in a minority and treated like a minority.

It is because he has capitalized on this profound instinct, common to all minorities in the world, that Mr. Duplessis has succeeded in keeping himself in power for such a long time. Because he has exploited this sentiment, he has been represented in the English-speaking provinces as being anti-English.

Outside Quebec, Duplessis is judged by his words. That is a big mistake. Most of his declarations are not destined for export but for local consumption only. Even when he denounces the trespass of the federal government on the rights of the provinces, he keeps on friendly terms with the federal Liberals. From 1948 to 1955 there existed in at least half of the Quebec ridings nonaggression pacts between the federal MP and the provincial MLA. In Montmagny, for example, the federal member is the Hon. Jean Lesage, Minister of Northern Affairs, and the provincial member is the Hon. Antoine Rivard, Quebec Minister of Transport. When a provincial election comes along, the Hon. Lesage arranges to visit the territories under the jurisdiction of his department; when a federal election gets under way, the



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## Is the Duplessis team now too old to fight the big guns from Ottawa?

Hon. Rivard takes a holiday at Banff or Paris. During such times, the Hon. Lesage's organizers are quite free to work for the Hon. Rivard, or vice versa. The Liberal member elected last fall in St. Jean-Iberville-Napierville, in the by-election made necessary by the death of the Hon. Alcide Côté, postmaster general, was no other than the organizer for the Hon. Paul Beaujieu, commerce minister in the Duplessis cabinet. We should therefore take with a grain of salt the violent campaigns that are waged by the Quebec prime minister against federal encroachments.

The people of Quebec, by mere political instinct, have no liking for the same party to be in power at Ottawa and at Quebec. They fear that a common allegiance may entail dangerous abandonments; and so they vote for St. Laurent at Ottawa and for Duplessis at Quebec, convinced that St. Laurent does honor them at Ottawa, and Duplessis protects them at Quebec. Liberals and Unionists have felt this instinct of the electorate and have built it up into a system. Not too long ago, it would have been thought indecent for a French Canadian to pass from one party to the other with such facility; today, it is a common thing: Liberal at Ottawa, Unionist at Quebec—that is a formula of national unity that has been much in fashion for some ten years now.

And it is this that caused the despair of Mr. Georges Lapalme, leader of the provincial Liberal Party. He was compelled to fight on two fronts: against his opponents to the front of him, and against his friends from behind who played their games at his expense. Were it not for this kind of treason on the part of the federal Liberals, the Duplessis government would be in danger, because it is losing the independent vote.

In 1948 and in 1952 thousands of voters, orphaned by the disappearance of the Bloc Populaire Canadien, regretfully voted for Duplessis, because they were confident that despite all his faults, he would end the victor in the fight for the fiscal autonomy of the province. Now that this question seems to be on the point of being settled, their conscience is freed; at the next election, they will demand from Duplessis a strict accounting of his administration. Mr. René Hamel, former member of the Bloc Populaire Canadien at Ottawa, is organizer for the Liberal Party for the district of Quebec. Mr. René Chaloult, independent member from 1936 to 1952 will, it appears, wage a campaign against the Union Nationale. It is even possible that he may be an independent candidate with Liberal support in a riding in the Quebec city district.

Duplessis is losing the independent vote, and he knows it. It seems on the other hand that he cannot count any longer on this portion of Liberals who vote for St. Laurent at Ottawa and Duplessis at Quebec. Mr. Lapalme launched his electoral campaign at the Chateau Frontenac on April 28, with Mr. St. Laurent and four cabinet ministers at the head table. Speaking on behalf of the federal Liberals, the Hon. Hugues Lapointe, Minister of Veterans Affairs, declared: "Liberals of the Province of Quebec are proud to tell you, Mr. Lapalme, that they are ready to fight by your side and under your orders and that they share the same ideals of frankness, liberty and devotion to public affairs."

Such a strong commitment from a cabinet minister is a new pattern in

Quebec politics. It seems that for the first time since 1939 the big federal artillery will spit fire on Mr. Duplessis. The local co-existence pacts, which flourished during the last ten years in half of the Quebec constituencies, have come to an end.

The 1948 and 1952 general elections were a sure bet for the Union Nationale. But this time the strict hold of the party on the Province of Quebec is

being seriously challenged.

The Duplessis team is dangerously old. The ministers are aged, tired, sick; the organizers have grown fat. Even the ordinary members are prosperous and satisfied. On the other hand, the Liberals have their tongues hanging out and their stomachs empty. They are hungry for power and for the sweets of office.

The world, it is said, belongs to

those who get up early. If we have to judge by the behavior of the Liberal Party and of the Union Nationale on the eve of the election campaign, we may have some doubts about the future of the Duplessis government. One thing that is certain is the leader, should he happen to be defeated, will not be regretted. He is surrounded by a swarm of flatterers, but he has few friends. We might even now predict that, a few years after his disappearance, there will be found in the party a Khrushchev to topple him from his pedestal. ★



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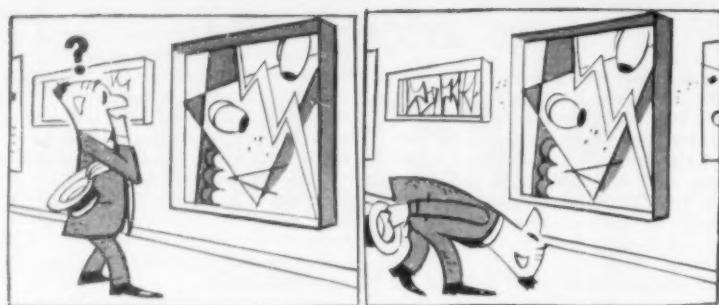
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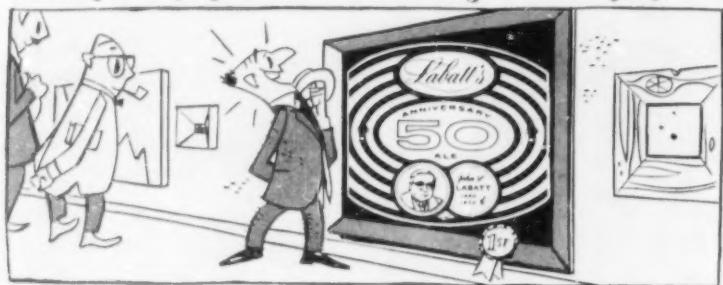
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In the July Issue — HOW TO SEE THE SEAWAY

I married a count continued from page 19

**The Count assembling boxcars? The president was amazed. "We'll fix that," he said**

morning it had occurred to us that perhaps these luxuries were not gratis. Laszlo would not ask about the cost—"That would look terrible!"—so, privately, I did. The proprietor seemed amazed that I, a countess, should bother with such mundane matters. But he told me that our bill, so far, was a mere fifty dollars. And we had budgeted barely twice that for a full week!

If we checked out now, we and possibly the entire aristocracy would surely be disgraced. A small deception spared us from that. I phoned my mother in Hamilton and spoke to her in Magyar. Within an hour a telegram came for us. "Come home," it said. "Mother ill." As we were leaving we showed it to the proprietor. He said again how great an honor it had been to serve us and he hoped that Mama would soon be well again. We spent the rest of our vacation in a somewhat crummy cabin half a mile away.

Though I believe the innkeeper was only giving us the treatment he expected we expected, there have been one or two cases of sheer banditry against the title. Once, when Laszlo needed a new suit, he happened to admire one a Hungarian friend of ours had just bought. "Go see Joe So-and-So," the friend said, "I'll tell him you're coming." Our friend told the tailor to take good care of Count—not Mister—Cziraky. And he did. When Laszlo's suit arrived it was exactly the same as our friend's. But the bill was forty dollars more.

Once, I must admit, Laszlo's rank almost did him some good—but it turned out to be *too* good. It happened not long after we were married, when Laszlo was working in a steel mill. At a party he was introduced to the president of a large manufacturing company in Hamilton. The president was astounded to hear that he was then assembling boxcars for a living. "You must come to see me on Monday," he said. "We'll fix that."

Laszlo went, hopefully. The president took him to one of his department heads, then another and another. In the end he seemed distressed. "My

dear Count," he said, "there doesn't seem to be any worthwhile opening just now. I'll phone you the minute we find something to suit you and your name." The president may be awaiting a vacancy on the board of directors, for we haven't heard from him yet.

The name of Cziraky ranks among the oldest in Hungary. According to a family legend, one of its first owners stood guard at the tent of Attila the Hun, in the fifth century. It was much more recently—in 1672—that one of the Hapsburg kings rewarded a Cziraky's brave deeds in battle by making him a count. Over the years, his titled descendants built up two vast feudal estates at Denesfa and Lovasbereny, industrial farms on which three hundred tenant families raised crops, cattle and timber. The ancestral manor at Lovasbereny was a magnificent but draughty castle set in a huge garden.

Laszlo fell heir to it in 1935—at fourteen—when his father died. As a youth he became known across Hungary as a keen sportsman. He drove fast horses and sports cars, hunted with the gentry and played on the same soccer team with his tenant farmers. At twenty-one he became the lord of Lovasbereny. His annual income, to support his mother and two sisters, was a hundred thousand dollars.

Early in 1944 the Germans marched into Hungary, conscripted Laszlo into the Hungarian army and seized his lands. They passed into Russian hands a year later and Laszlo fled to Budapest. There, under an assumed name, he lived with his family until 1947, when his identity was discovered and he was jailed by the Communists as "an enemy of the state." His crime, of course, was being an aristocrat in the new people's republic.

On Dec. 23, 1948, he was suddenly released. Four days later the police again came looking for him but he had escaped into the U. S. zone of Austria. His cousin, Prince Paul Esterhazy, was arrested that same day as a co-conspirator with Cardinal Mindszenty. He was jailed for fifteen years, a fate Laszlo



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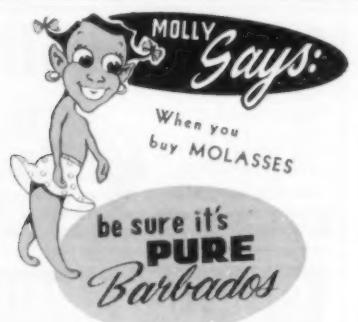
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narrowly missed. Two years later, having gone bankrupt on a small knitting business, Laszlo began looking for a place to start over again. A glowing letter from Count Paul Cziraky, a cousin who was then farming in Bobcaygeon, Ont., convinced him that Canada was the spot. After several months in an International Refugee Organization camp in Germany, he was cleared by the Canadian immigration authorities.

He arrived in Hamilton in June, 1951, with two suitcases, twenty-five dollars and a contract to work in a textile plant for thirty-four dollars a week. "That," he has told me, "was the loneliest day of my life."

Like Laszlo, my father and mother and I fled from Hungary in 1948 when life under the Communist rule became intolerable. Fortunately, the Communist officials were not above accepting bribes and my father, who had been a bank manager in Debrecen, was able to buy permits for us to leave the country on a "business trip."

We went to Brussels and remained there until 1951, while my father tried to establish himself in various businesses. I studied journalism and took ballet lessons from Charles Zsedenyi, another refugee who had been ballet master of the Budapest Opera House.

Should ladies pick tobacco?

At last, his money nearly gone, my father decided that we should make another try in Canada. We spent two weeks at a refugee camp in Germany and then sailed for Montreal. There my father opened a small dry-cleaning shop and I found my first job, painting "Souvenir of Montreal" on silk handkerchiefs. I asked the boss, a fat little man who smoked cigars, how much I would be paid. "Thirty-five," he said. I went home in ecstasies. Thirty-five dollars a week—I could support the whole family on that! It wasn't until I got my first pay envelope—fifteen dollars—that I discovered he meant thirty-five cents an hour. I have never cried harder in my life.

We had been in Montreal only a few weeks when Mama and I heard that women could get good jobs on tobacco farms in southern Ontario. When we told my father this he said it was preposterous—his wife and daughter picking tobacco—but finally, though he refused to go with us, he gave us the train fare to Delhi, a tobacco town. When we arrived there Mama and I put on workmanlike blue jeans and started down the main street, stopping everyone who looked like a tobacco farmer. We met an old Hungarian who agreed to hire us. In a Model-A Ford he drove us back to his farm. When his wife saw us she was furious. "Two ladies!" she snorted. "What do they know about working!"

Mama, a regal-looking woman, quickly assured her that we were not ladies, but tobacco pickers from way-way back. They gave us a try. In six weeks we made seven hundred dollars, sent our train fare back to my father and got another job, this time picking apples. By now my parents were legally separated and when the apple trees were bare, Mama and I went into Hamilton, the nearest city, and rented a room. My English was not good enough to try for a position in journalism and there seemed to be no great demand for ballet dancers. I had a part-time job as a waitress when I heard about the Arthur Murray Studios of Dancing. Maybe they could use a ballerina. At the time I applied for a job a dozen other applicants were halfway through a one-month course of training. The manager, Don DuBois, said I was too late. On impulse I bet him a

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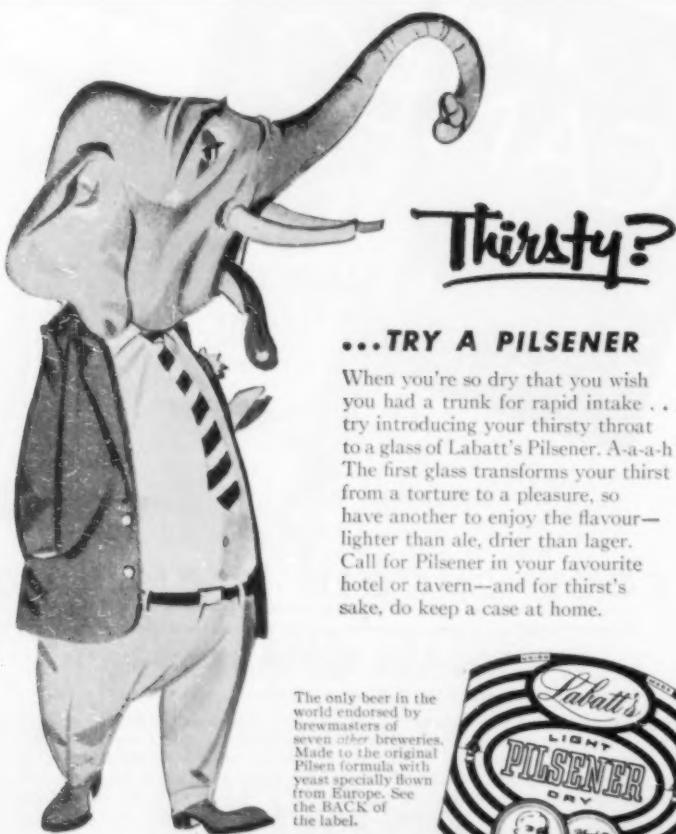
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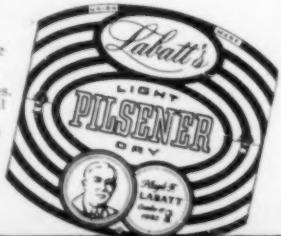
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cup of coffee that I could make the grade in the remaining two weeks.

"Okay," he said. "Try it. You might give the place a continental flavor."

Arthur Murray, quite literally, taught me dancing in a hurry. Every day I danced from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., then waited on tables until midnight. I don't suppose I will ever forget those two weeks and the kindness shown to me. For everyone else in the class took time out to help me with the steps I'd missed. In the end, although some of them failed, I won an instructress' job—and my cup of coffee.

One night, a short time later, Mama and I were reading in our room when a Hungarian woman who lived in the same house invited us to a party downstairs. "The Count Cziraky is there," she said. We had both heard of the count, of course, and we were surprised to learn that he was in Canada, much more that he was in our boarding-house. In Hungary, aristocrats had been very distant figures to us. Naturally, we were curious. Half expecting to see a man in a brilliantly braided uniform, we primped and went down. The count turned out to be an ordinary mortal—thickset, shortish, with a quiet voice and a warm smile. When we were introduced he bowed deeply and kissed our hands. Chatting that night, we discovered that we had all been in the same refugee camp in Germany at the same time. It was a common bond, like having had the same dentist.

### "Look for a rich husband"

We saw the count frequently in the next few months. He would come to our house on Sunday afternoons to sit and talk or to take us for a drive. Sometimes he spoke of the old days in Hungary, but mostly it was about his hopes for the future. Mama and I grew very fond of Laszlo. He was ten years older than I and his feeling toward me seemed to be paternal at most. In fun, I called him "Father." In fun, he called me "Baby."

Most girls can tell when they are being courted. Not I. Laszlo never took me out alone, always with my mother or a group of people. Once he told me, "Baby, you must find a rich husband and then all your troubles will be over." Another time, when I was worried about something or other, he said to my mother, "I think I should marry Cathy. She needs someone to take care of her." That was a good joke. Laszlo laughed. Mama laughed. We all laughed, but the idea suddenly seemed appealing to me. I quickly put it out of mind. After all, who ever heard of a nobleman marrying a waitress? Hey, Countess, where's that ham on rye?

Then, a few days later, Laszlo asked if he might take me out—alone. Mother gave her permission and we went dancing at the Brant Inn in Burlington, near Hamilton. Just before midnight Laszlo excused himself from our table and went up to the bandstand. He spoke to the orchestra leader, then came back. The trumpets sounded a fanfare and the orchestra leader announced, "We are honored to have with us tonight the Count Cziraky and Miss Catherine Varsanyi, who are celebrating their engagement!"

At that instant a white spotlight swung to our table and caught me with my mouth wide open. This was Laszlo's way of proposing! As the crowd began to applaud, he took my hand and whispered, "Come, now, you don't want to embarrass me, do you?"

No, I didn't. Any young man with that much confidence was bound to be a success. Besides, to be frank, I was in love with him. From that moment

my greatest worry was how his family would feel. For almost three centuries they had lived and married among the nobility of central Europe, and family tradition dies hard. But Laszlo's mother, the Countess Margaret, and his sister, the Countess Tonchette, wrote to me from their home in California, "We will be honored to have you in the family."

I asked one of the girls from the dance studio, Dianne Eleoff, to be my bridesmaid. She accepted graciously, but, as she has since told me, she had doubts about the authenticity of Laszlo's title. Dianne's parents are from Bulgaria and it seemed to her that every Bulgarian she ever met had been at the very least a duke. "I used to wonder," she said, "who hoed the turnip fields over there."

What convinced her of Laszlo's pedigree was our wedding. According to Hungarian custom, I came down the aisle of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church on the arms of two men—Count Bela Cziraky, Laszlo's cousin from Montreal, and Prince Victor Hohenlohe, an Austrian who now owns a fruit farm at Beamsville, Ont.

The Hamilton Spectator, tipped off to Laszlo's identity by a friend of ours, treated the wedding as one of the society events of 1953. "Guests present at the reception," the paper said, "were largely members of the aristocracy of Middle Europe who had to leave their homelands following the confiscation of their property by the Communists . . ." Their present occupations, it might have added, ranged from factory hand to used-car salesman.

Among those toasting the blushing bride with champagne were the Count Josef Colloredo of Austria and Baron and Baroness Charles Nadhermy, from Czechoslovakia. Among the wedding gifts was a silver pitcher from Gladys Vanderbilt—the Czirakys and Van-



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derbils were old friends from prewar days.

And so, feeling very much the grand lady, I drove off with Laszlo on our honeymoon. We checked into a motel in Niagara Falls, paid in advance and went out for dinner. Awakening next morning, my first as a countess, I found the count pacing the floor, worry written all over his face.

"My sweet," he said tenderly, "did you bring any money with you?"

"No. Is that the custom for a bride in Canada?"

He assured me it was not, but that the groom had just sixty cents left. We had gone on our honeymoon with only fifteen dollars—and that Laszlo got by selling a small table from his apartment.

"There is just one way out," he said, "—the baby bank." The only money we had to our name was ten dollars that Laszlo had deposited in a Hamilton bank several weeks earlier, the down payment on a legacy for our first-born. We closed out the account and prolonged our honeymoon by one day.

Then, feeling like thieves, we drove back to Hamilton to tackle the problem that faces young bridal couples everywhere—Getting Started. I quit my part-time restaurant job, banked every cent of my dancing earnings and we lived on Laszlo's seventy dollars a week from the steel plant. In spite of the high cost of being a count, things slowly began to improve.

One year we made five hundred dollars selling Christmas trees in our spare time. We went around taking pictures at parties given by various ethnic groups—until the other immigrants discovered that Count Cziraky, an enthusiastic photographer, wasn't a very good one. Another time Laszlo tried his hand at selling real estate. Honesty undid him. He told the prospective buyer of a suburban bungalow, "They want \$14,000 for this place. But, frankly, I wouldn't pay ten!"

Shortly after we were married Laszlo decided to forsake his career as a boxcar builder, buy a transport truck, and work for himself. We had a little money in the bank. A finance company invested in the undertaking and Laszlo's mother helped out. She sent us a pearl necklace and a gold-plated tea set that had come originally from the home of Napoleon, though not, I gather, with his consent. We had the articles appraised at four thousand dollars. A pawnbroker allowed us seven hundred and the count became a truck driver.

Since then Laszlo has driven a quarter million miles between Hamilton and the west, loading and unloading enough freight to make the CNR worry. Now driving for the Hayward Transport Company of Milton, Ont.,

he puts in a fourteen-hour day at the wheel, sleeps in his cab at the side of the highway, eats in roadside hamburger joints and gets home, usually, for about two days of the week—he was in a Winnipeg telephone booth, spending a small fortune in long-distance calls, when our daughter Doris was born eighteen months ago. "Absence," he keeps saying, "makes the heart grow fonder." There is perhaps greater consolation in the fact that it also makes the exchequer grow larger, by about a hundred dollars a week.

Anyway, there are less glamorous jobs than truck driving. An immigrant friend of ours has recently gone into the worm business—selling bait to anglers. The very idea gives me the creeps, but I must wish him every success. For his partner is my husband.

This latest venture does not mean that Laszlo, an ambitious man, aims to become the Worm King of Canada. It, like the trucking job, is merely a means toward an end. Some day we hope to have enough money to start our own business—a tourist resort, maybe, or a good Continental restaurant—and if worms will help, I know a countess who will dig them.

Laszlo doesn't even think of ever regaining his prewar wealth; if we can create a comfortable life, with perhaps a few extra dollars for travel, we will be satisfied. Meanwhile, we are moving in that direction. With Laszlo's various jobs and mine at the dancing studio, we are earning close to nine thousand dollars a year. The apartment that so bedazzled the postman has been replaced by a much better one and our tiny Volkswagen has grown into a 1956 hardtop convertible.

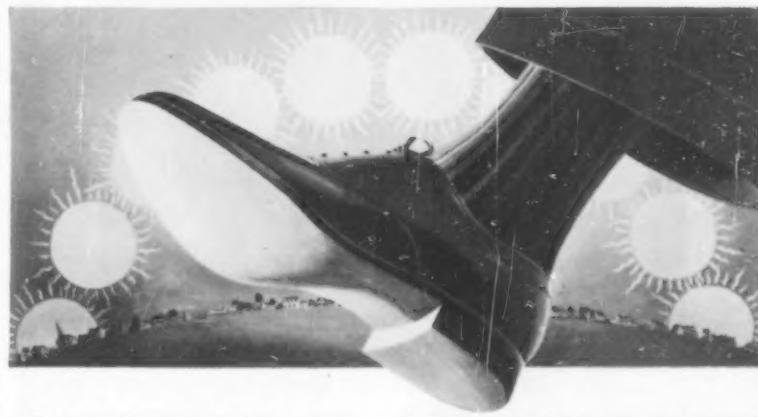
The titles, of course, are still with us, for better or worse. Not long ago a man who knew Laszlo was a count, but not a hard-slogging truck driver, invited us to join him for cocktails and dinner at his hotel. Our host did the ordering but the waiter brought the bill to Laszlo who, with a tight little smile, paid it. Later he asked the waiter why. "The other gentleman told me you were a count, sir," he said, "and he didn't want to insult you."

At moments like this we both wish that we had no titles, or, at least, that we could pawn them. But if they sometimes cost money, they also provide us with the occasional laugh. I will never forget the day that several of us from the Arthur Murray studio went out to eat together at noon. Halfway through the meal, one of the male instructors put down his fork and stared at me. "It's sure a strange world," he said.

The rest of us looked at him blankly. "Who would ever believe me," he exclaimed, "if I told them I had lunch with a countess in the White Grill!" ★

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# Mailbag

## Who's to blame when schools fail?

Dr. Hilda Neatby's article, There's Too Much Democracy in Our Schools (April 28), was a splendid contribution to a question of supreme importance. Conditions in education are not satisfactory; change is needed . . . I suggest that the blame and responsibility are on teachers as a profession . . . The efficiency of hospitals to which Dr. Neatby refers is a credit to the medical and nursing professions. Conditions in education are a discredit to the teaching profession.—Dr. A. L. Hays, Fort Erie, Ont.

• In Ottawa several schools are experimenting with classes where exceptionally bright children are being allowed to progress at their own rate.—Grace R. Stevenson, Ottawa.

• The teachers who command respect and who live in the loving memory of their students are (and I imagine always will be) those who exact sufficient discipline and who make quite clear the truism that "there is no royal road to learning."—Mrs. G. Stephenson.

• Vous avez bien parlé, Dr. Hilda Neatby. Sense of duty and respect for authority are safeguards of democracy, and must be impressed on children in school. A system of education that does not foster those two virtues is not democratic—it is anarchy.—Rev. Henri Cormier, Montreal.

### Sit down, fishermen!

Have just finished your splendid article, You Can't Make a Liar of a Saskatchewan Fisherman, April 28. But why the picture showing four



husky fishermen standing up in the boat? Every safety-first council is trying to put a stop to the appalling loss of life every summer from just this same cause. Please help us promote safety on our waters.—Fred R. Daniel, Edmonton.

### Why wheat is obsolete

Is Wheat Obsolete? (April 28) says a lot of things that need to be said oftener and louder. Blair Fraser's article applies to all types of agriculture in all industrialized countries, not only to the Canadian wheat grower. The farmer is a hundred years behind the developments in most other industries.

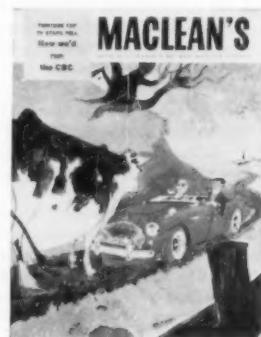
The family farm is hopelessly obsolete . . . The biggest danger in our archaic system of land use is that the farmer lives off his capital—the soil—and thereby undermines our whole civilization. — A. Froebel, Sangudo, Alta.

• Why use rye heads, stems, plants to illustrate a wheat story? Surely someone knows the difference between wheat and rye.—W. C. Herner, Toronto.

Maclean's blushes to admit that some city slicker slipped rye stems past the ex-farm boys on our staff.

### Our cover cow's real smart

On the cover painting of Maclean's, April 14, a large cow is blocking the passage of an auto. This animal has more than average intelligence in detecting



that the vehicle has no number plates. Obviously it is detaining the occupants until the arrival of the traffic bull.—R. Pritchard, Invermere, B.C.

### Are arms good or evil?

What about Arms for the Arabs? asks your editorial of March 31. Arms to either side (Arabs or Jews) should not be questioned as being "right" or "wrong," but as being "good" or "evil," no matter how beneficial financially or politically it might appear to the parties concerned.—G. Baranovsky, St. Sauveur des Monts, Que.

### What to say about Mr. King

I doubt if Mackenzie King would care one way or the other if the story of his early career were presented (Why the CBC Shunned the King Story, March 31). Nevertheless it should be presented with the thought in mind that the story be subject to the laws of libel, slander, decency, defamation of character. The facts should be true, provable and have good ethical reason for their use. There has been a good deal of filth, slander and out-and-out lies accepted as truth about King.—Edward W. Green, Calgary.

### Is Canada too tough?

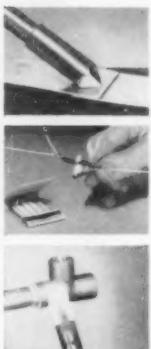
I believe Claus Neumann's article, Should I become a Canadian? (April 28), will contribute to a deeper understanding between "old" and "new" Canadians. But let's be frank. Where is a country in which newcomers are not regarded as potential customers. Where is that land where an immigrant is not reminded of his origin? Where is language not a barrier for a couple of years? For instance, would a Canadian immigrant be employed in France as a radio announcer or newspaperman with his accent? I hardly think so . . . Sure



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the first years in any new homeland are hard and painful, but is it not the same when you meet strangers at a party?—I. Kollar, Regina.

#### Isaac Wolfson's clan

Isaac Wolfson a Scot? (Isaac Wolfson's Silent Invasion of Canada, April 14). Here's one Sassenach will lay odds he never wore the haggis, ate a pibroch or was at all closely associated with the Clan McBagnie!—Bernard H. Knight, Port Lambton, Ont.

(Isaac Wolfson was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on Sept. 17, 1897.)

#### Lighting a firebrand

In his editorial, Wanted: A Small Firebrand (April 14), Lionel Shapiro suggests someone light a fire under Ottawa. Canadians are too fat and full of food for anything so drastic. There isn't a board meeting, club meeting, church meeting, parent-teacher meeting where food is not served. From birth to death every occasion calls for food. There are wedding breakfasts, bachelor dinners, trousseau teas; then lunch for an interminable succession



of church, school, business and social occasions... Unless fortified by dinner, egged on by lunches, the average Canadian can't be lured into activity. Once lured, the heavy food forestalls action... Baseball or hockey can't be played unless surrounded by hot-dog stands, hamburger joints and soft-drink stands. While Canadians eat themselves into anonymity, the starving nations are bursting with emotional vim, vigor and vitality. They shoot their politicians. We should starve ours.—Hazel M. Stackhouse, Galt, Ont.

#### Medicine man's jingle

In an article on the Million-Dollar Medicine Show you refer to a song, Stop That Cough, used in advertising Mason's 49 and say that the song was written by Jack Part. I wrote the song in 1932 for my husband to use in a sales campaign for the medicine.—Mrs. Percy Mason, Toronto.

According to Mr. Part, when he joined G.B. Mason Remedies Company in 1933 he received from Mr. Mason "a jingle set to the tune Jingle Bells. This jingle was rewritten by me, the music changed to get away from the Jingle Bells version and produced for radio."

#### Secret of Canada's boom?

Your article by Peter Newman, How Long Can the Boom Last? (March 31), is the sixty-four-dollar question in Canada today. While we are trying to figure it out, here is something it might be well to keep in mind: many years ago the wise men of Egypt recorded in their writings, "Everything flows out and in; everything has its tides; all things rise and fall; the pendulum swing manifests in everything; the measure of the swing to the right is the measure of the swing to the left; rhythm compensates; such is the law."—J. L. Williamson, Glen Lake, B.C. ★

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 9, 1956

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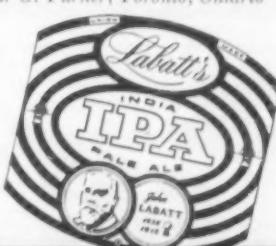
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**Backstage in Berlin** continued from page 8

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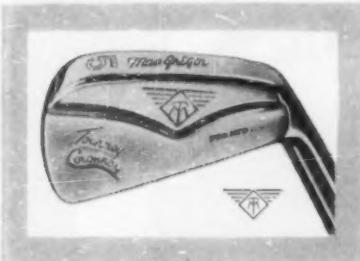


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children stay together but smaller ones must split up.

Three thousand people live here in crowded, difficult conditions—but far better than those of eight thousand others billeted in older camps elsewhere in Berlin. The day nursery for small children is a charming place, with rows of cots for babies and bright and attractive kindergartens for up to six-year-olds. Outside, the whole place swarms with slightly older children, playing about while parents stand interminably in line for registration, accommodation, food tickets, blanket tickets and finally—and most important of all—examination by a three-man commission that must decide whether or not each runaway family shall receive official status as an accepted and recognized refugee.

Dr. Karl Zimmer, the beaming white-haired kewpie who, as director of the Federal Emergency Acceptance Program in Berlin, has charge of refugee reception, is apologetic that any such restriction should be imposed on the right of a German citizen to move about within his own country. Zimmer himself has twice been a refugee—once from his native Silesia from which he was expelled by Communist Poland, and later from the Communist East Zone.

**Escape into limbo**

Nevertheless, about twenty percent of the would-be refugees are refused recognition. Already one quarter of the fifty million people in West Germany are refugees who have had to be absorbed into the reconstructed economy, and hence unemployment is fairly high in spite of the manifest prosperity. Since an estimated ninety-five percent of East Germany's eighteen million people oppose the Communist regime and presumably would like to escape, absolute freedom of entry would bring an unbearable deluge and wreck West German economy.

No refugee is actually forced to go back to the Communist East Zone, which for many might be a virtual death sentence. Nevertheless, unrecognized refugees are left in a political limbo that offers them not much hope. They cannot get work in Berlin where a hundred and twenty thousand registered unemployed have first claim on jobs. They cannot get free air flights out to West Germany where jobs are plentiful in many areas. Those who don't dare return to Communist territory eke out a miserable existence in dismal camps on a dole of seventeen dollars a month.

Three categories of refugee are condemned to this grim fate. First and easiest to handle are ordinary criminals fleeing arrest. One of the numerous points of workday contact between the two zones is co-operation of the police forces, which exchange information and help each other catch fugitives. Western police have to be careful not to let the Communists pin a criminal charge on innocent people wanted for purely political reasons, but they believe most of these are screened out.

The second category is more difficult. These are the politically suspect, people who may be Communist agents assigned to infiltration duty. On the other hand they may be Communist officials who have fallen into disfavor and are quite genuinely running for their lives. In either case their application presents a problem because the West German government is disinclined to offer renegades the best of

both worlds. Since only four out of five runaways get the priceless privilege of a clear escape to freedom, why, they ask, should this be given men who have been enjoying power and prestige in a Communist state? Still, they do not want to abolish all hope among possible Communist defectors who would then be forced to defend the East German state to the last ditch. In practice, of course, each case is decided on its merits, but these are the refugees who spend longest in Berlin camps. The normal stay is two to three weeks, but the ten percent of doubtful cases, almost all in the political suspect category, may wait for months before a decision is reached.

The most difficult group of all are the innocent who left the East Zone for no particular reason other than the fact that they didn't like it. This is not enough to get them an assisted escape. Accepted refugees must show they were under some political pressure that it would have been dangerous to resist. An example was the dark tousle-haired boy of nineteen whose examination I witnessed on a recent morning.

His reason for running away was that he had three times been asked to leave his job as a printer and join the Communist People's Police, which is on the lookout for likely young recruits. The third time, he said, he was told that if he refused he must take the consequences. He left next day for West Berlin by subway.

The examiners were gentle with this nervous boy, though I was told they can be very tough with anyone they suspect of lying. He produced two letters from friends who said his story about the People's Police was true, and it was pretty obvious the examiners were going to accept his tale and let him in. It was equally obvious, though, that no real proof of his story could be produced and that it would be all too easy to cook up a plausible account of political pressure to escape to a good job and easy living in the Rhineland. This is what gives Zimmer and his examiners uneasy consciences.

They know that in practice such tales tend to be accepted more readily from skilled craftsmen who are in demand in West Germany but rejected from elderly or infirm people with unwanted skills. They know many must get through who wanted no more than better pay, while other genuine fugitives fail to convince them and fall into the dismal limbo of unrecognized refugees. Nevertheless, they feel they must maintain some restriction for other than economic reasons. West German cabinet spokesmen repeatedly go on the radio, appealing to East Germans to stay where they are unless in actual danger. As Zimmer explained, if all who want freedom leave for the West there will be nobody left in East Germany to resist the Communist regime.

Many people think this point is now obvious to the Communists too. This may account for the fact that they no longer try to stop people from crossing the zone border in Berlin, though with true Communist inconsistency they still shoot and quite often kill people who try to cross the frontier at other points. But enough are coming through—in a stream that now is fairly constant at about a thousand a day for all Germany—to worry those Germans who dream as most do of reunification. If this goes on for even a few more years there will be nobody left in East Germany but Communists, their dupes and their apathetic slaves. ★

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## The men who chart our trip to Mars

**WILLY LEY**, whose last article for Maclean's was all about the Abominable Snowman of Mount Everest (April 30, 1955) has been fascinated by rockets and space travel for more than a quarter of a century. His latest peep into the void (How Man Will Conquer Mars, page 14) represents only a small part of the thousands of pages he has written about rocket theory since 1925.

In that year Ley was a young university student in Berlin, set on becoming a geologist. But a book about rockets changed his mind. Within two years he'd founded the German Rocket Society, which pioneered rocket research. Ever since, rockets have been Ley's profession or his hobby.

Ley left Germany in 1935 soon after the advent of Hitler and arrived in the U.S. the same year. He's contributed to periodicals, from *Astounding Stories* to the *Aeronautical Engineering Review*. He's written twelve books; the best known is his *The Conquest of Space*, illustrated by the same Chesley Bonestell whose paintings of Mars enliven our present issue. Ley has also been an advisor to Walt Disney and a

consultant for the U.S. government.

Our report on travel to Mars represents the marriage of three considerable talents. Dr. Wernher Von Braun, the son of a German baron, is a fellow graduate, with Ley, of the University of Berlin, and is considered the world's foremost rocket engineer. He is chief of the Army Ordnance Guided Missile Development Division, Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Ala., and the day may easily come when Dr. Von Braun will actually construct the kind of space machine he describes for Maclean's readers. Von Braun would probably resent the suggestion, but he's the nearest thing we have to Flash Gordon in the flesh.

And we might describe Chesley Bonestell as a sort of Willy Ley with pictures. Famous for his astronomical drawings, he has served as a designer and consultant on a number of Hollywood movies.

The material appearing in this issue of Maclean's will be expanded into a book to be published by The Viking Press, New York.

+ + +

This seems to be an issue involving European nobility. Not only does Dr. Von Braun, a blue-blooded, appear in these pages but we also have a genuine Hungarian count (see page 18). Naturally, we sent photographer Walter Curtin down to take the Count Cziraky's picture. Like Ley, Von Braun and the two Czirakys, Curtin is a European export. A veteran photographer who's done work for many famous European picture magazines, he now makes his home in Oakville, Ont. We figured that Curtin, who hails from Vienna, might know a few words of Magyar, Austria being a neighbor of Hungary, but it turns out that he has only one phrase: "I kiss your hand." This, apparently, was all he needed, as the accompanying photograph shows. The picture, incidentally, was taken by the count himself who has been an amateur shutterbug for some years. ★



WALTER CURTIN, photographer by trade, finds dancing fun with Countess Cziraky.

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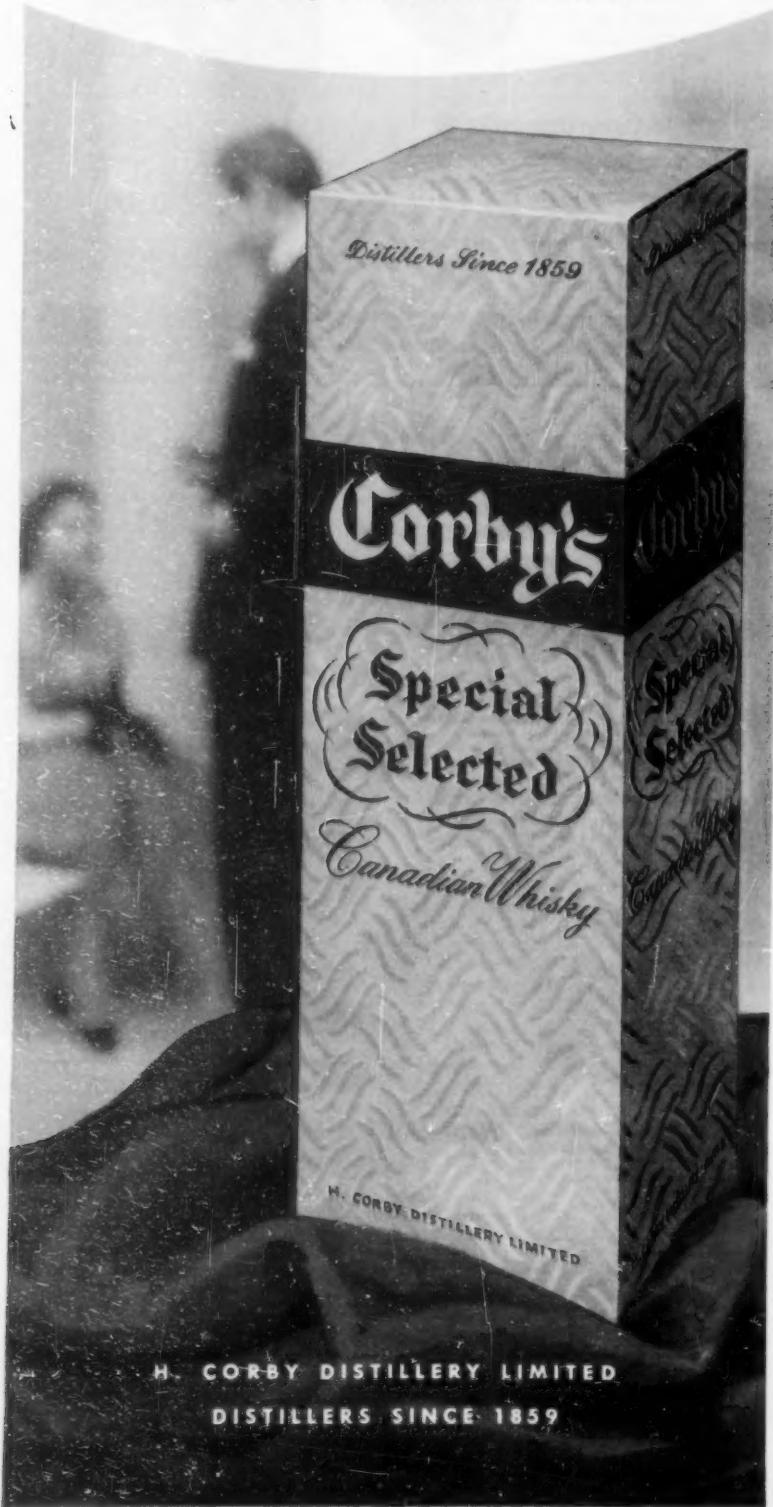
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# Parade

## What price an angry wife?

AWAY DOWN south on Bank St. in Ottawa a policeman stopped a driver who had just gone through a red light. While he pulled out his ticket pad and pencil the driver sat there fuming but wordless, then finally the fellow's wife spoke up crossly. "Oh, it's not his fault, officer. He's color-blind and I have to tell him what color the light is. Tonight I was mad at him and told him the wrong color."

\* \* \*

A lunch counter was recently opened at the north-end Eglinton terminal of Toronto's subway and late sleepers now line the counter each morning having a stand-up breakfast en route to work. The other day one commuter who was really late was seen nonchalantly munching his toast and sipping coffee from a cardboard cup on a crowded subway train as it rattled downtown.

\* \* \*

A Vancouver Island couple got away from their brood for a week-end holiday and put up at a tourist camp outside Duncan, B.C. Biggest part of the treat would be to sleep in late, so they were doubly furious to be awakened at 6:45 by drunken male voices on the other side of the thin partition. The worst came when the celebrants proceeded to play cowboy records at top volume and the sleepless husband was finally driven to desperate but inspired lengths. After the fifth record he flung himself at a wall plug and jammed into it one of his wife's bobby pins. There was a gratifying flash and a satisfying bel-



low from next door, "Hey—the lights went out!" It was only as the sixth cowboy song relentlessly followed that the week enders woke up sufficiently to remember that there are still wind-up record players.

\* \* \*

Citizens in Rivers, Man., recently staged a play to raise money for the cemetery board; title, "Rise and Shine."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Sit back and relax, folks, and don't give the threat of war a thought because whatever comes we're ready for it—on the west coast at least. According to the Victoria Times: "Bowmen of the No. 5 Harbor



Defense Battery were granted use of the city-owned Macdonald Park for an archery contest."

\* \* \*

We don't know what other qualifications the federal civil service demands but we do know of one new seventeen-year-old Ottawa clerk who demonstrated both initiative and obedience almost before he was on the job. Reporting to one of the main government buildings downtown for final documentation, he was told he would be assigned to work in one of the outlying divisions of the department. "There will be a station wagon at the door at one o'clock," the personnel man told him. "Take that."

So he turned up again at one o'clock, the station wagon was there, he drove off with it and reported to his new boss at the other building. He was hard at work an hour later when the excited driver of the station wagon raced up in an RCMP cruiser to reclaim the vehicle someone had run off with when he left it alone just for a minute outside the main building.

\* \* \*

From the Edmonton woman who was next in line at the teller's cage in a local branch of the Bank of Commerce we have it on a stack of Bibles that when the man ahead of her was asked to identify himself he reached for his mouth, then pushed his partial plate through the wicket so the teller could see the name and address engraved thereon.

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